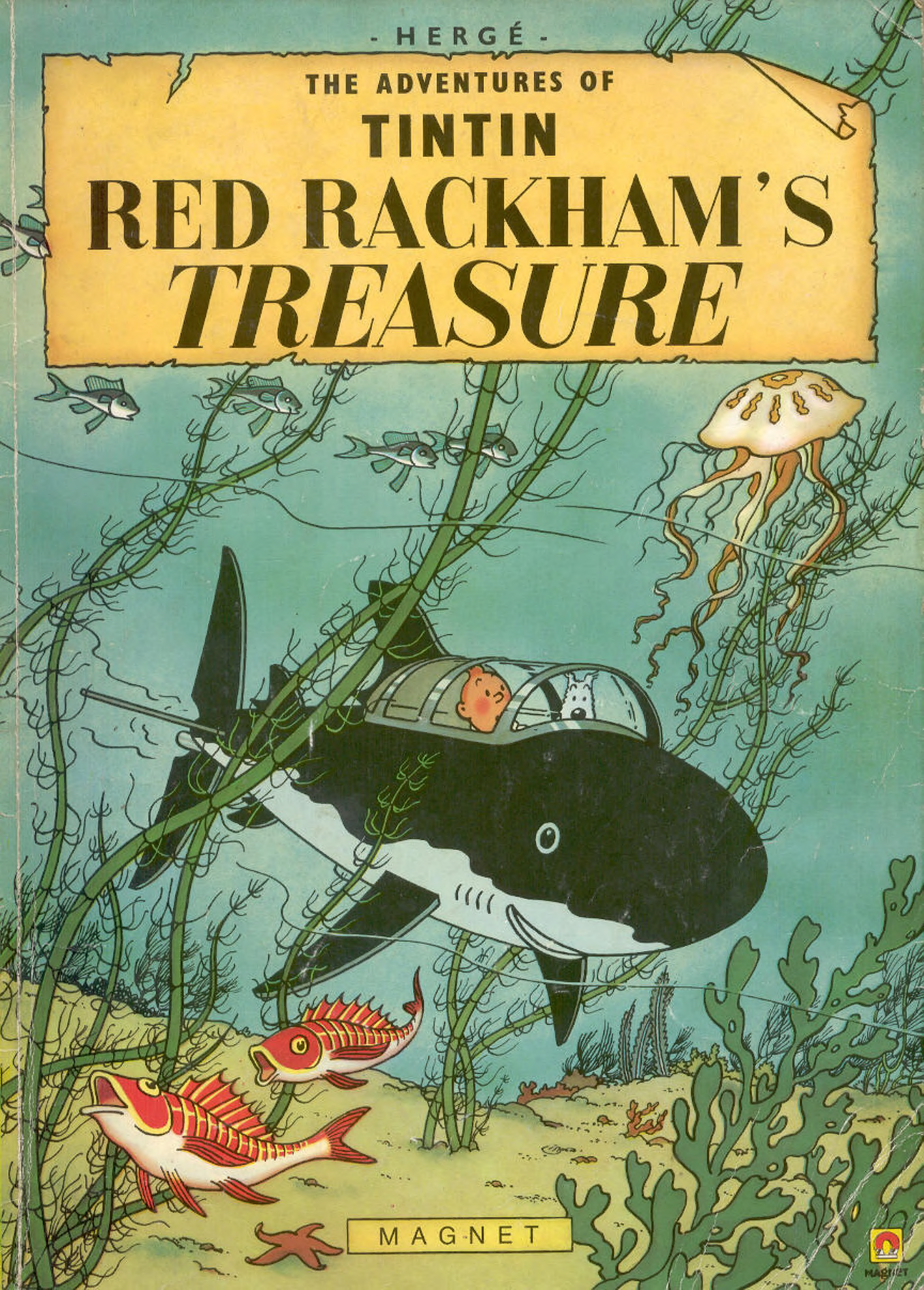


- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*

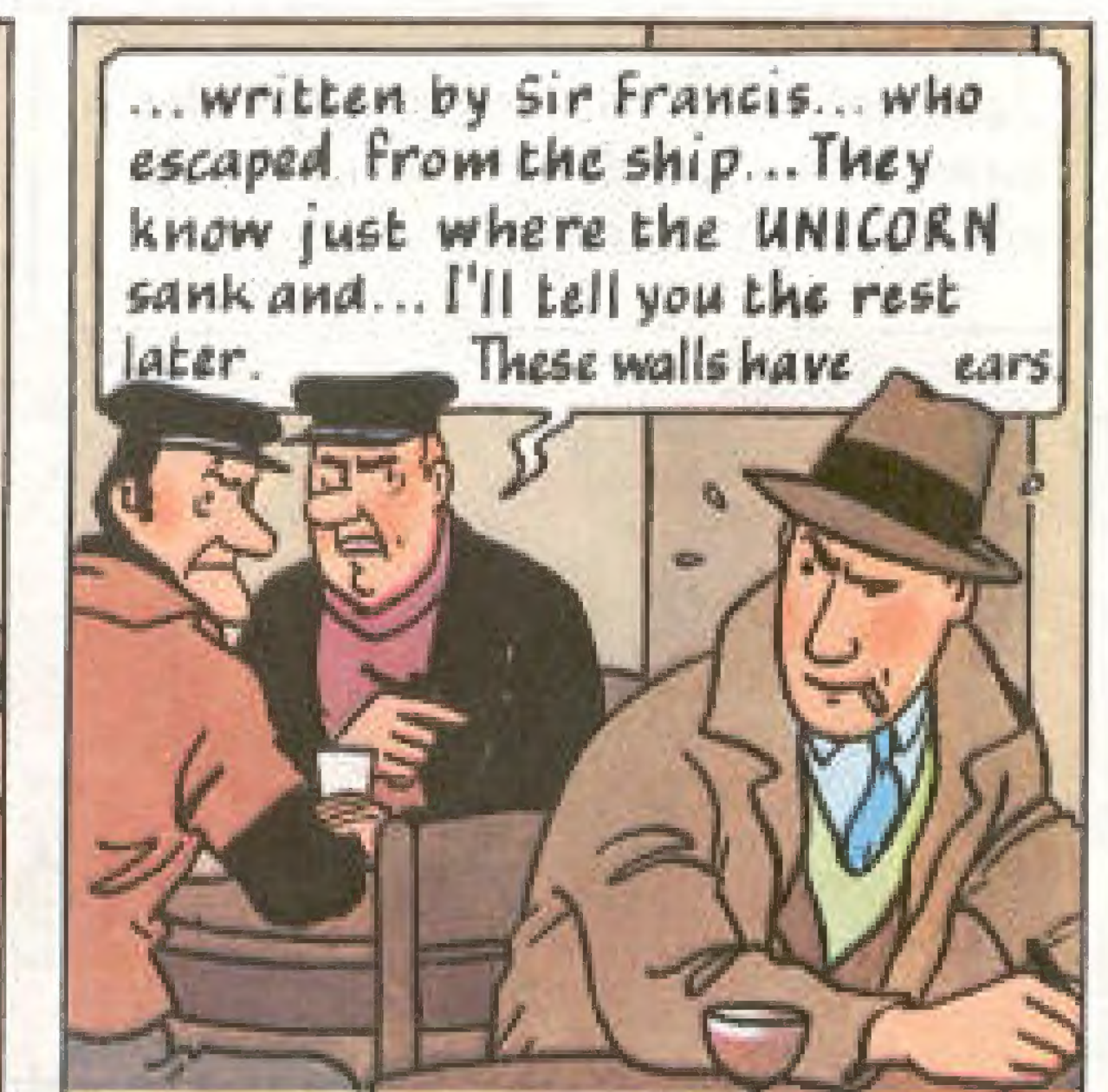
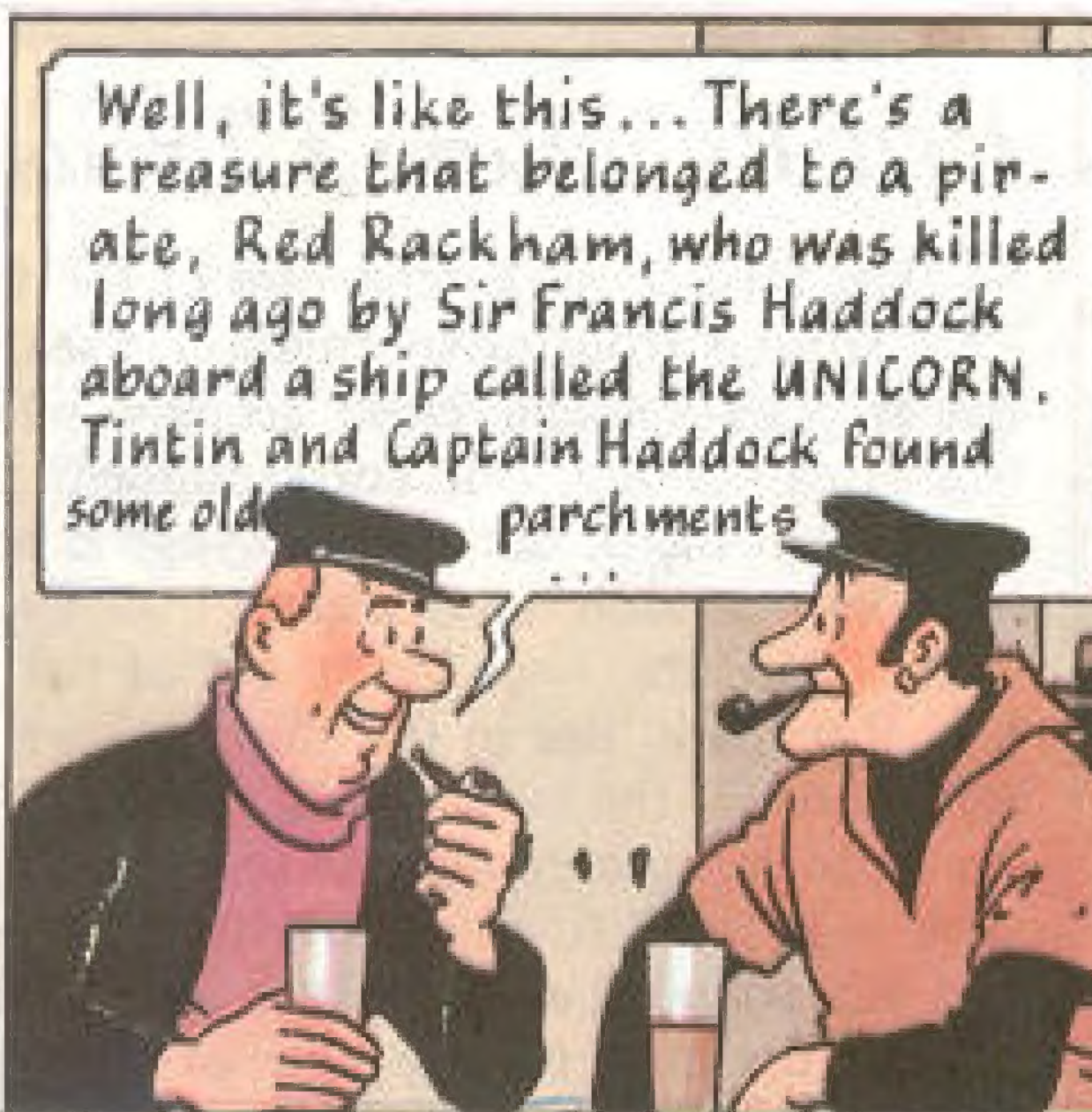
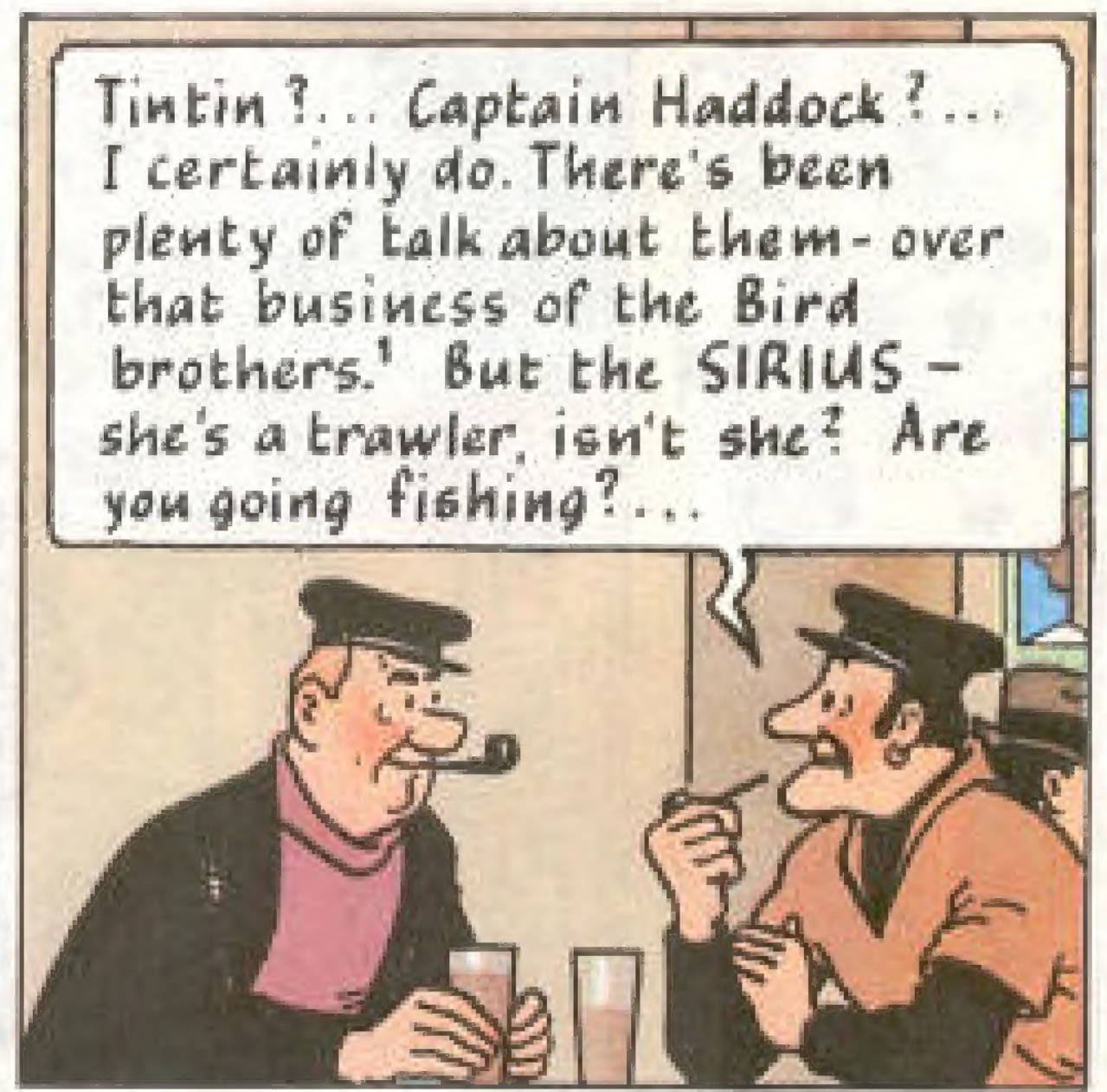
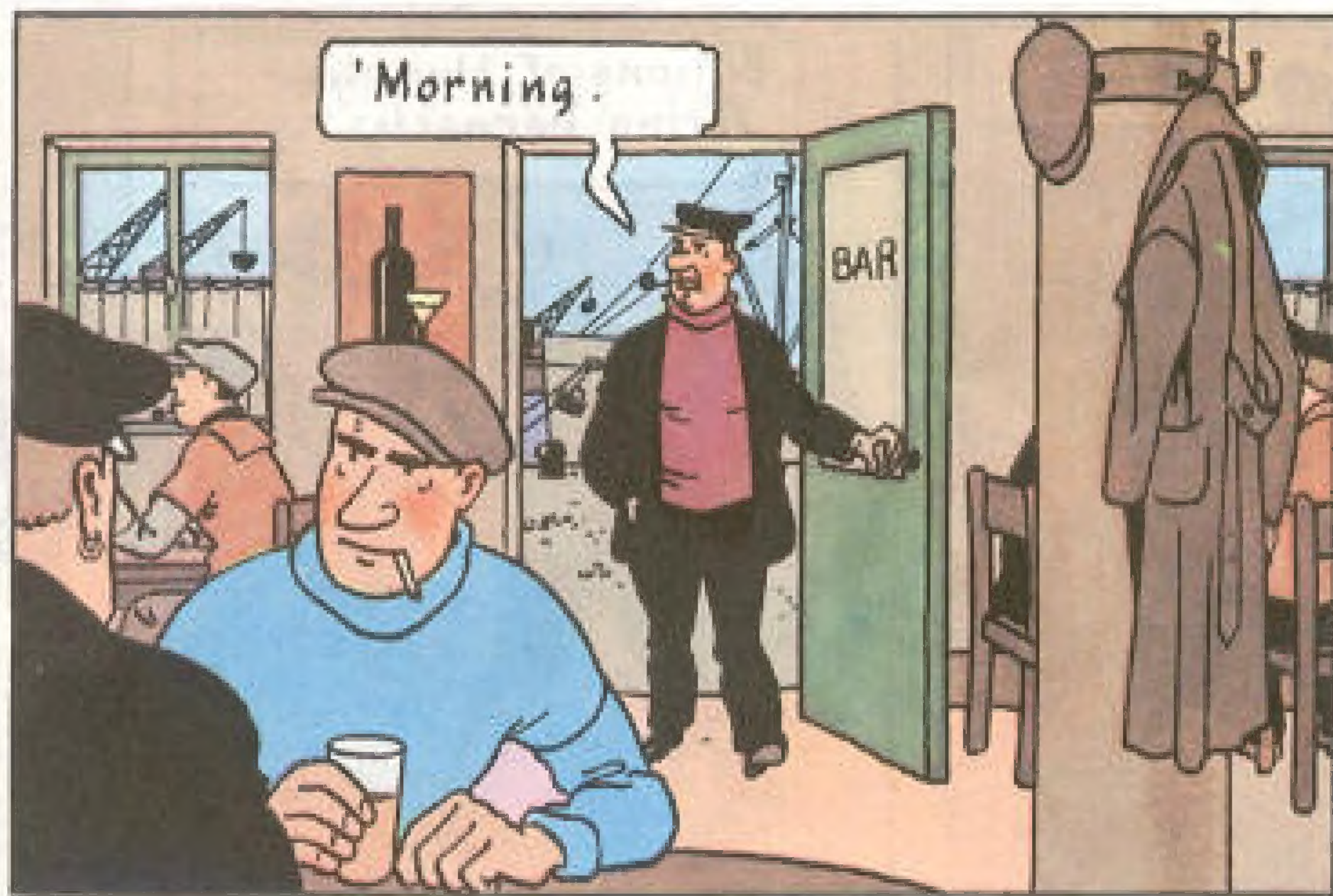
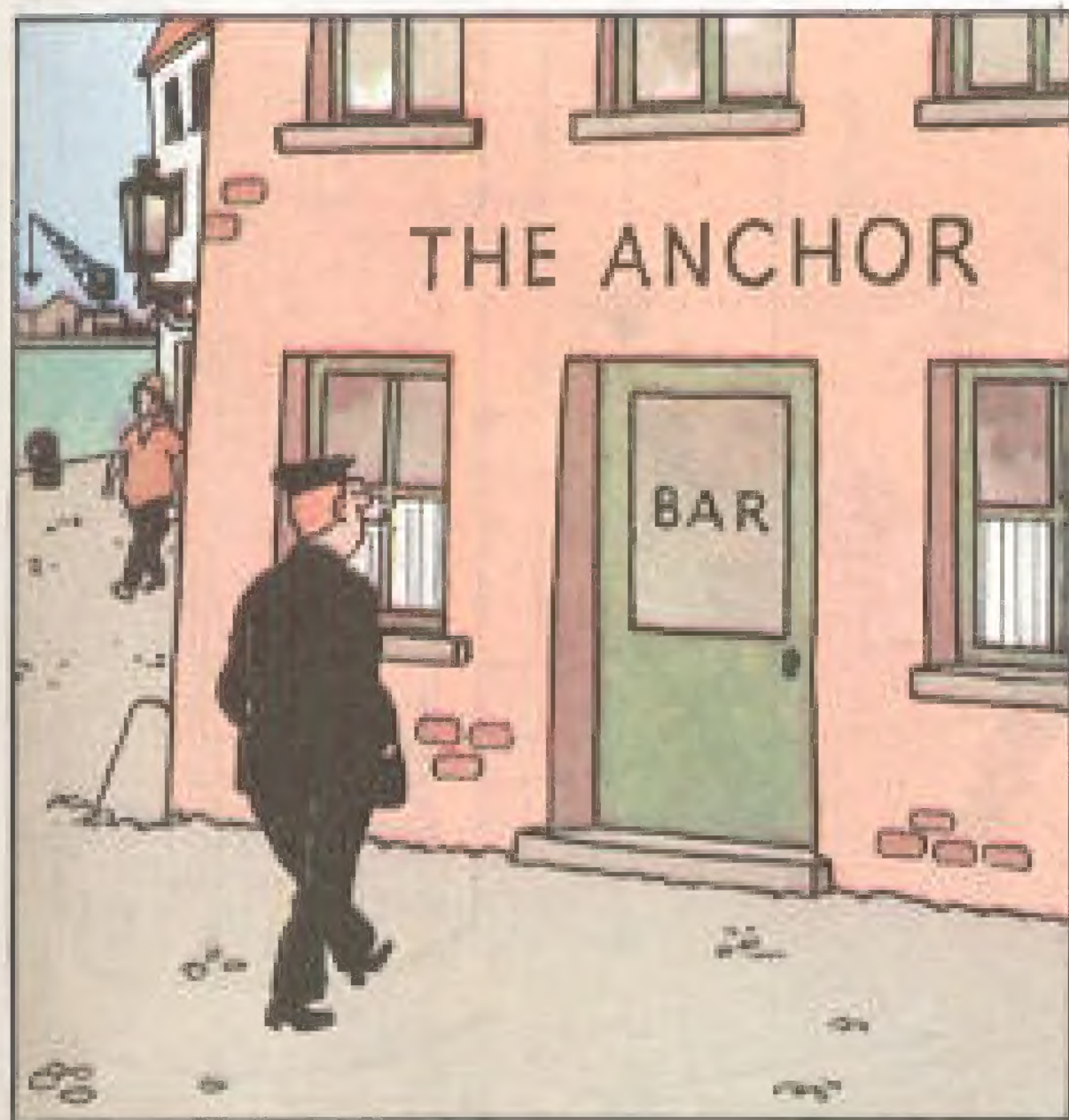


MAGNET



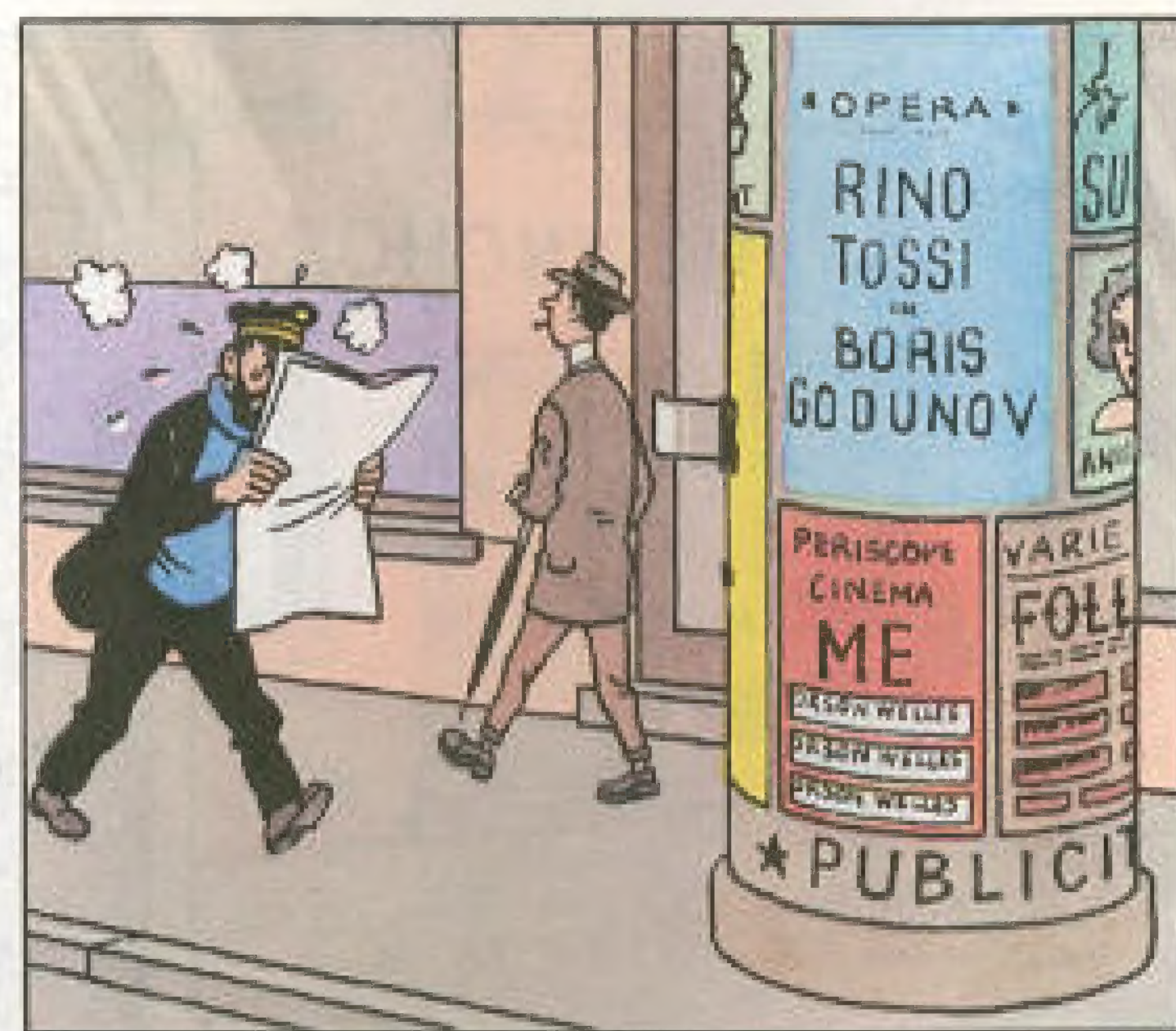


# RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



<sup>1</sup> See The Secret of the Unicorn





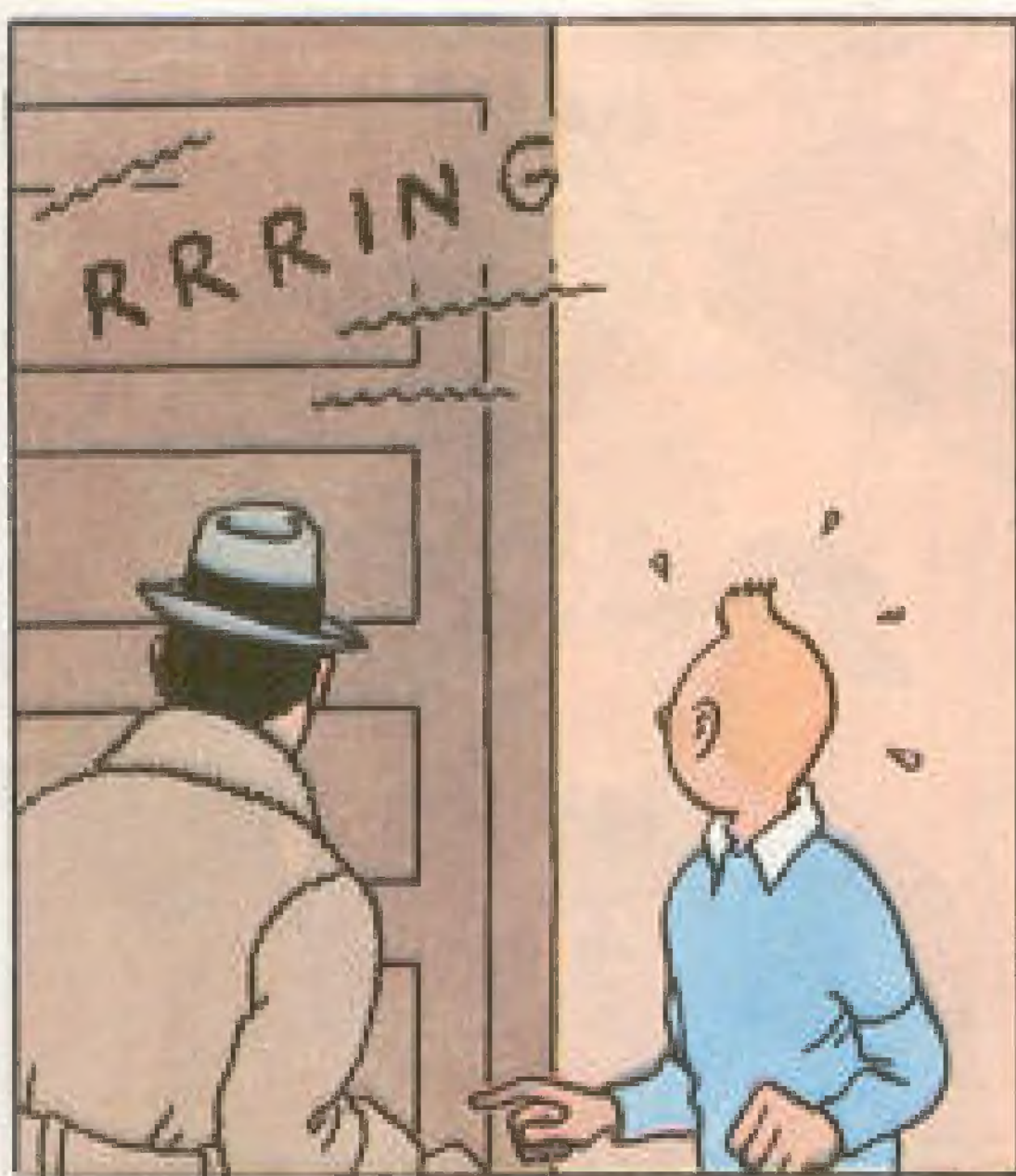
### Red Rackham's Treasure

THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

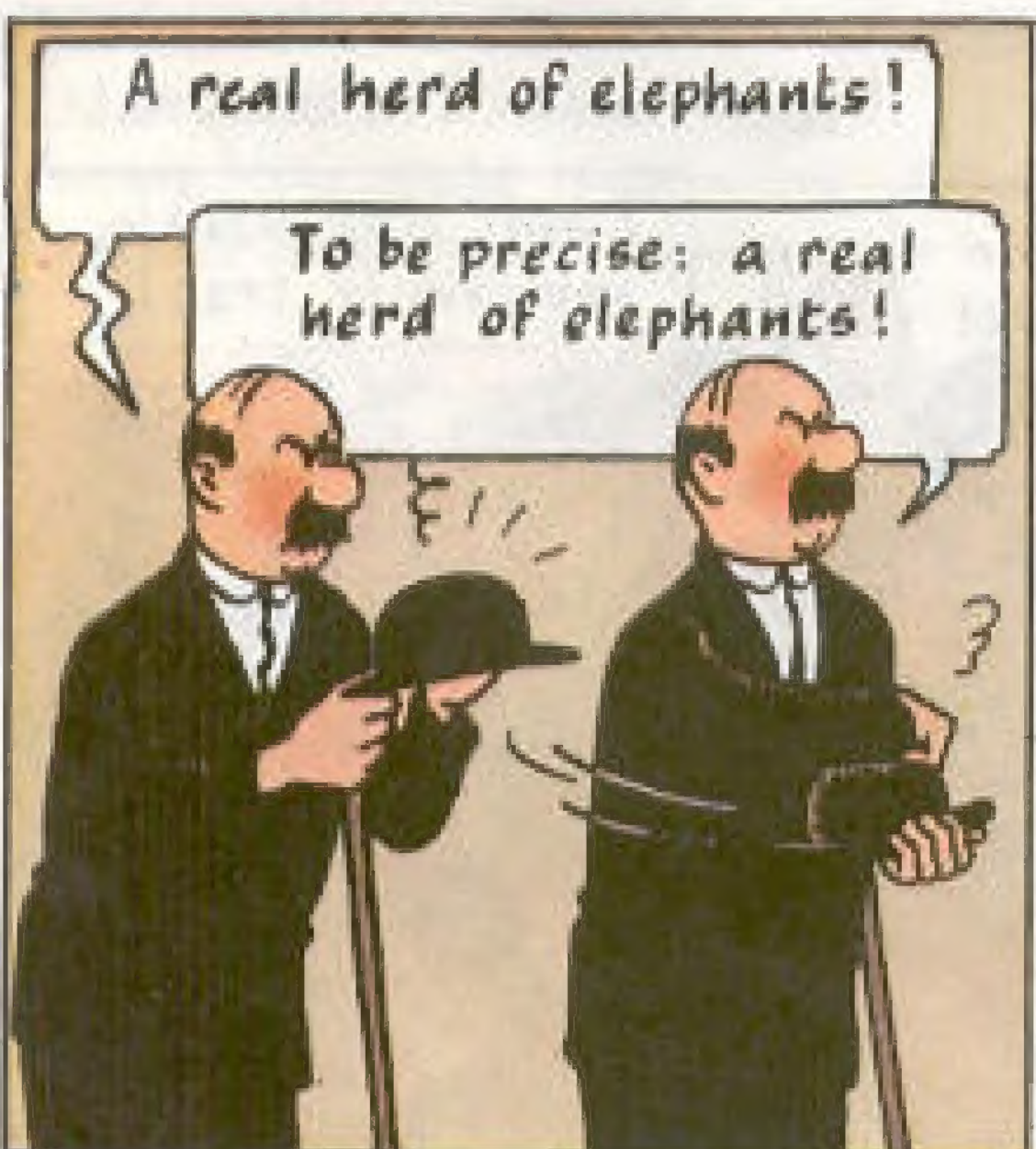
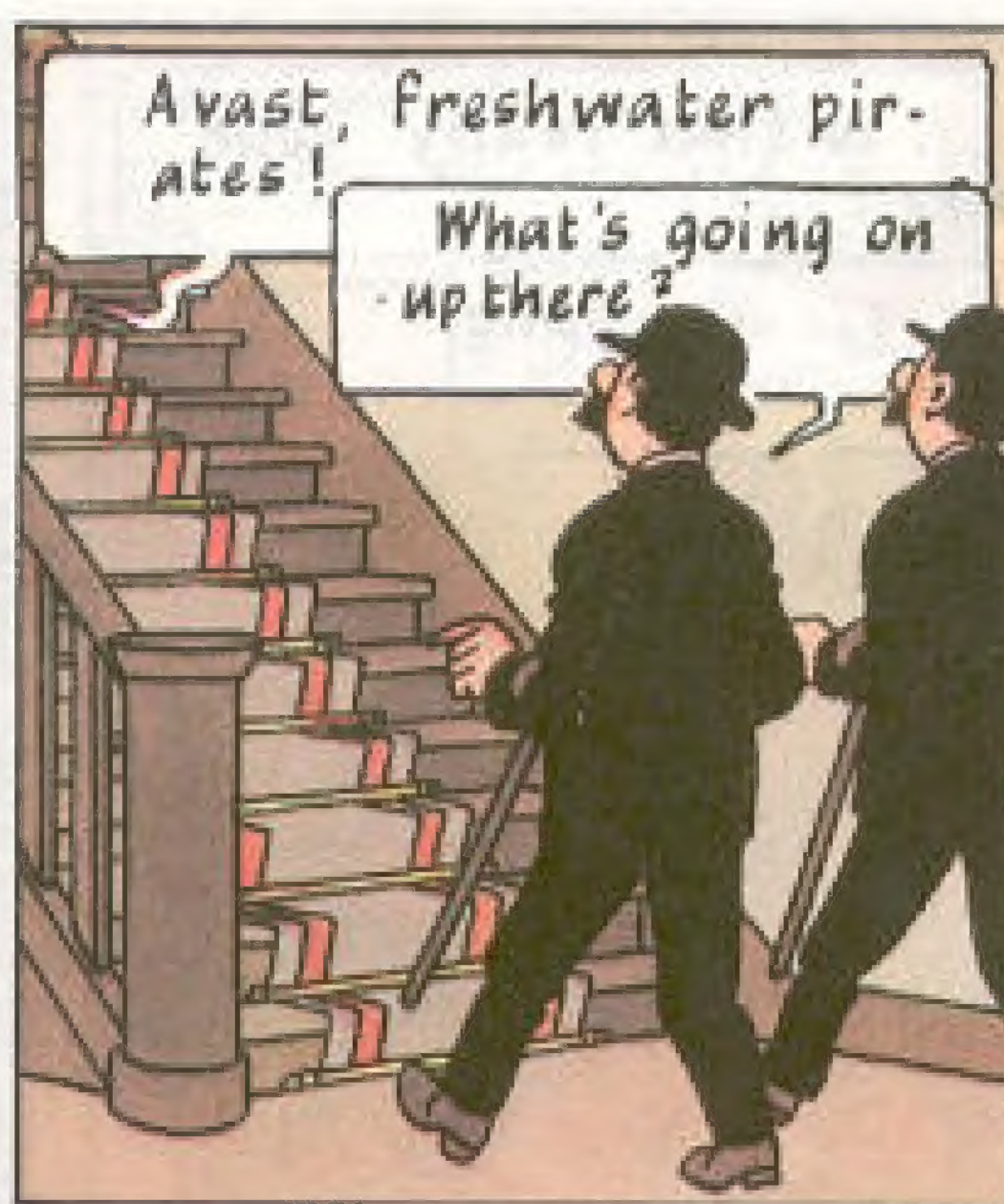
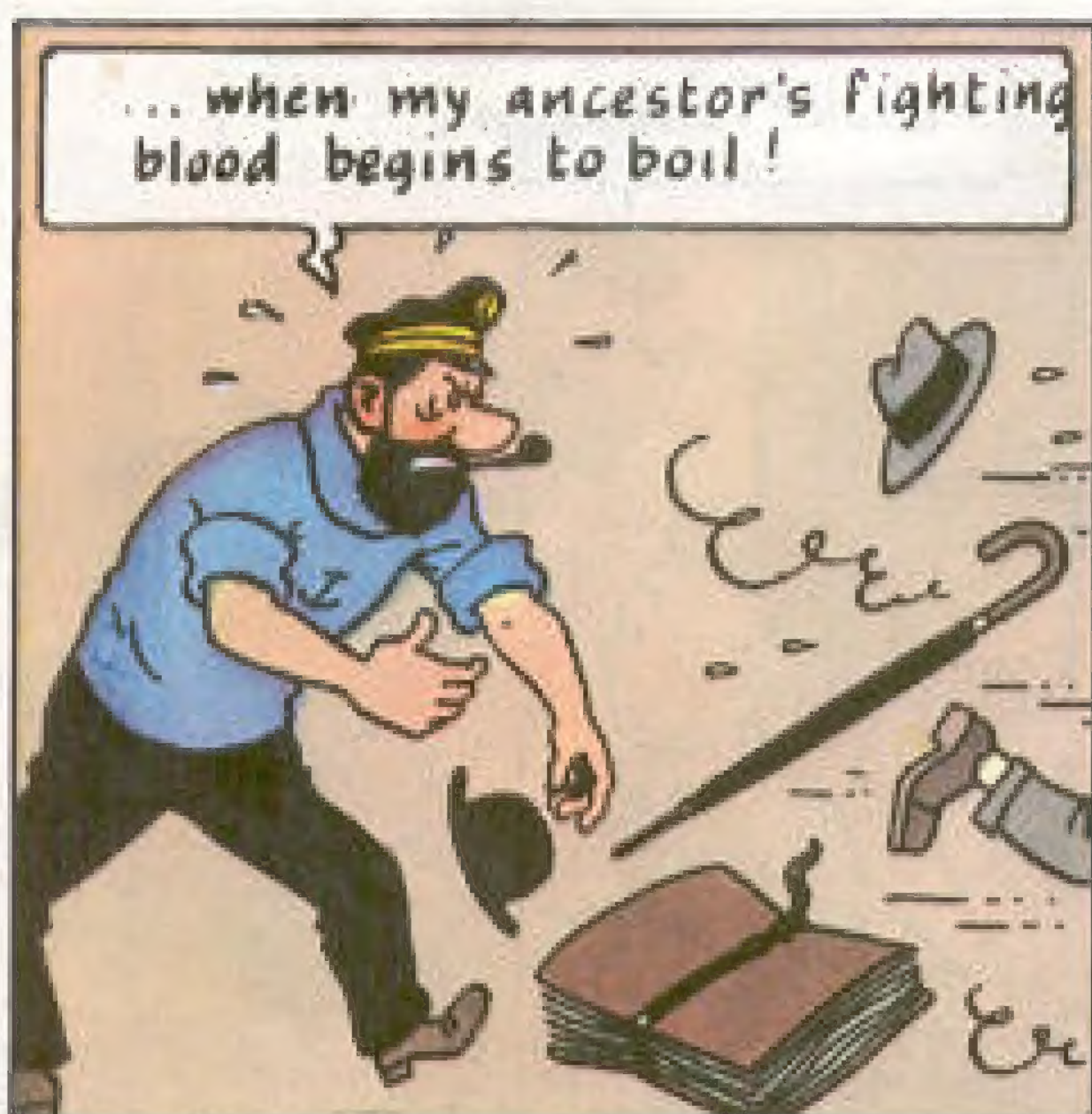
This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,



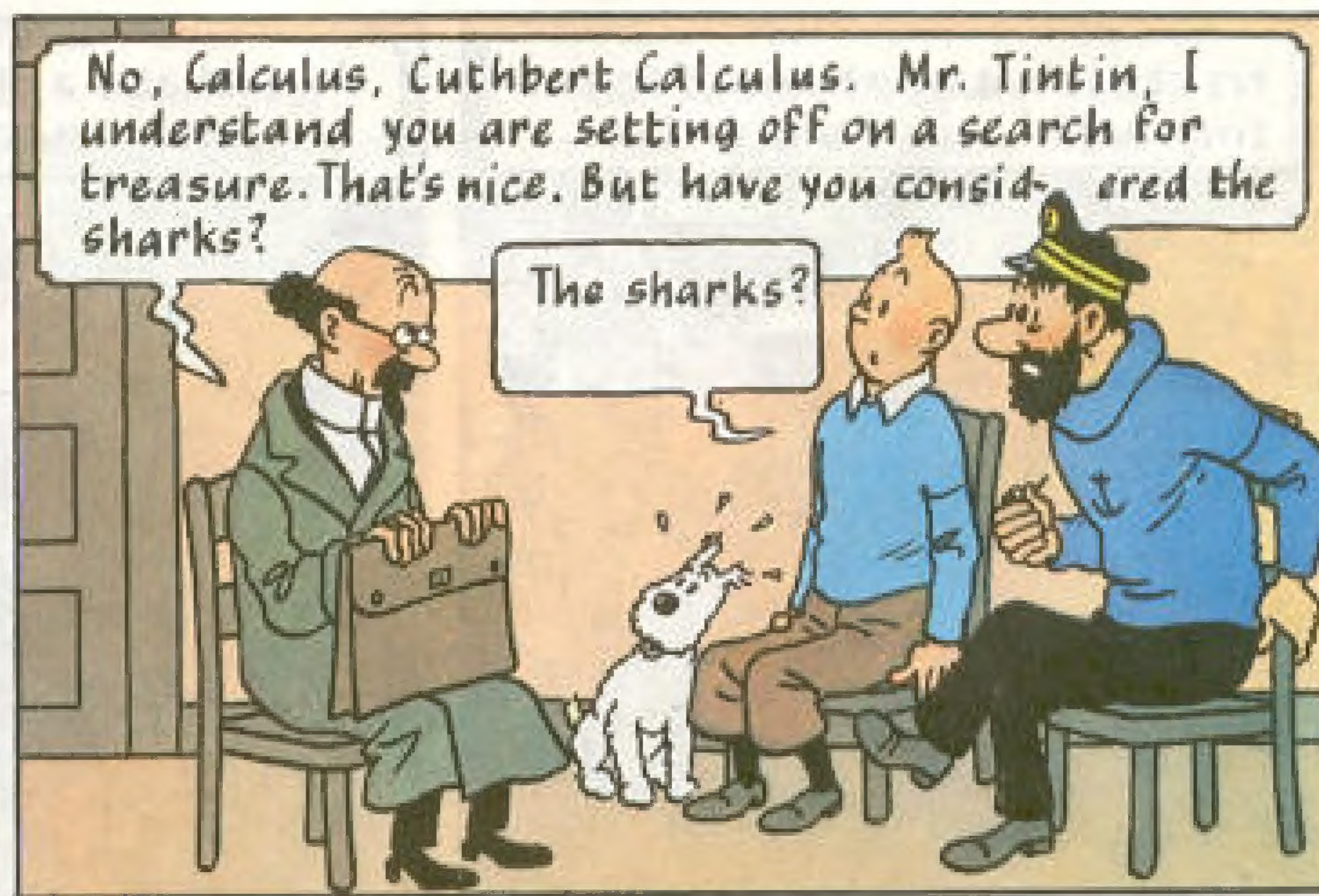
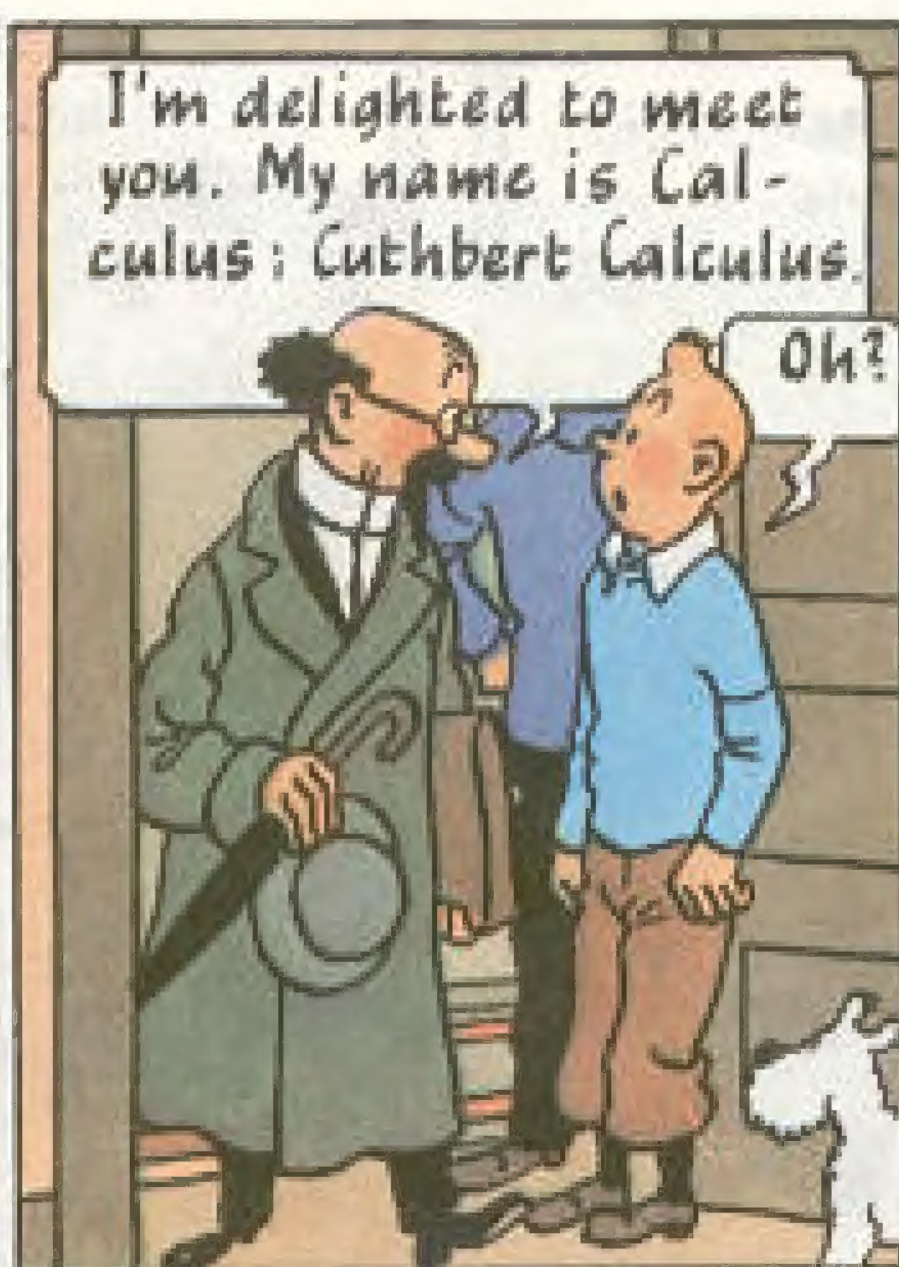




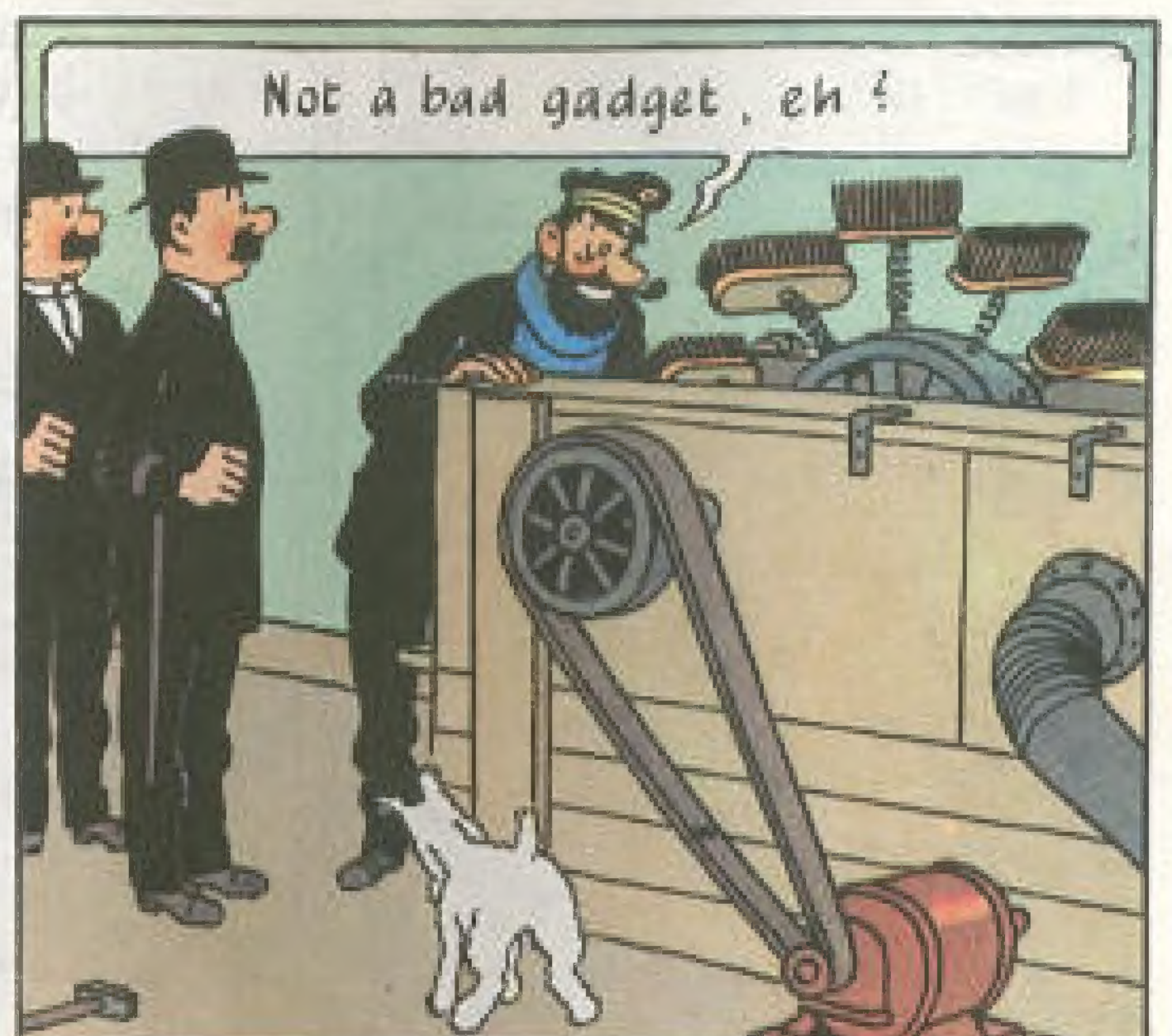
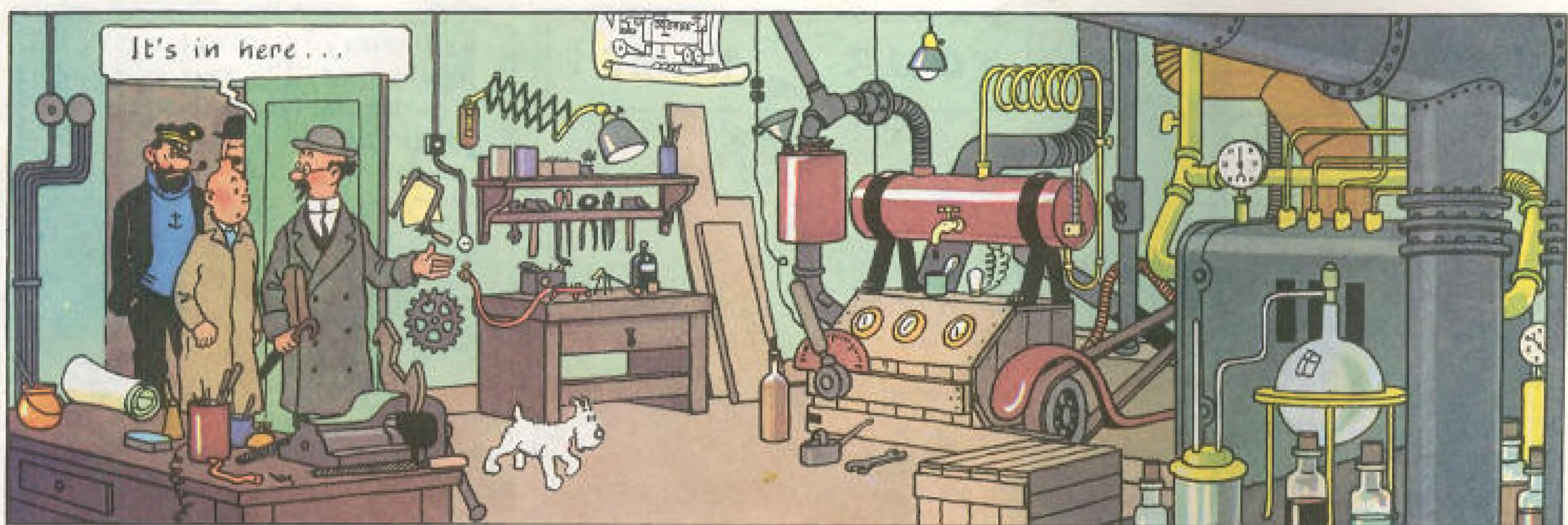
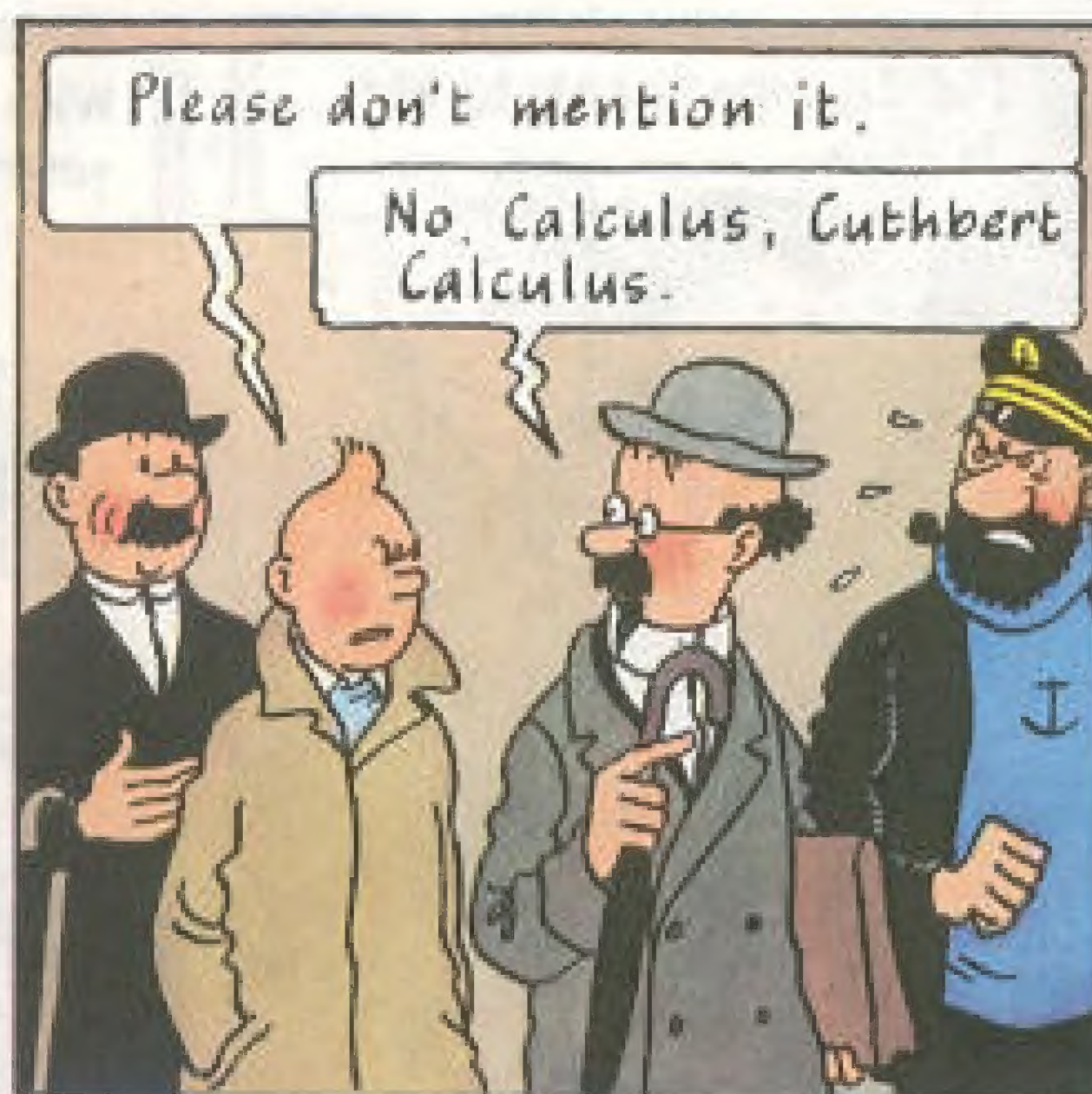




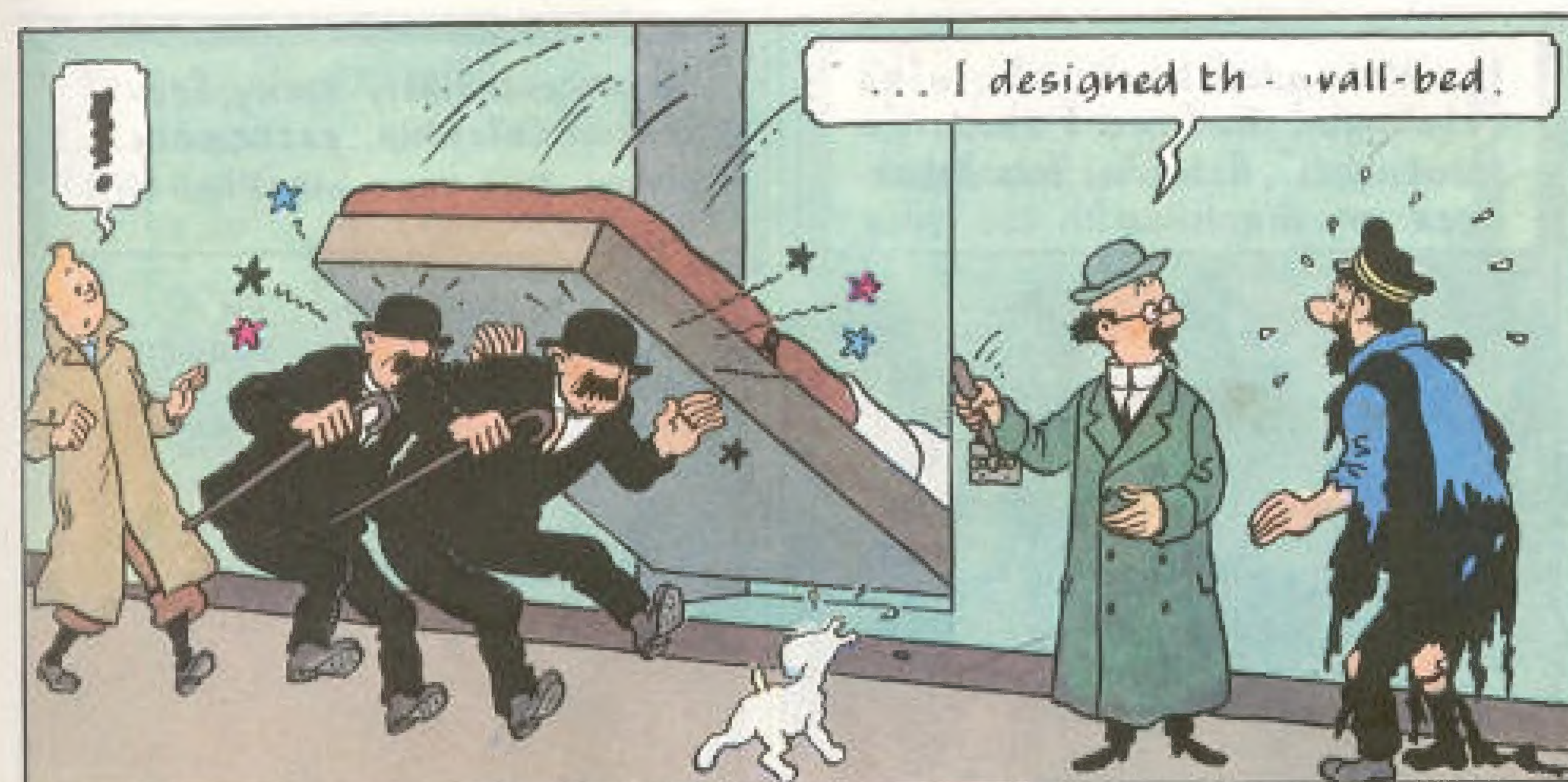
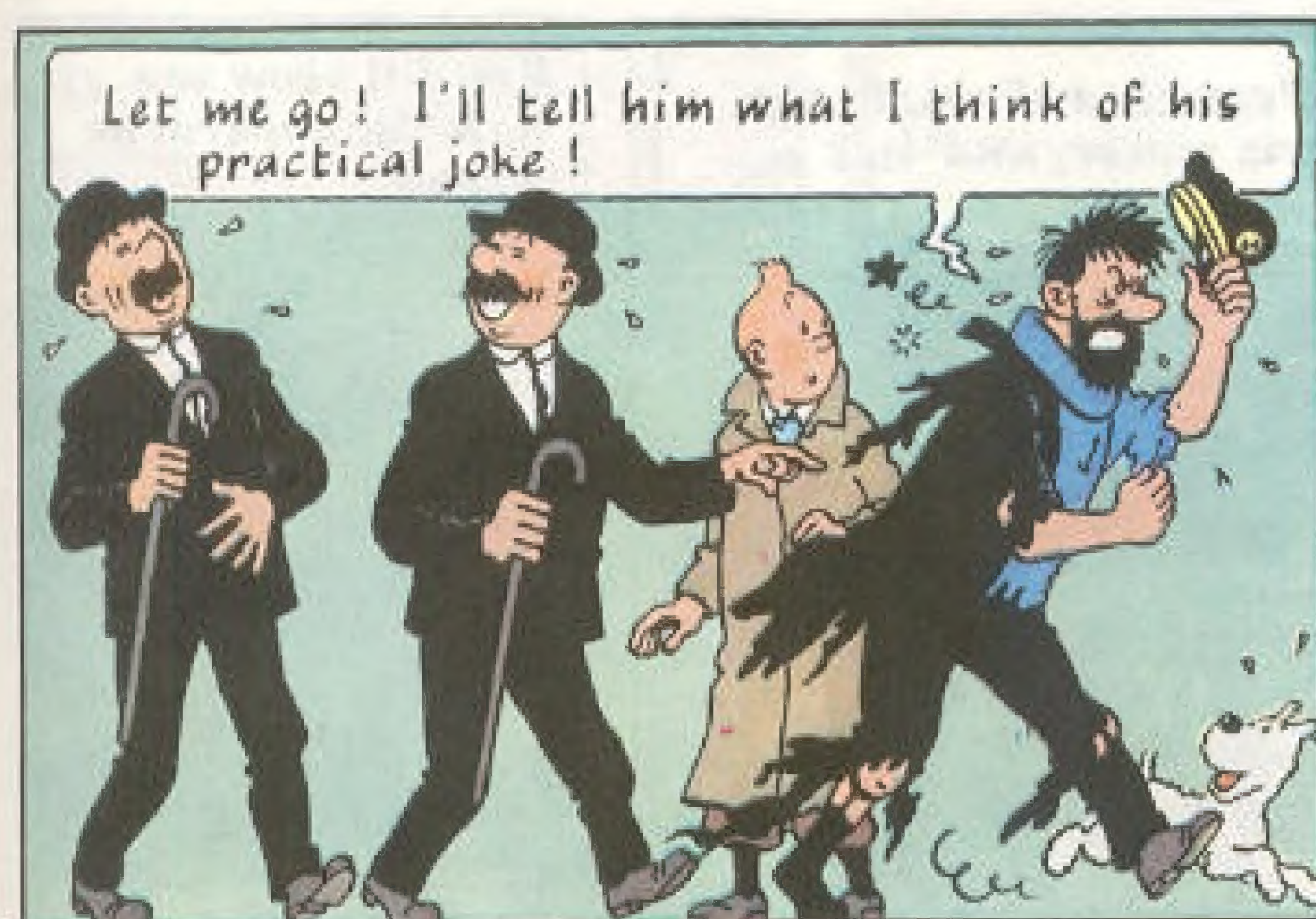
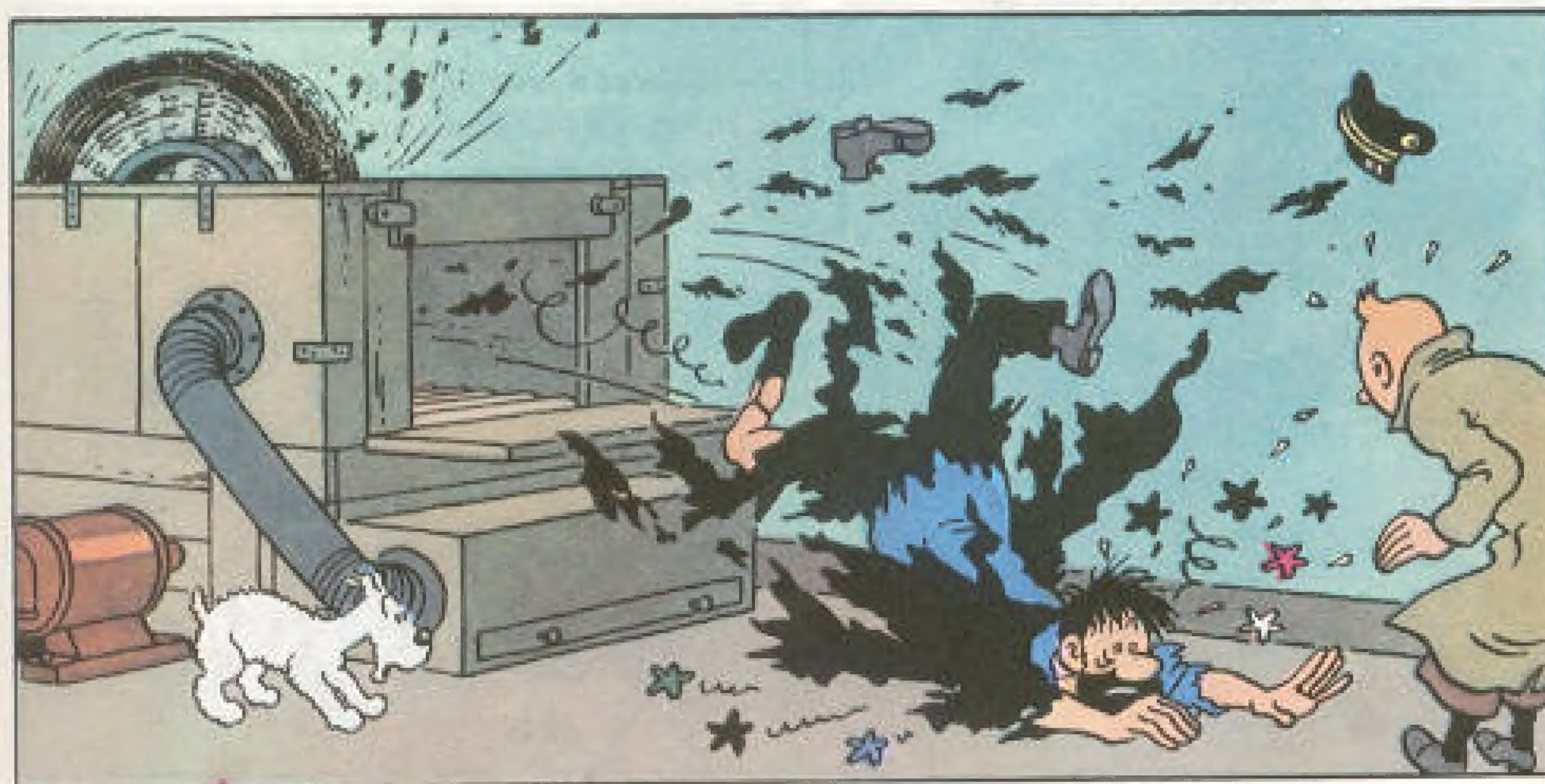




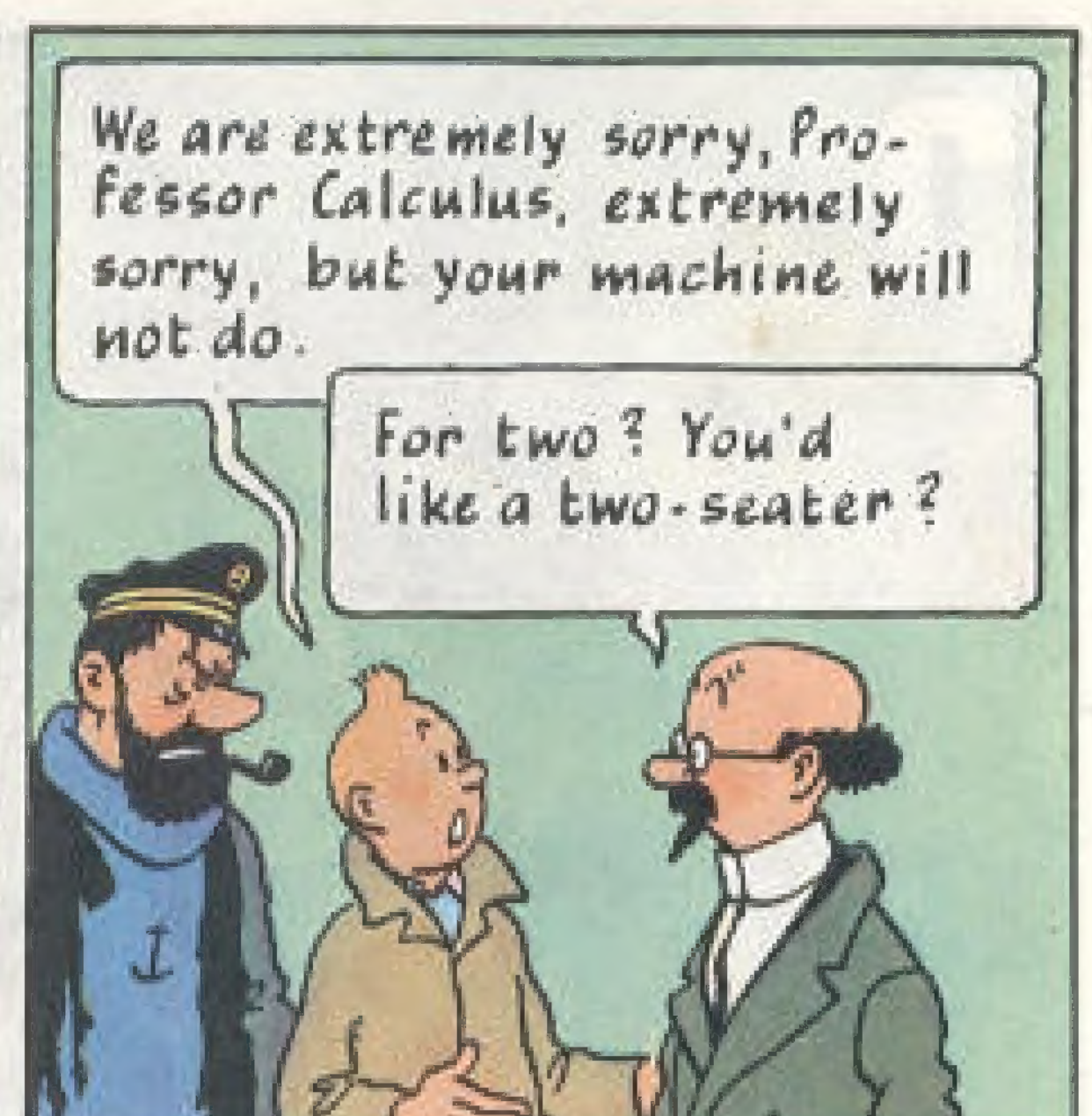
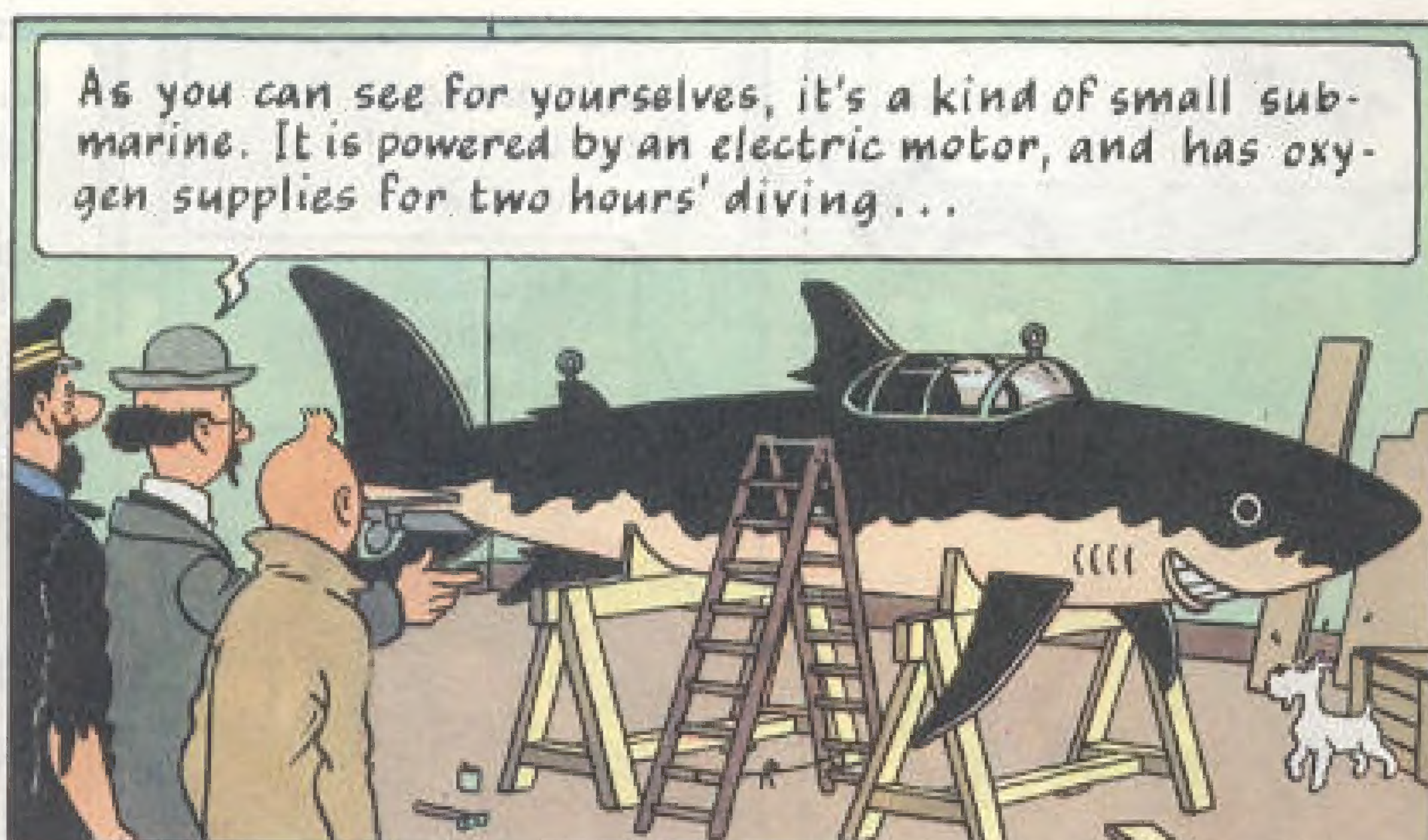
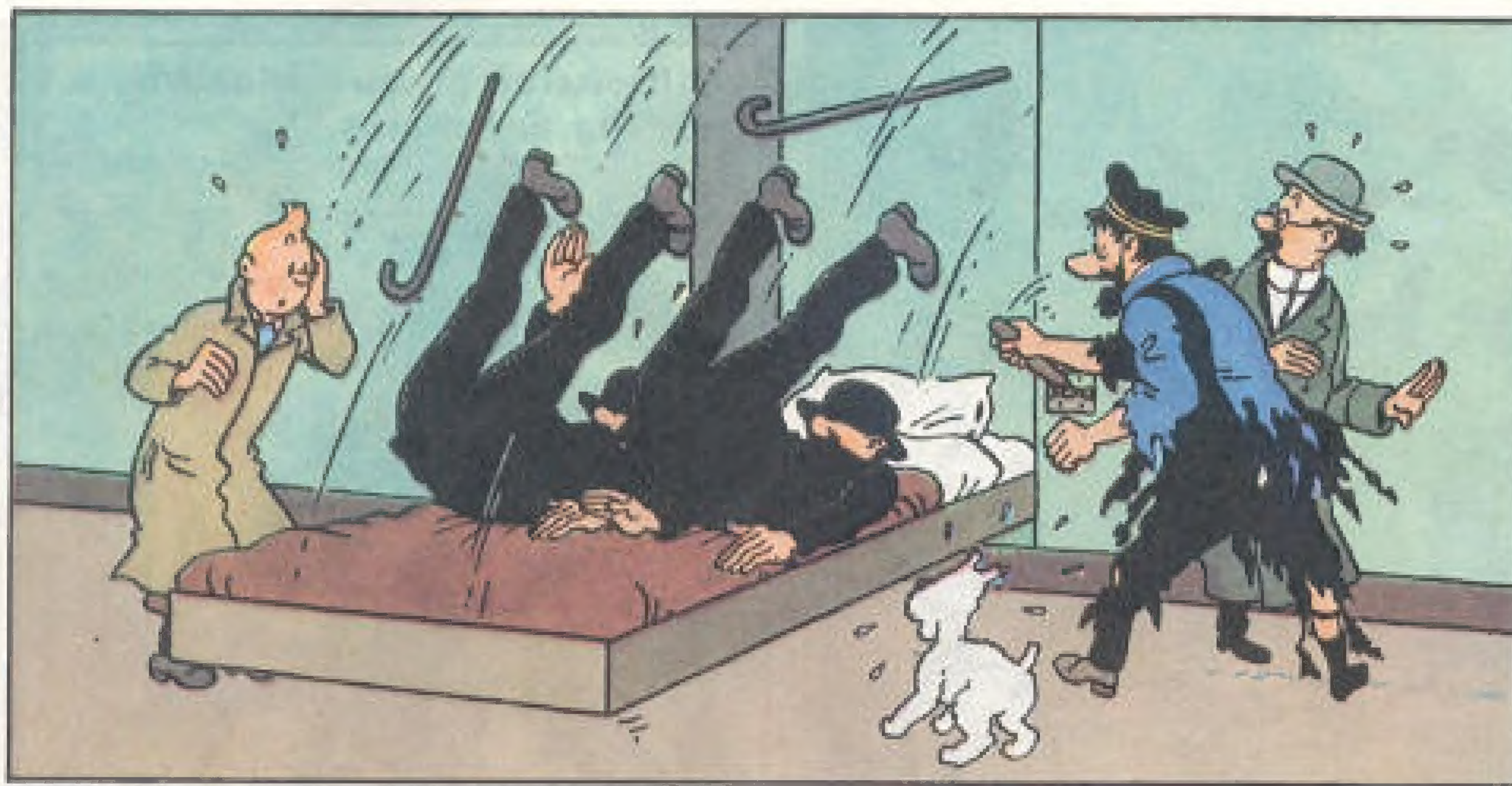




















It's horrible!... What's happened to me?



Nothing, Captain! It's just that you were looking in a concave mirror! And here's a convex one!

Thank goodness!



But here's another mirror... I'll just reassure myself!

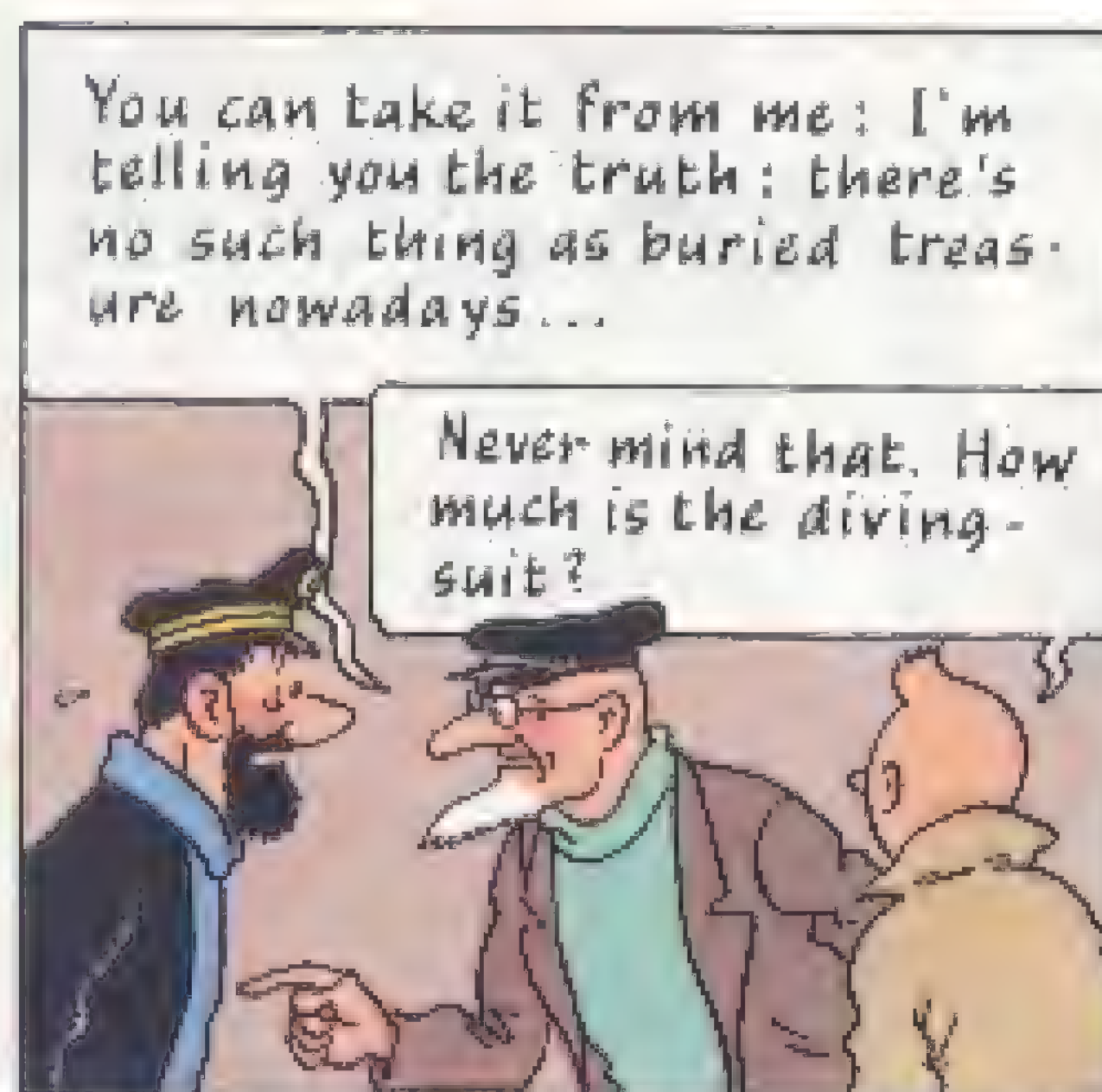


Oh!



Seven years of bad luck!

And two pounds for the mirror!



You can take it from me: I'm telling you the truth: there's no such thing as buried treasure nowadays...

Never mind that. How much is the diving-suit?

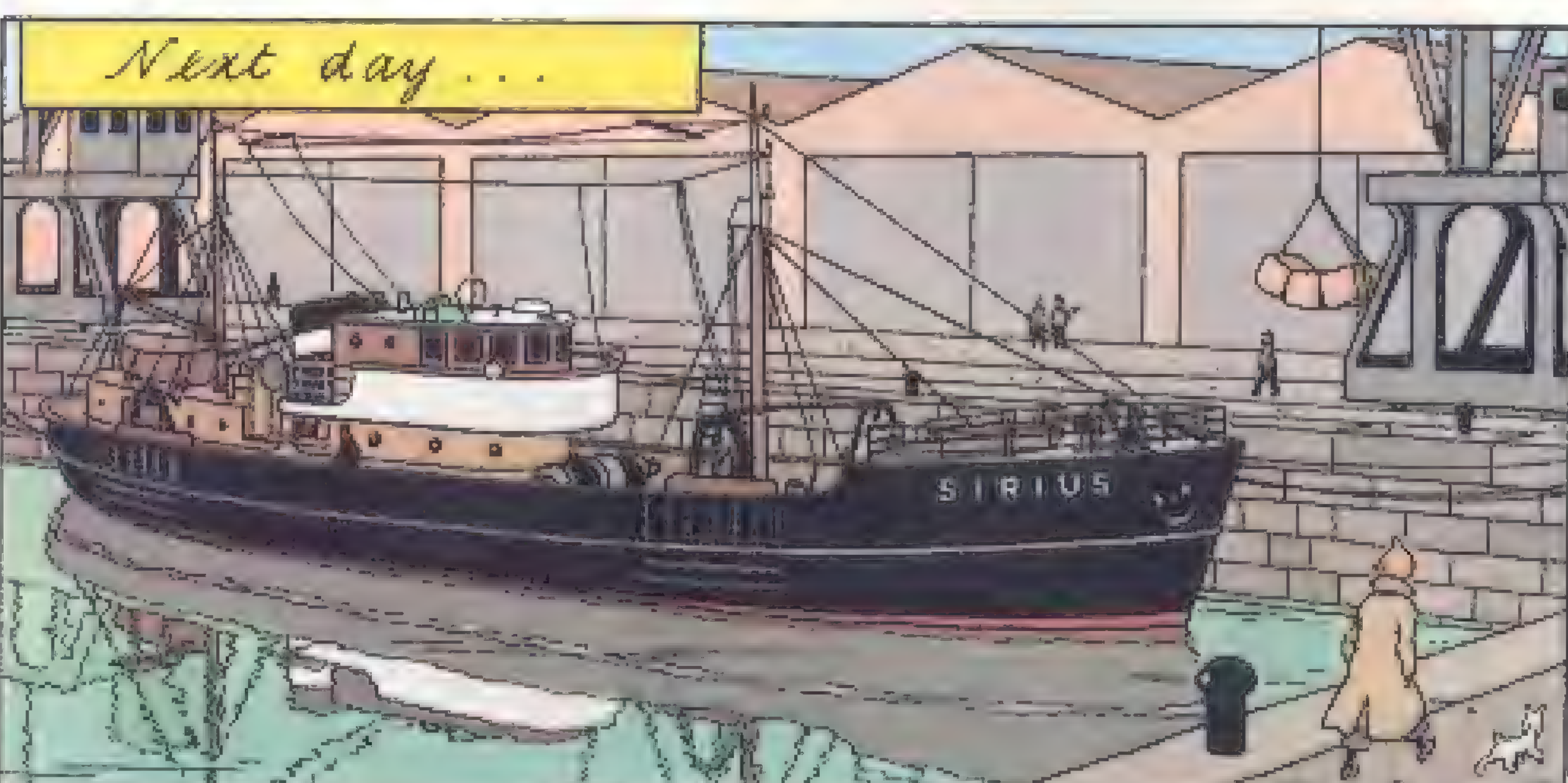


Ten pounds.

All right. We'll have it collected this afternoon. Shall we go, Captain?



Remember what I said, my lad. You won't find any treasure!



Next day...



Good morning, Captain. All well?

No, bad!



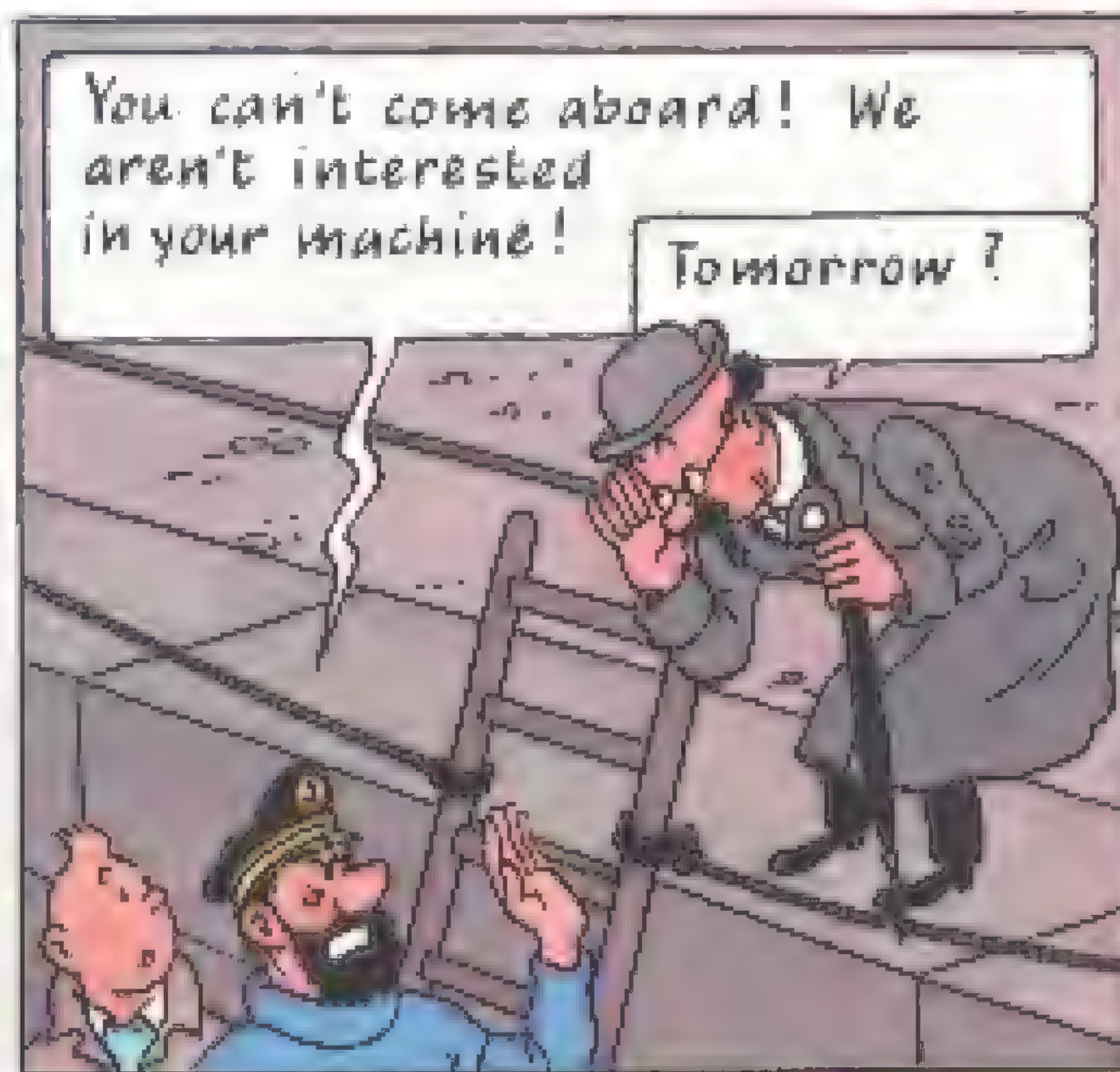
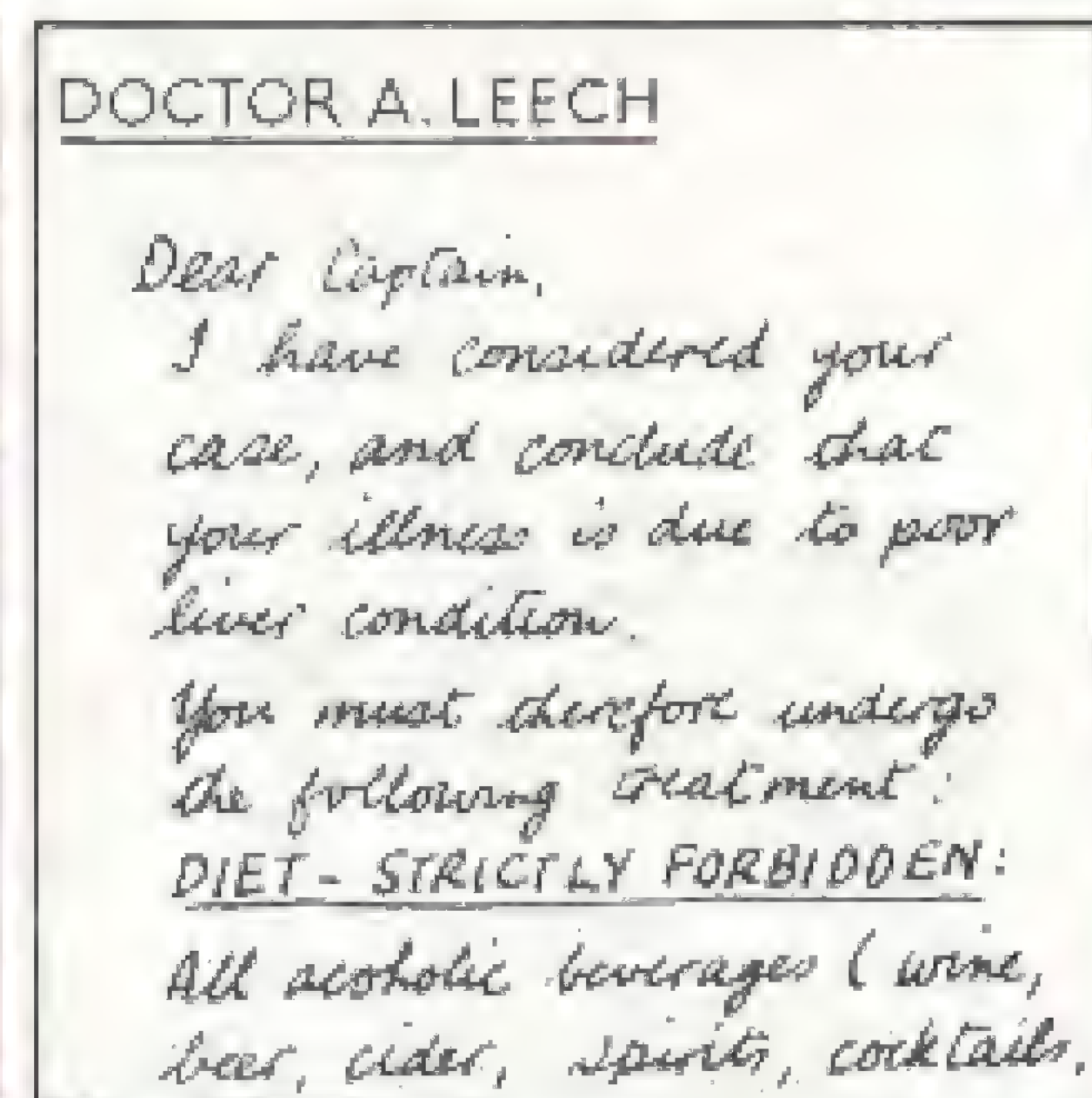
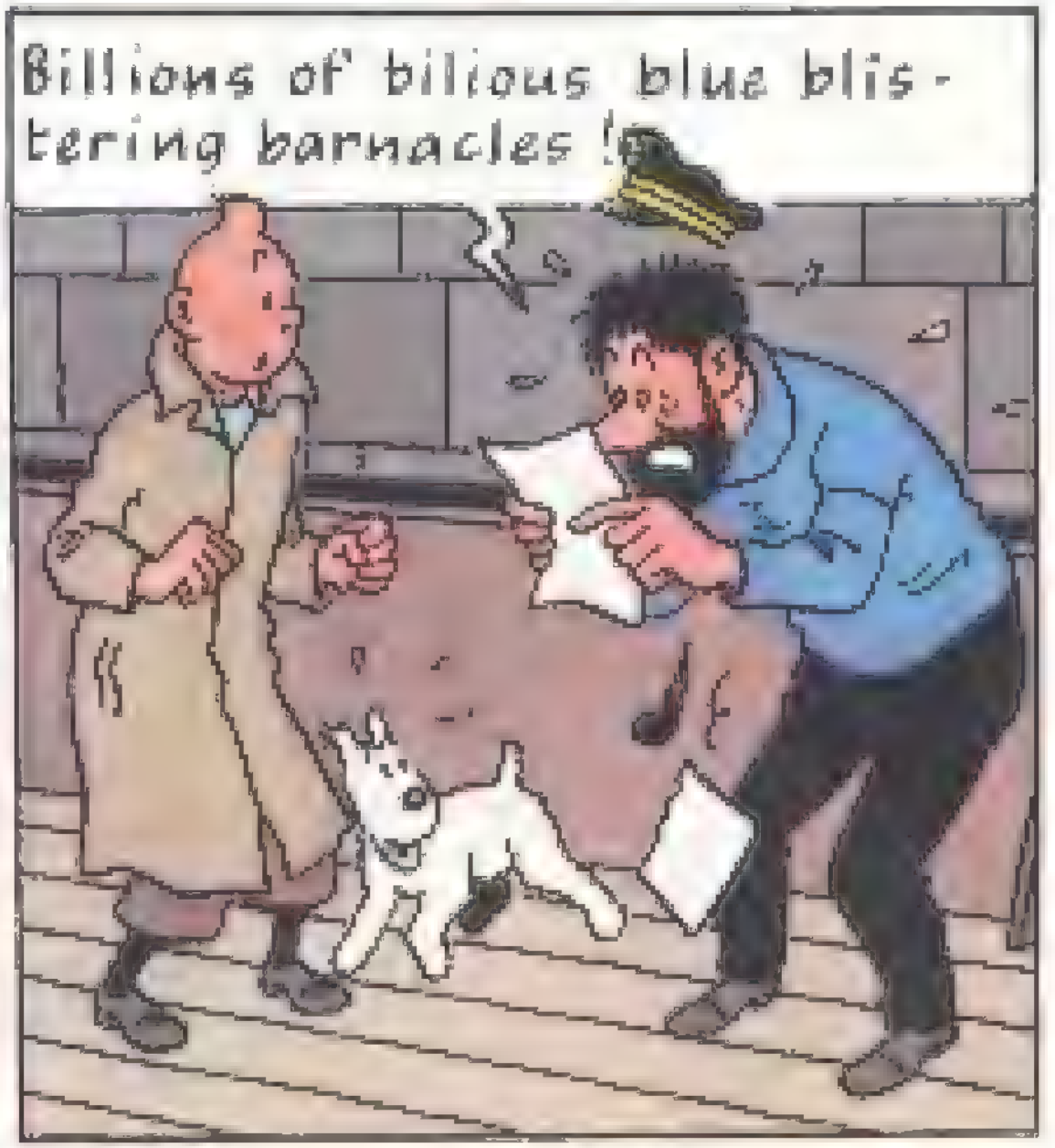
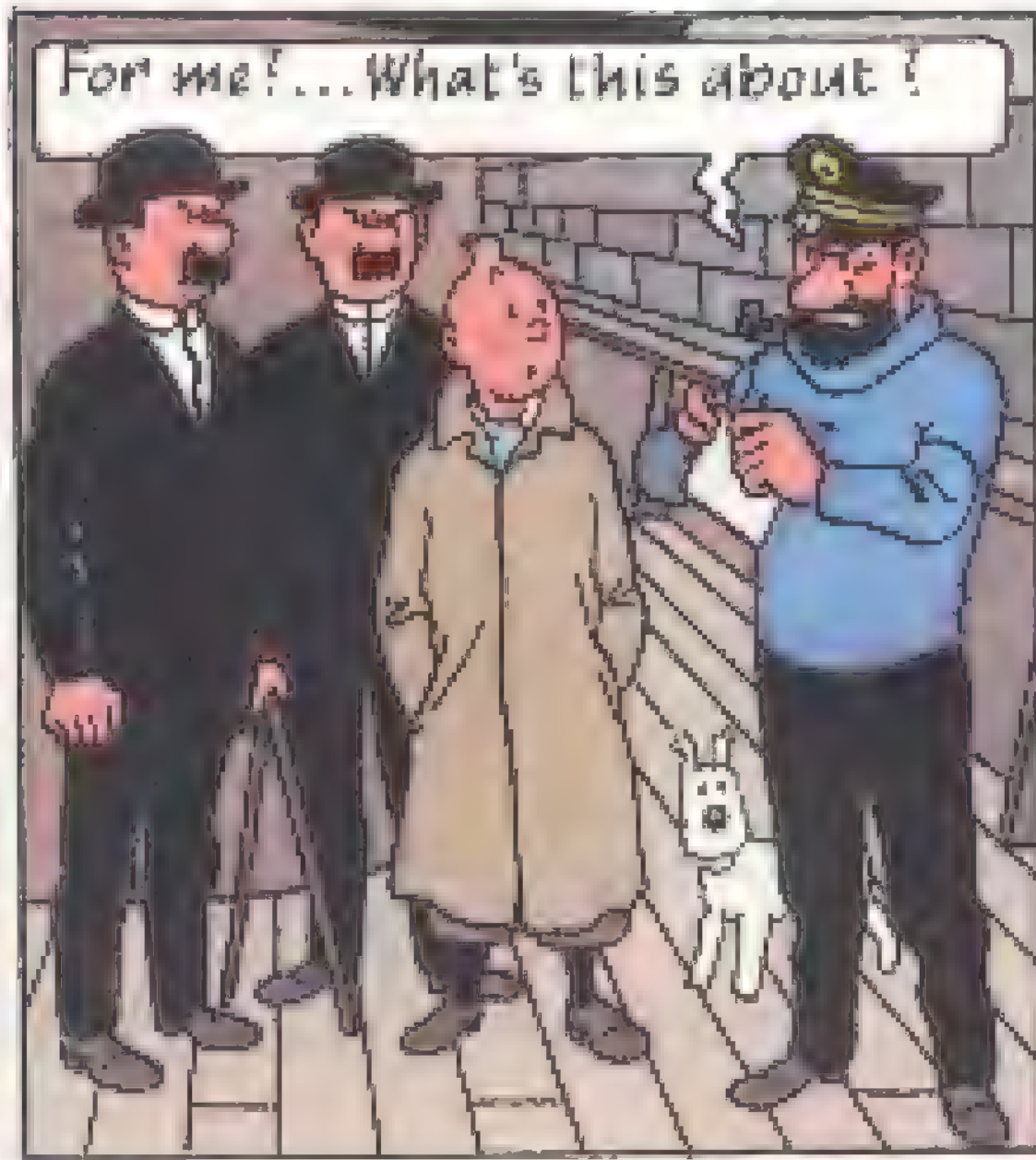
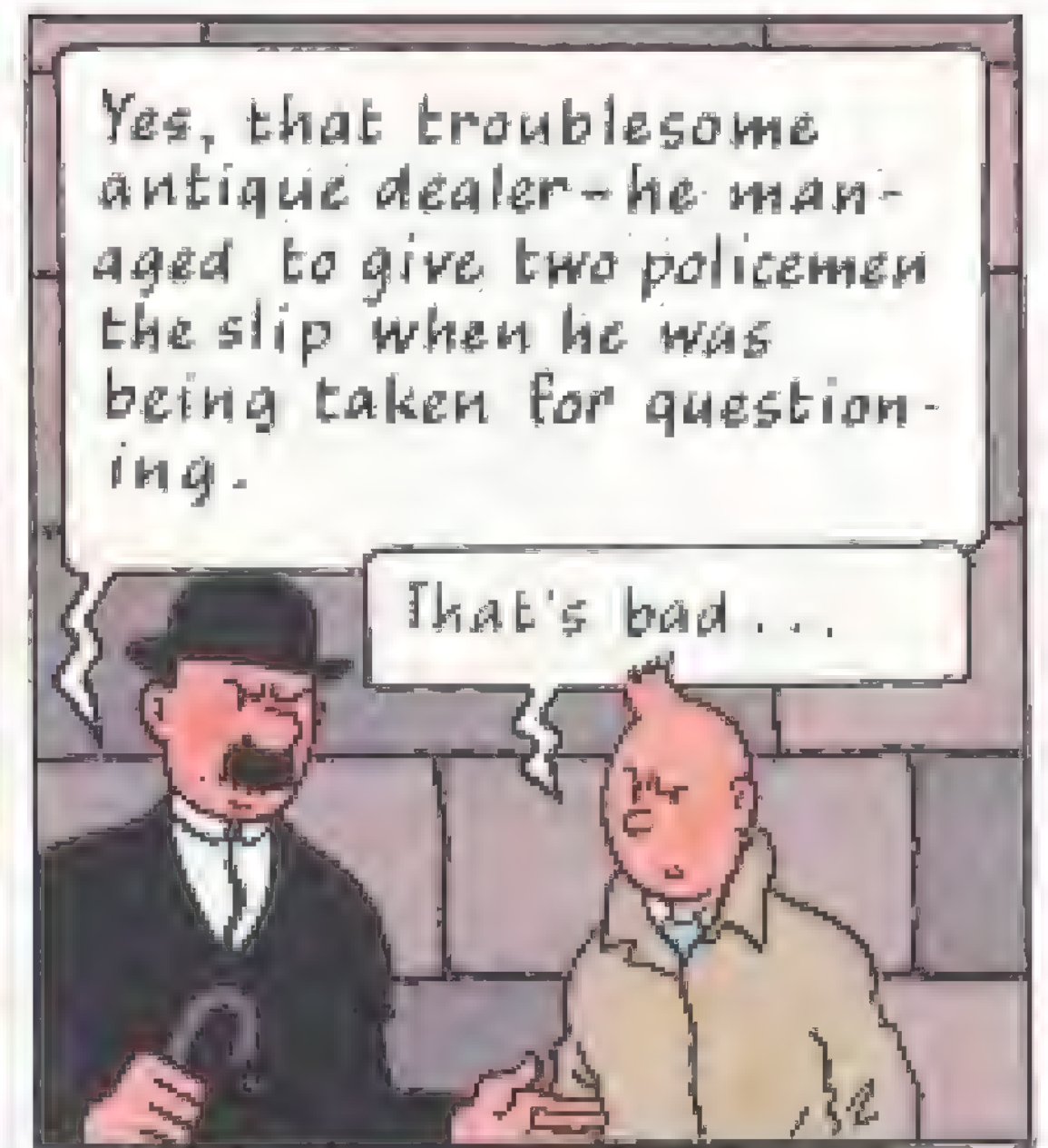
Yes, bad. Very bad... I'm ill... 'Flu, I expect... And I've been thinking... I... well... briefly, to put it in a nutshell, I'm not going!



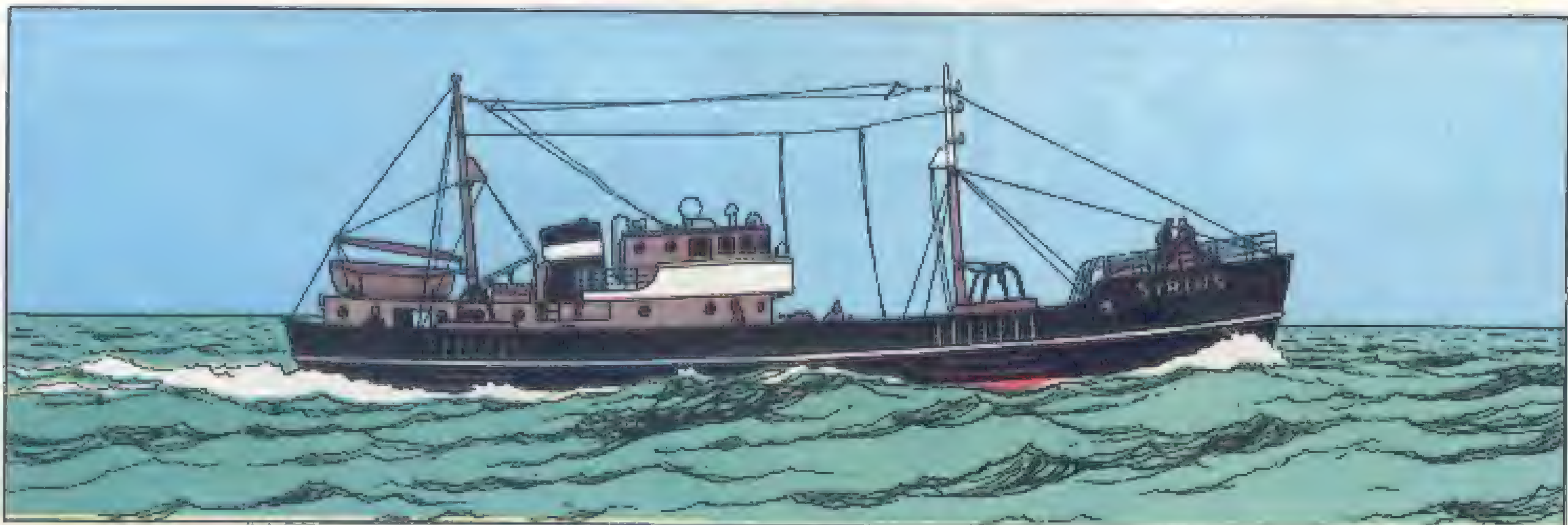
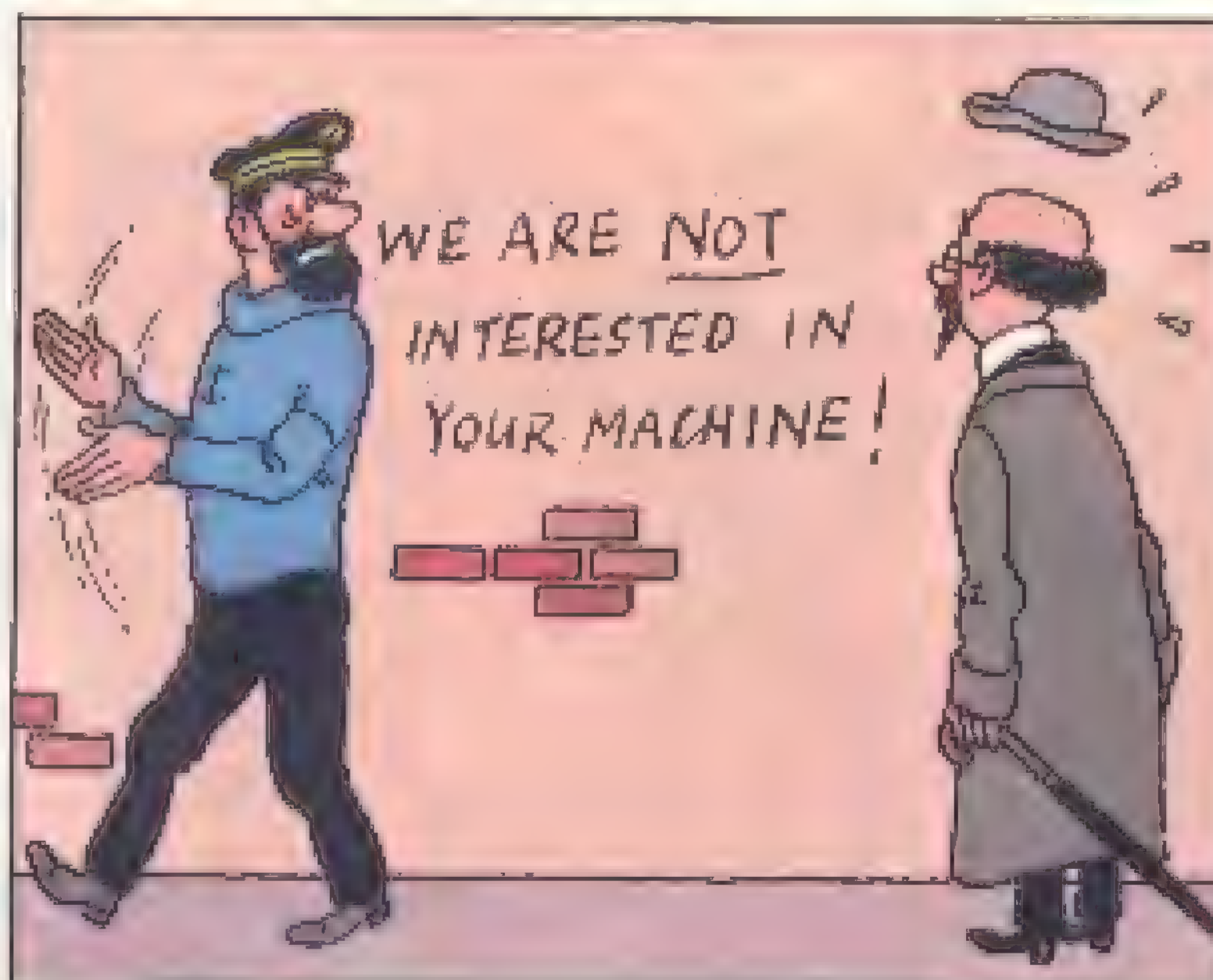
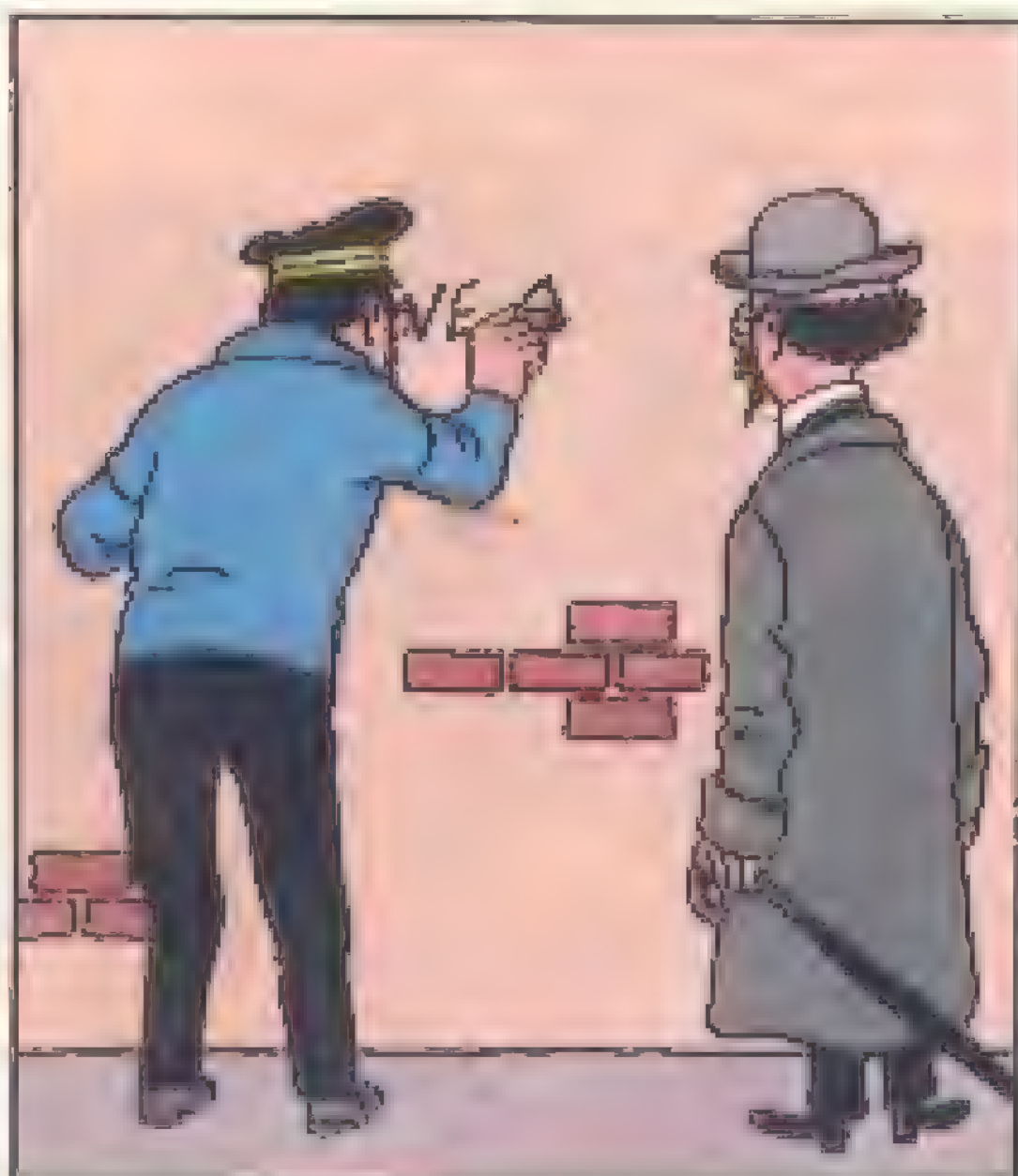
You can't be serious!

Perfectly serious. I'm not superstitious, but to break a mirror on the eve of a voyage... No, definitely, I'm not going!

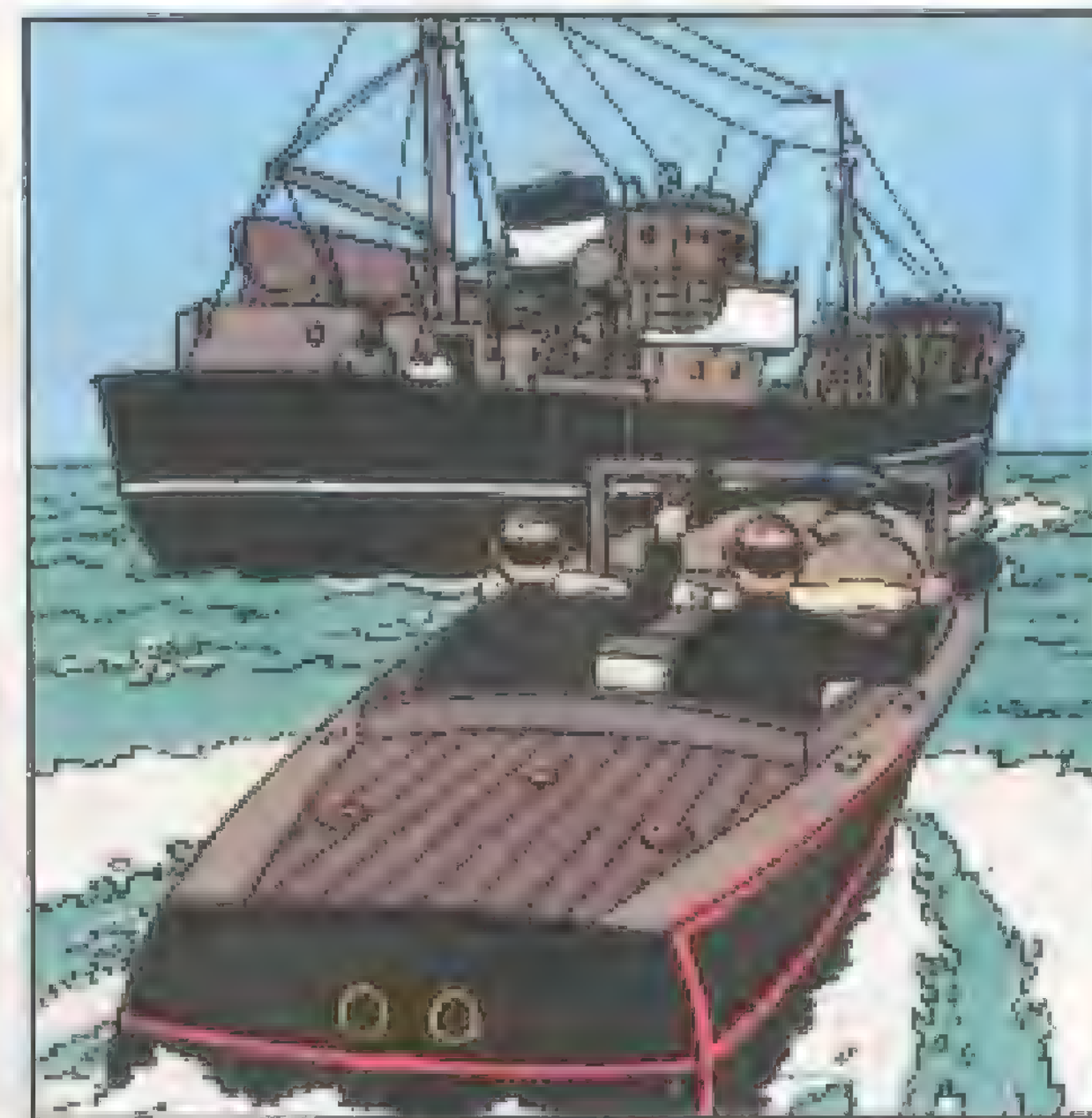
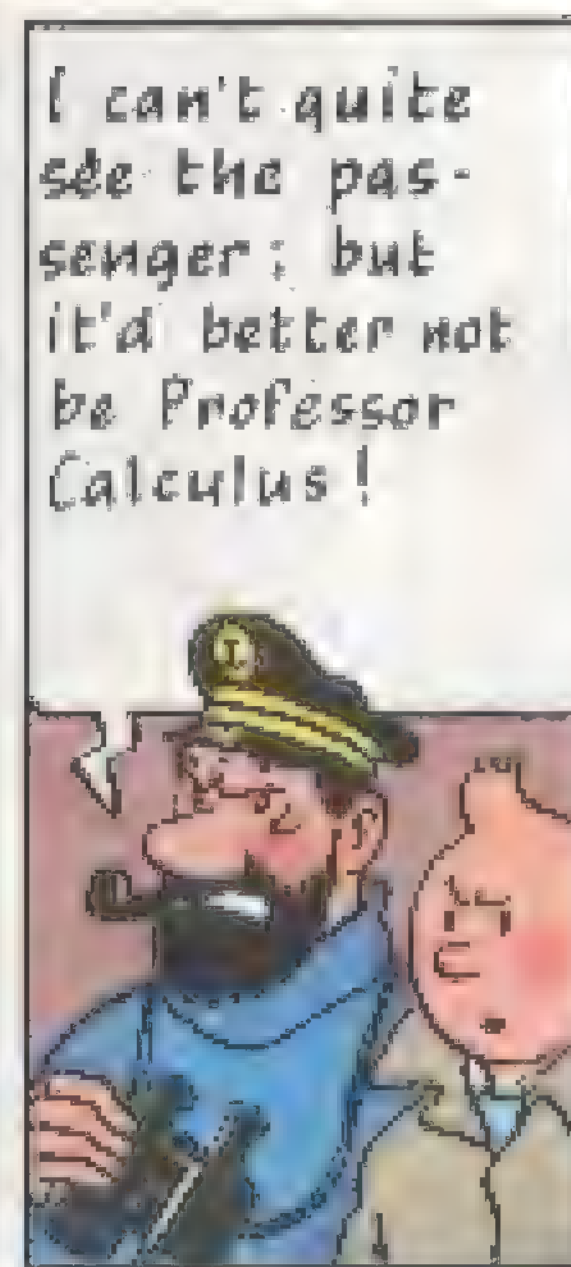
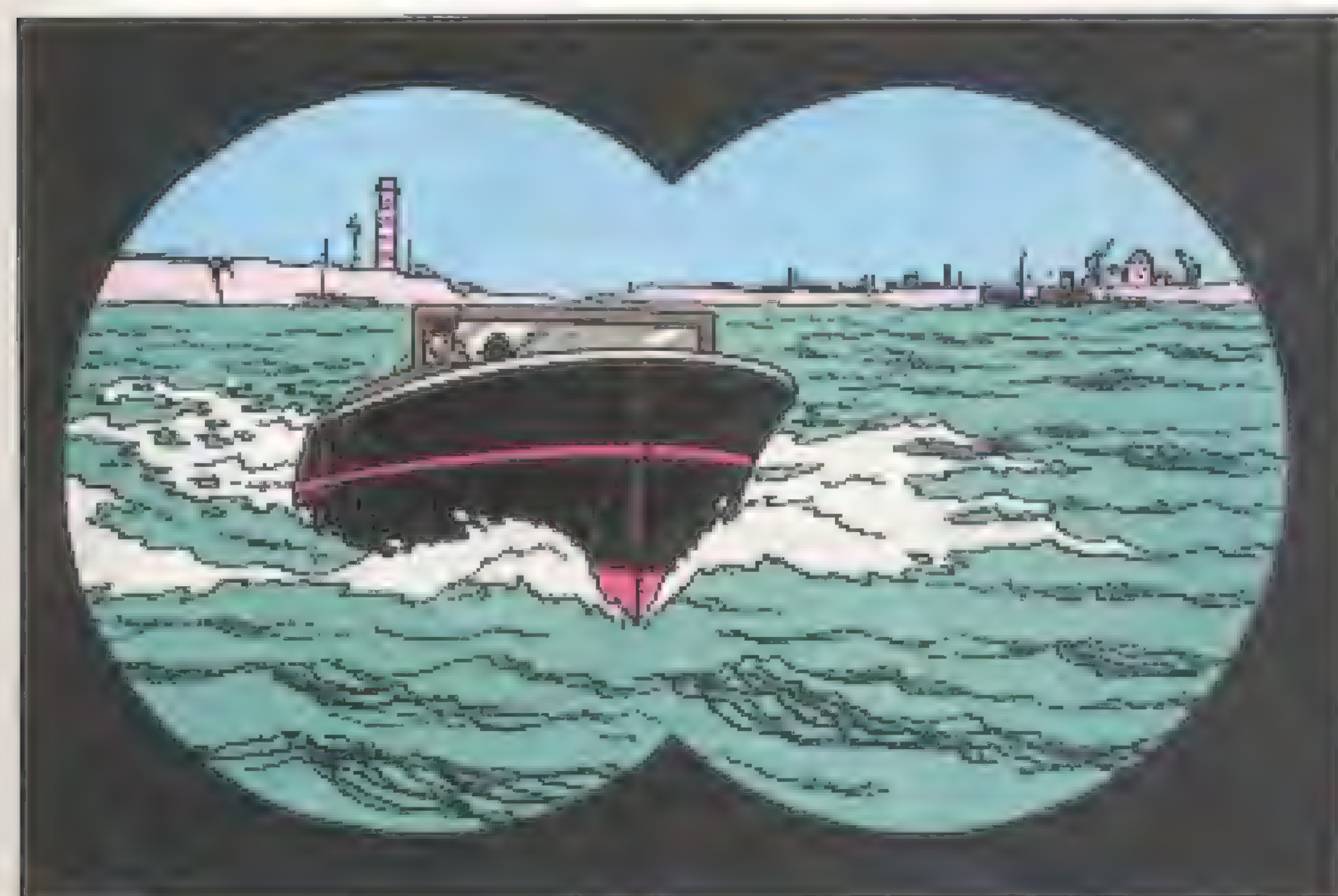




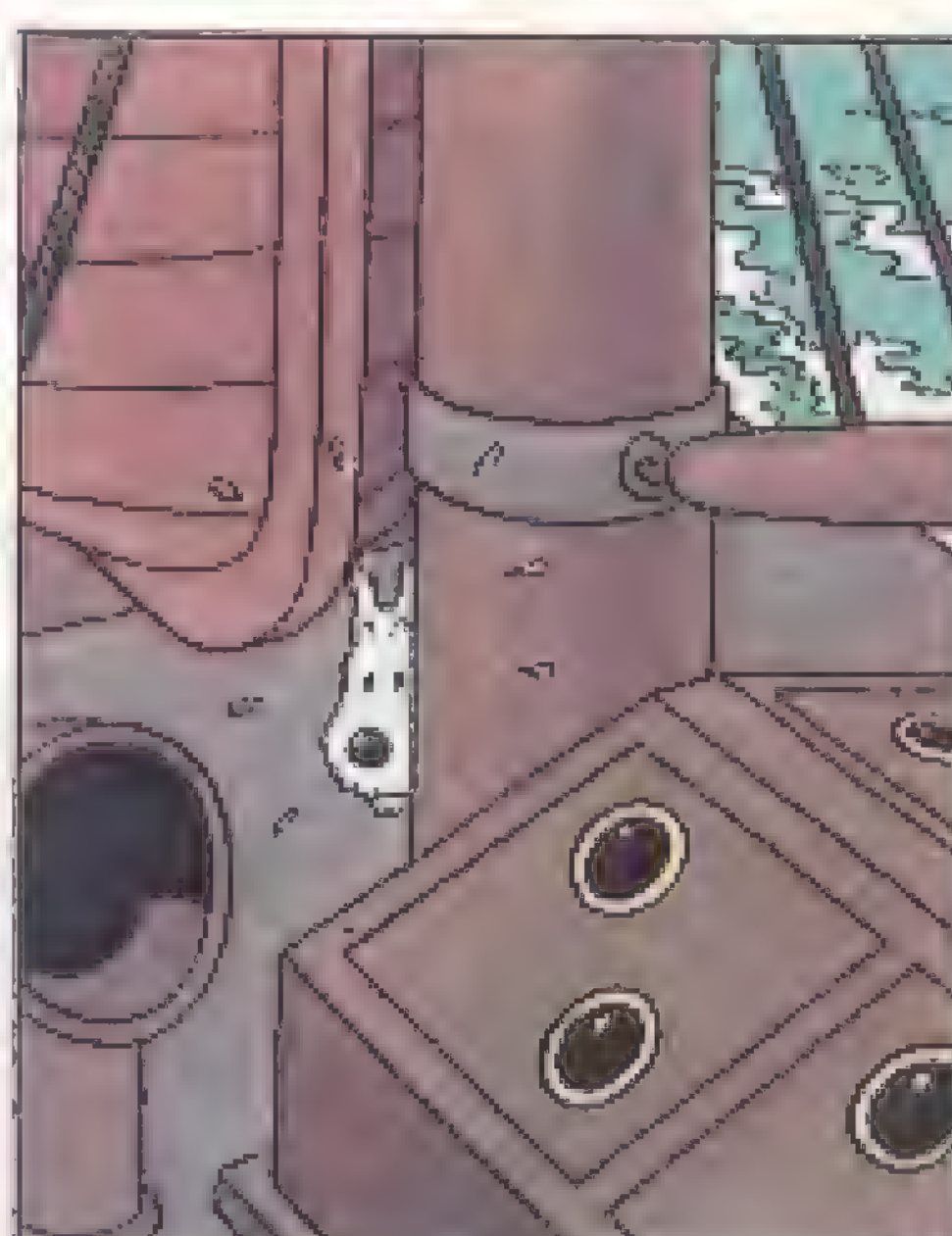
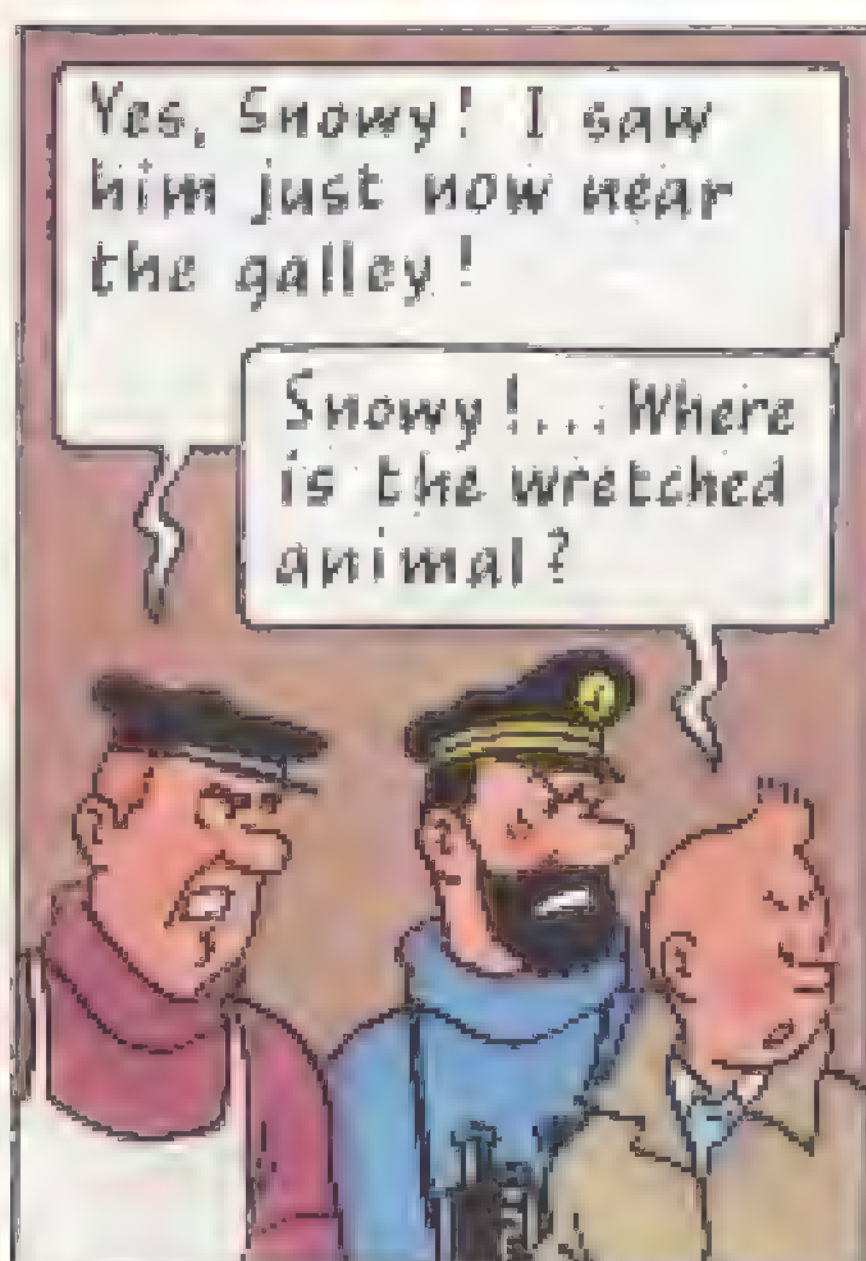














We must behave like old sea-dogs



For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that fishing fleet...

Give a blast on the siren; that'll warn them.

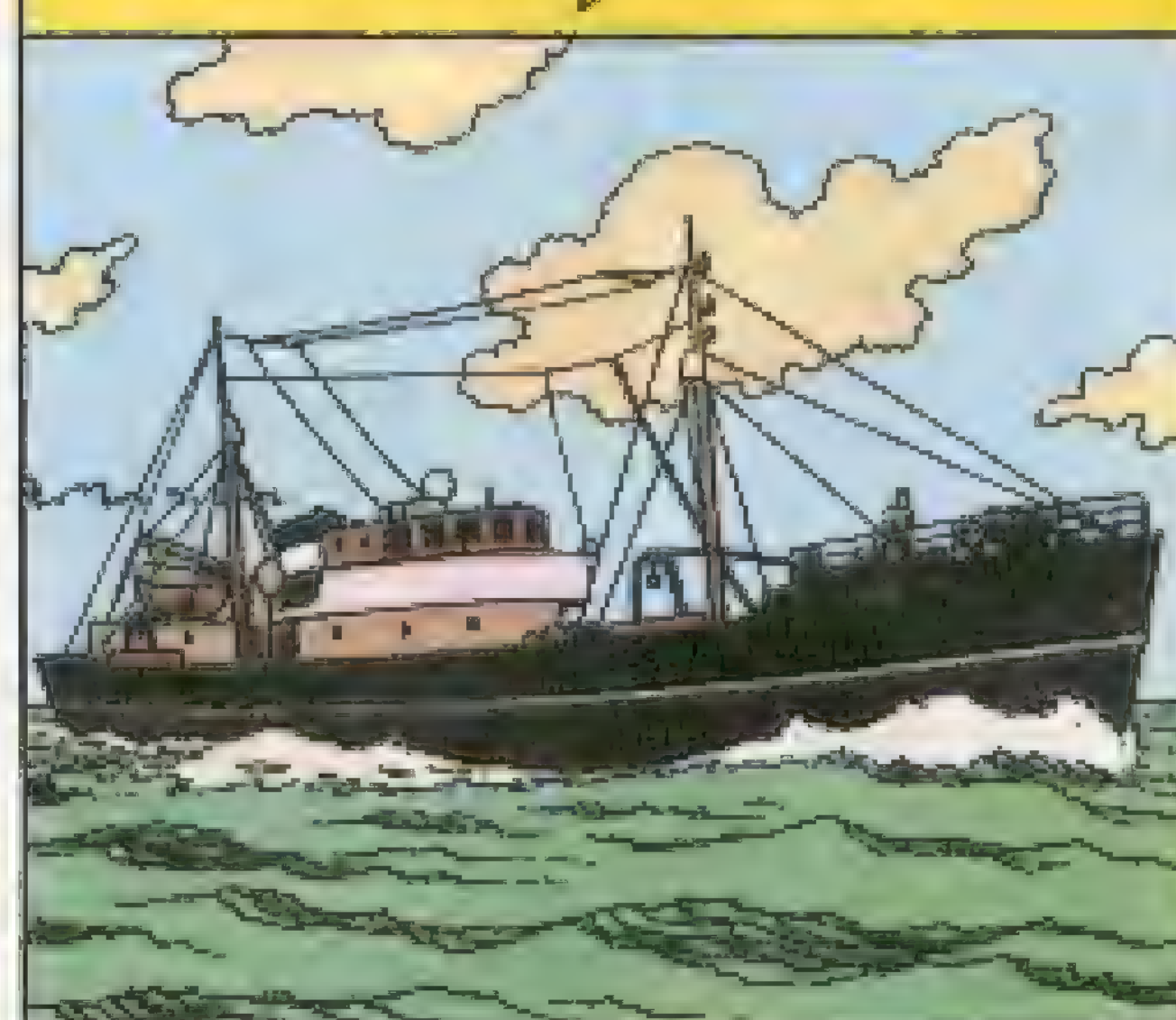


Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too... I swallowed it!...



Next day...



This has got to stop!... Yes, it's got to stop!



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where's he hiding?... Snowy!



Snowy!... Snowy!...







Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?...



You really saw him make off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed...



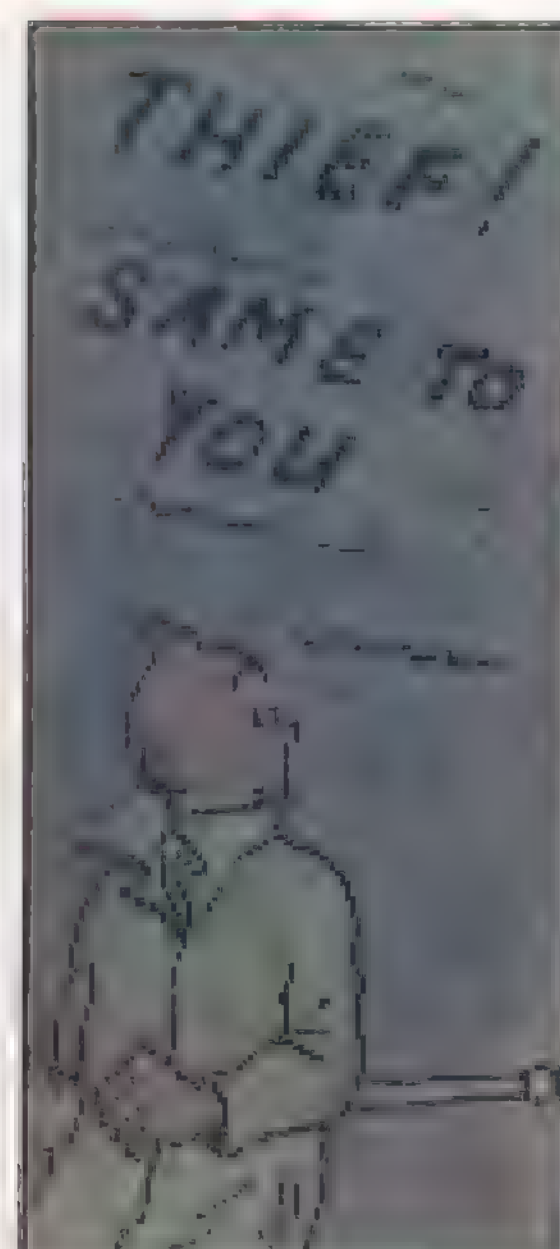
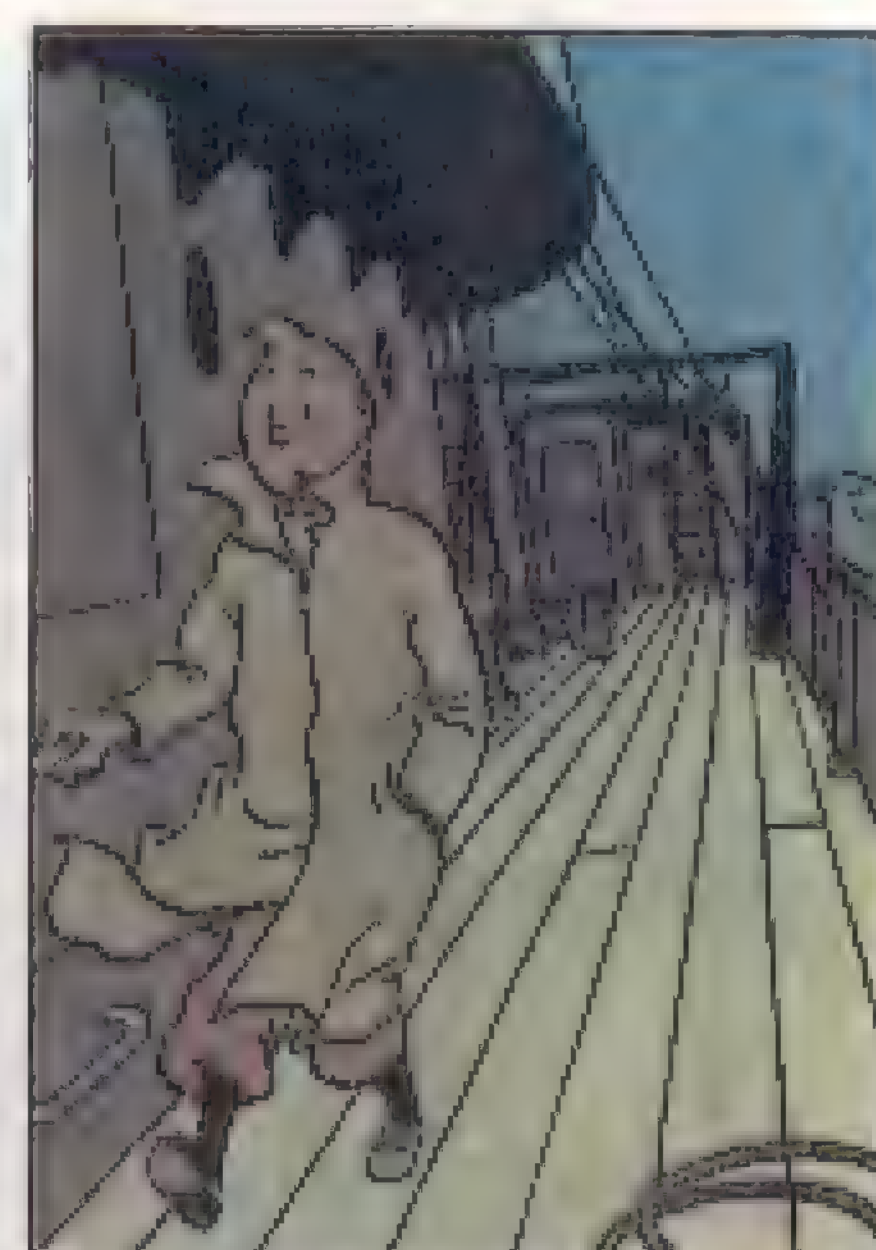
You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of anything unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



*That evening...*

Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry, I'll watch him! Good night, Captain...



THIEF!  
SAME TO YOU



Crumbs! That's the two detectives...



What's going on here?...



It's him, Tintin!... He's stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's him - he's taken one of my blankets!



Aren't you ashamed, at your age? Quarrelling over such trifles! Now, that's all over, isn't it?

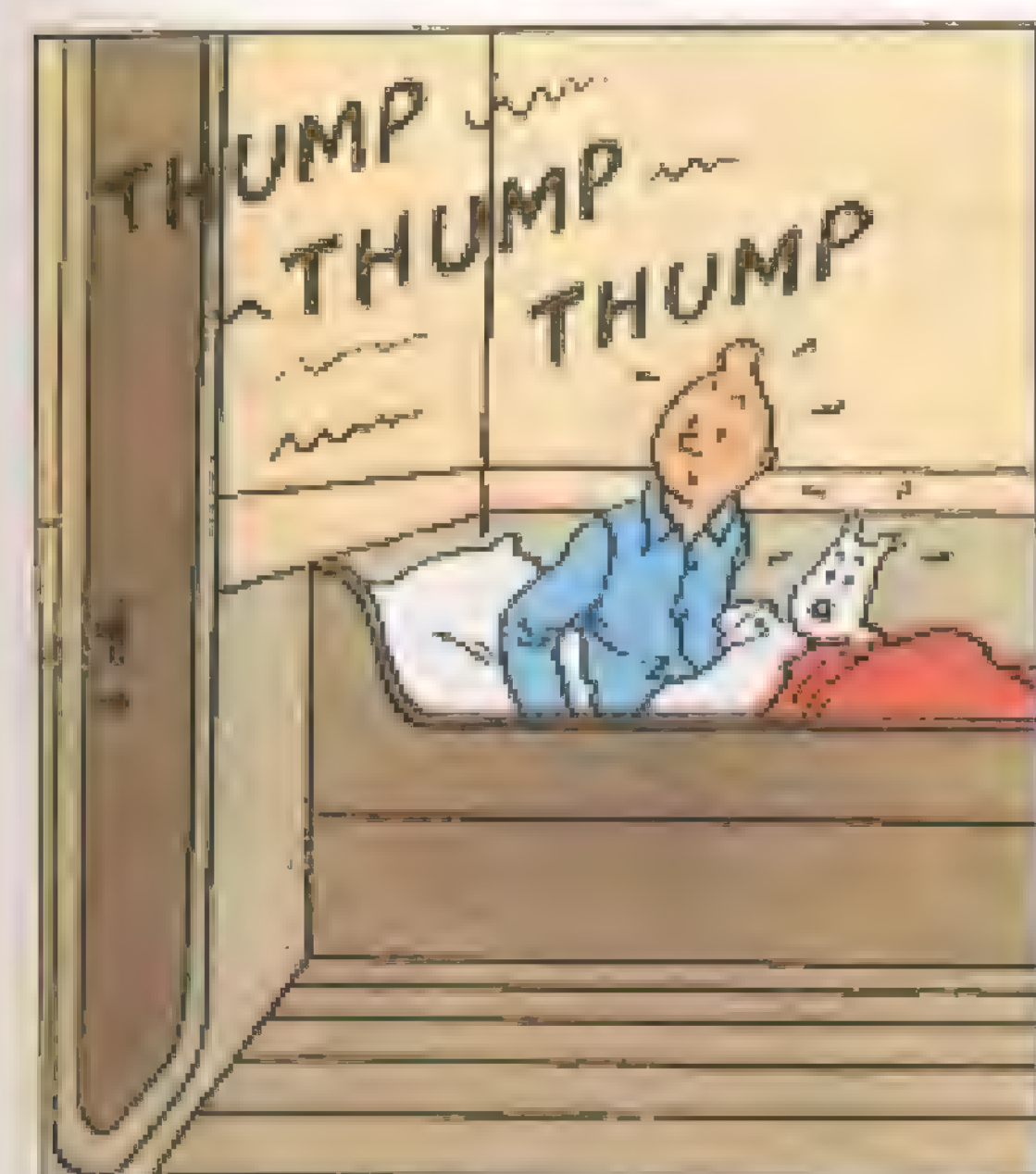
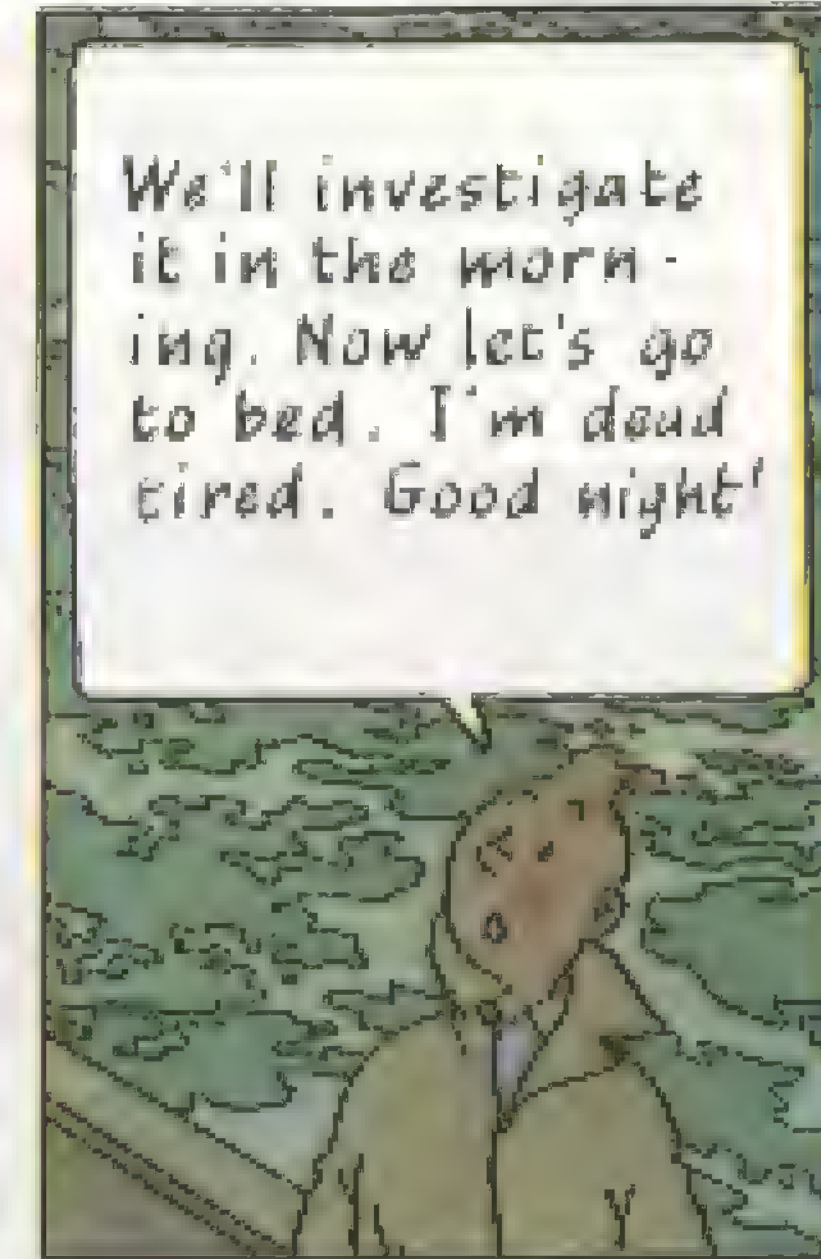
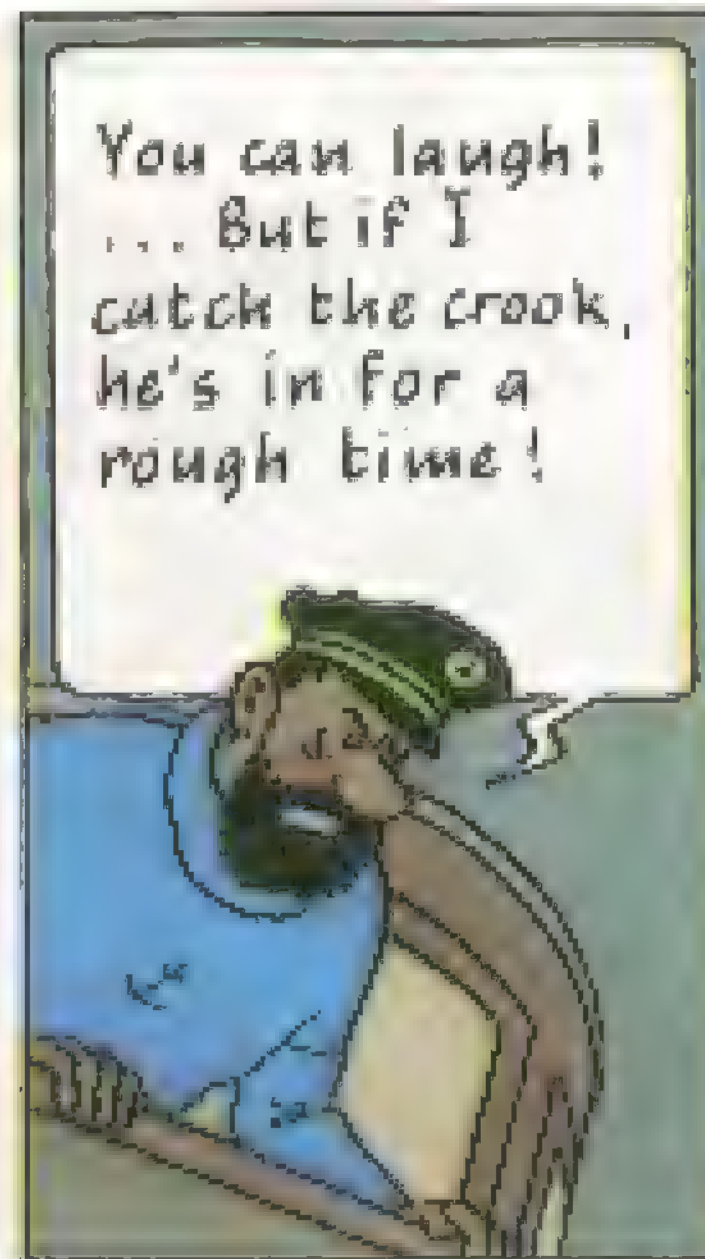
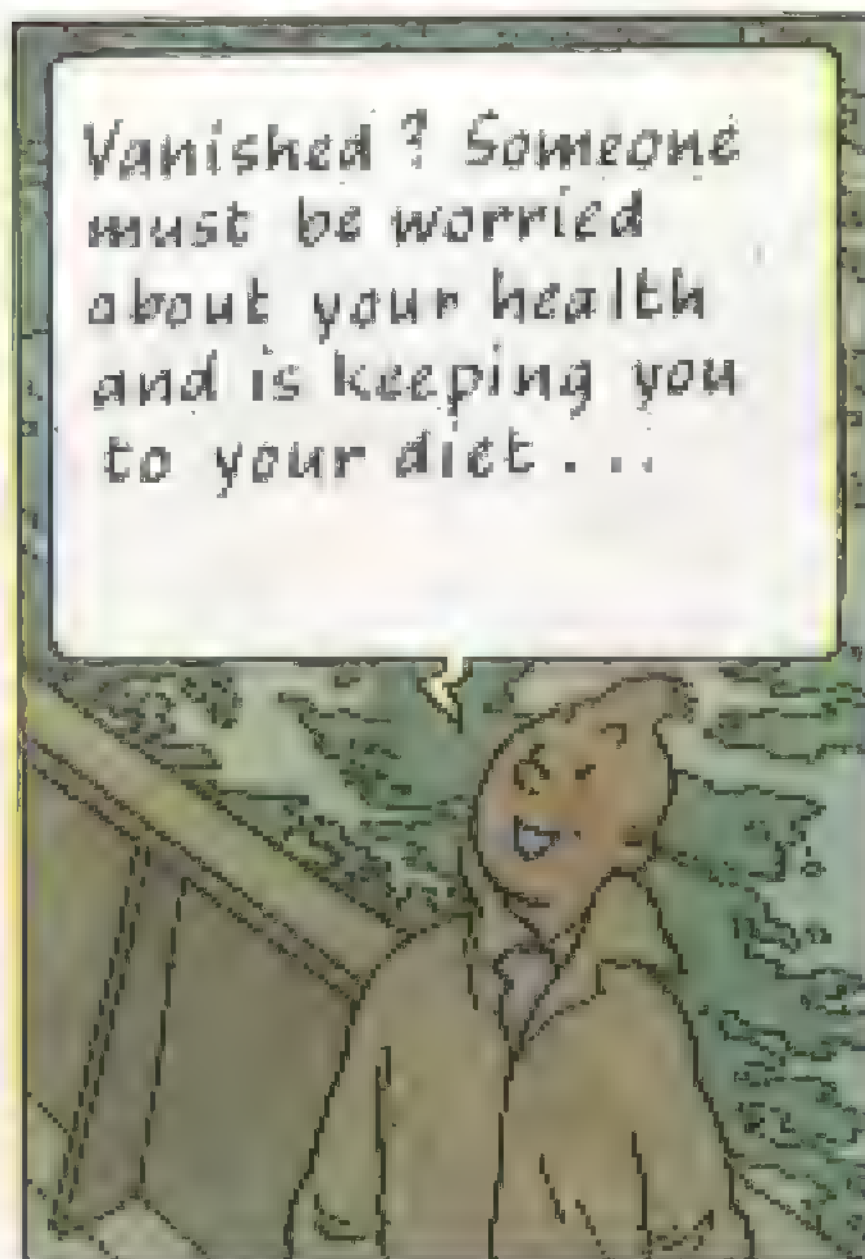


Now let's go to bed!

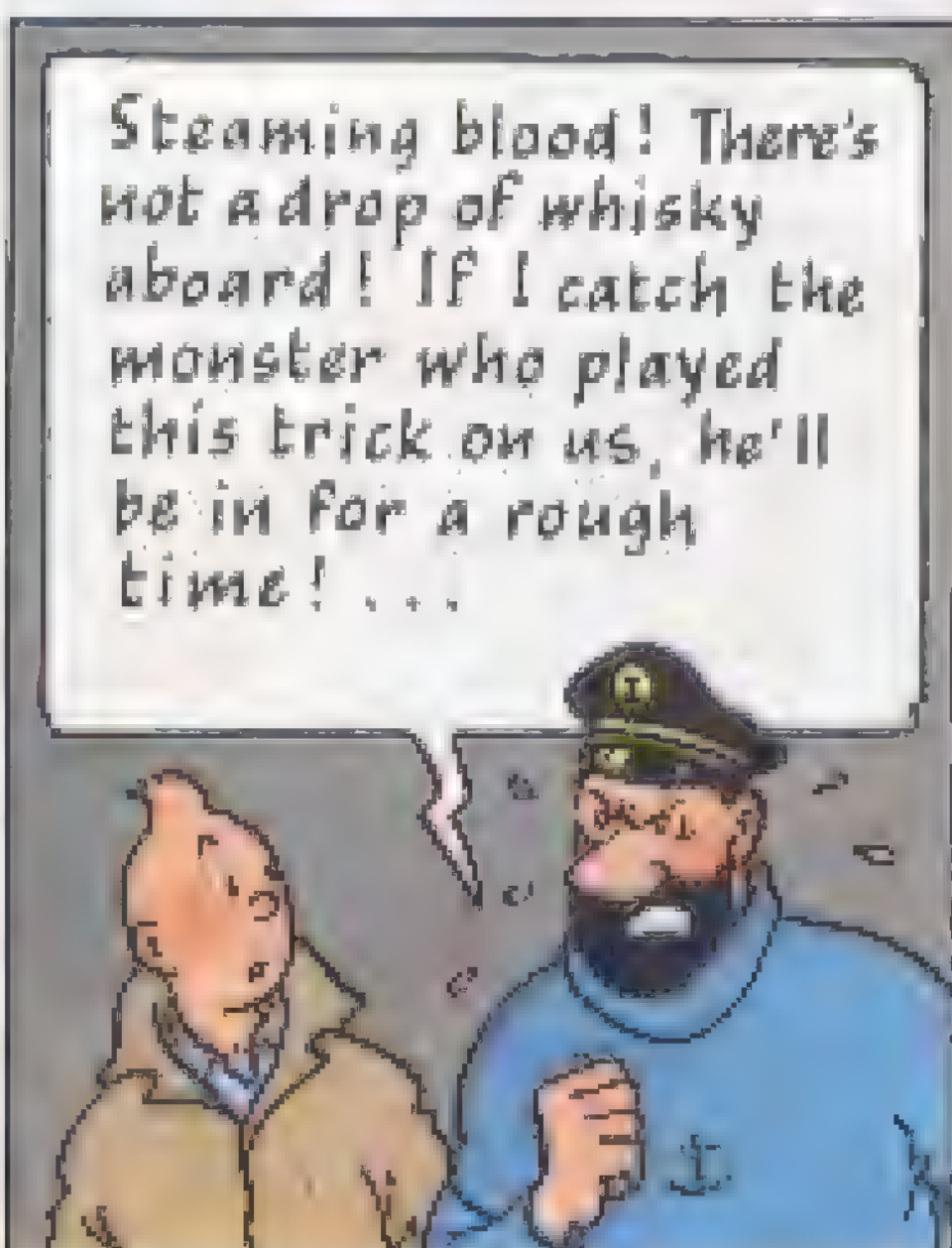
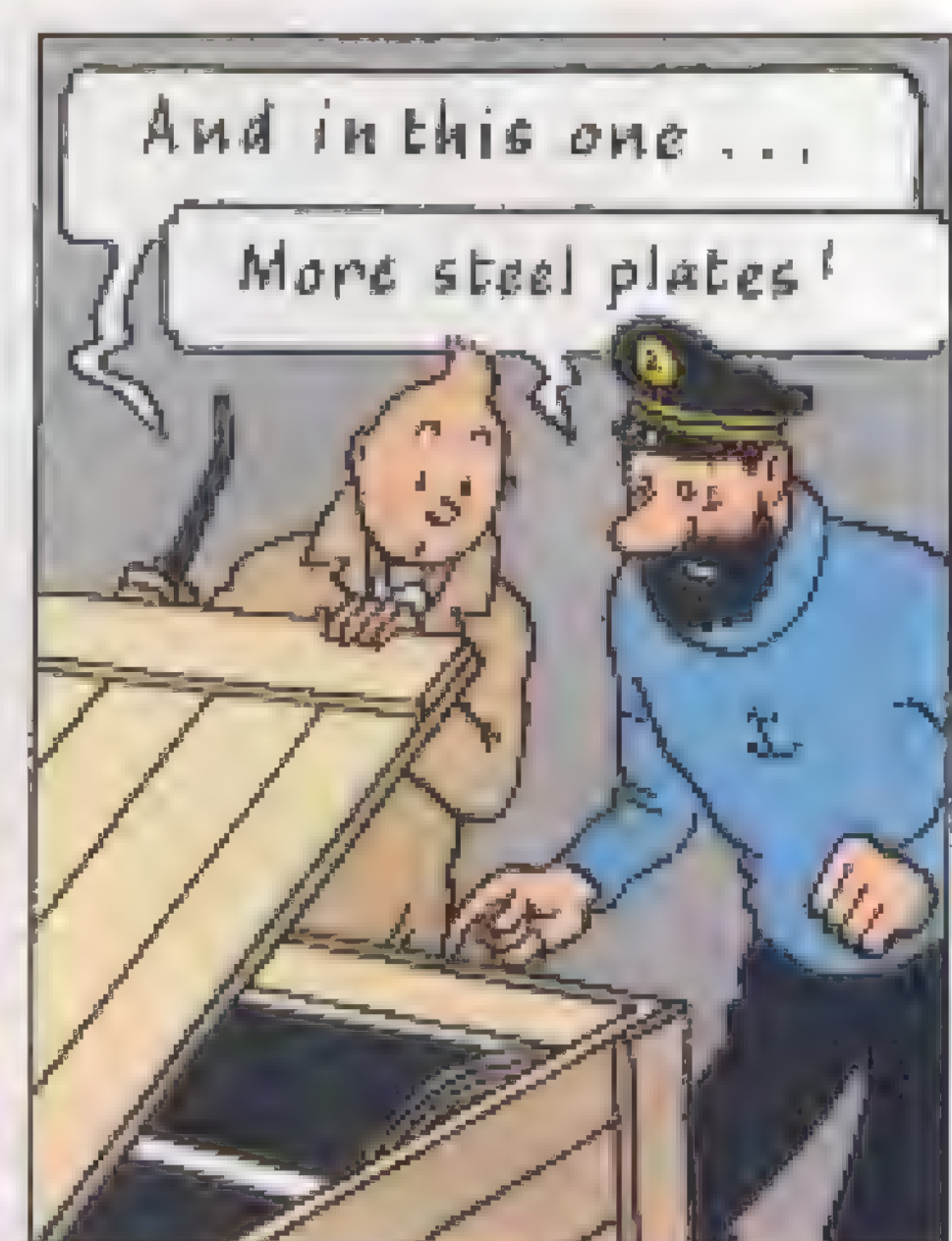


Billions of blistering barnacles!

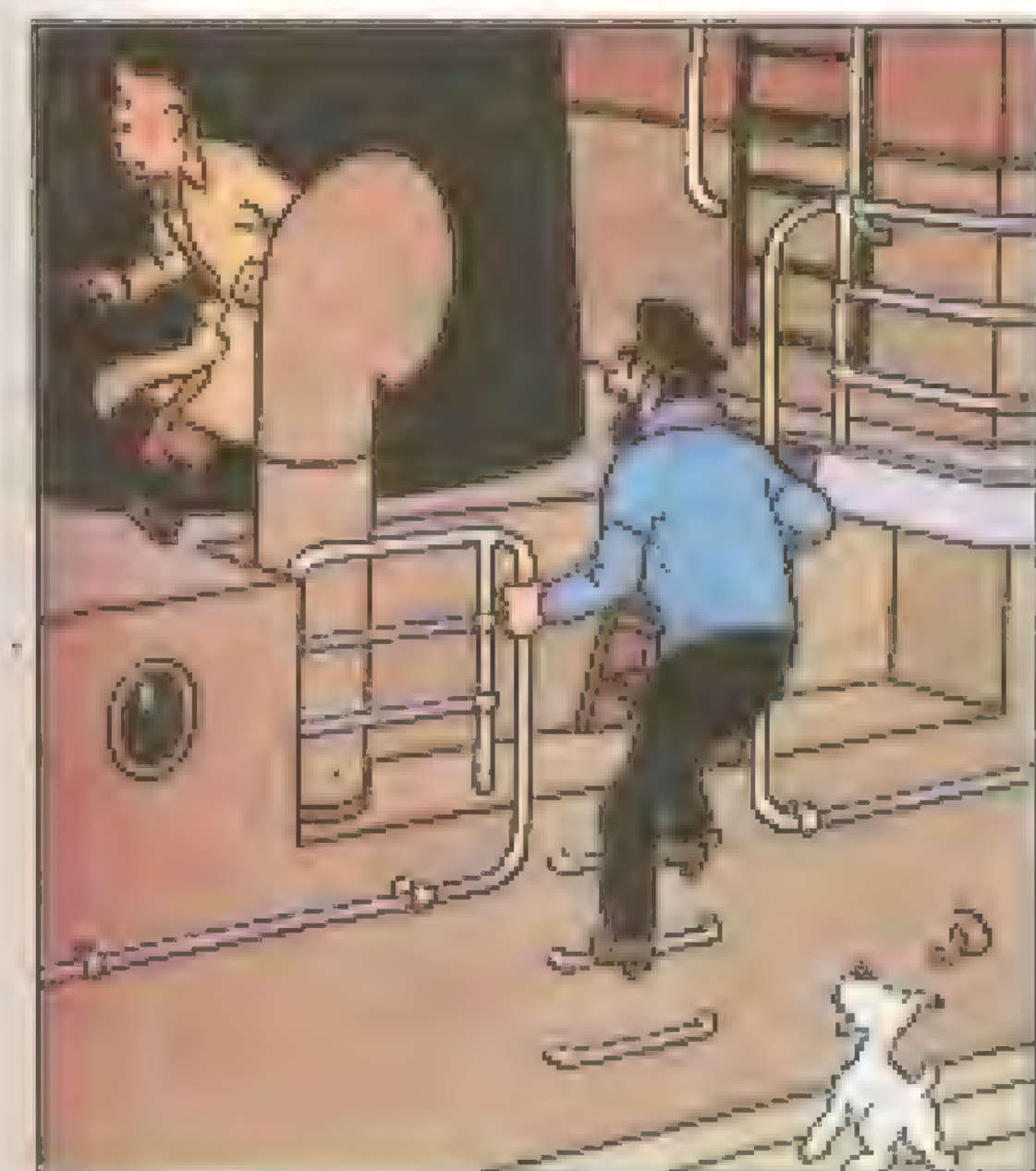
















Thundering typhoons!



ZZZ... ZZZ  
... ZZZ...



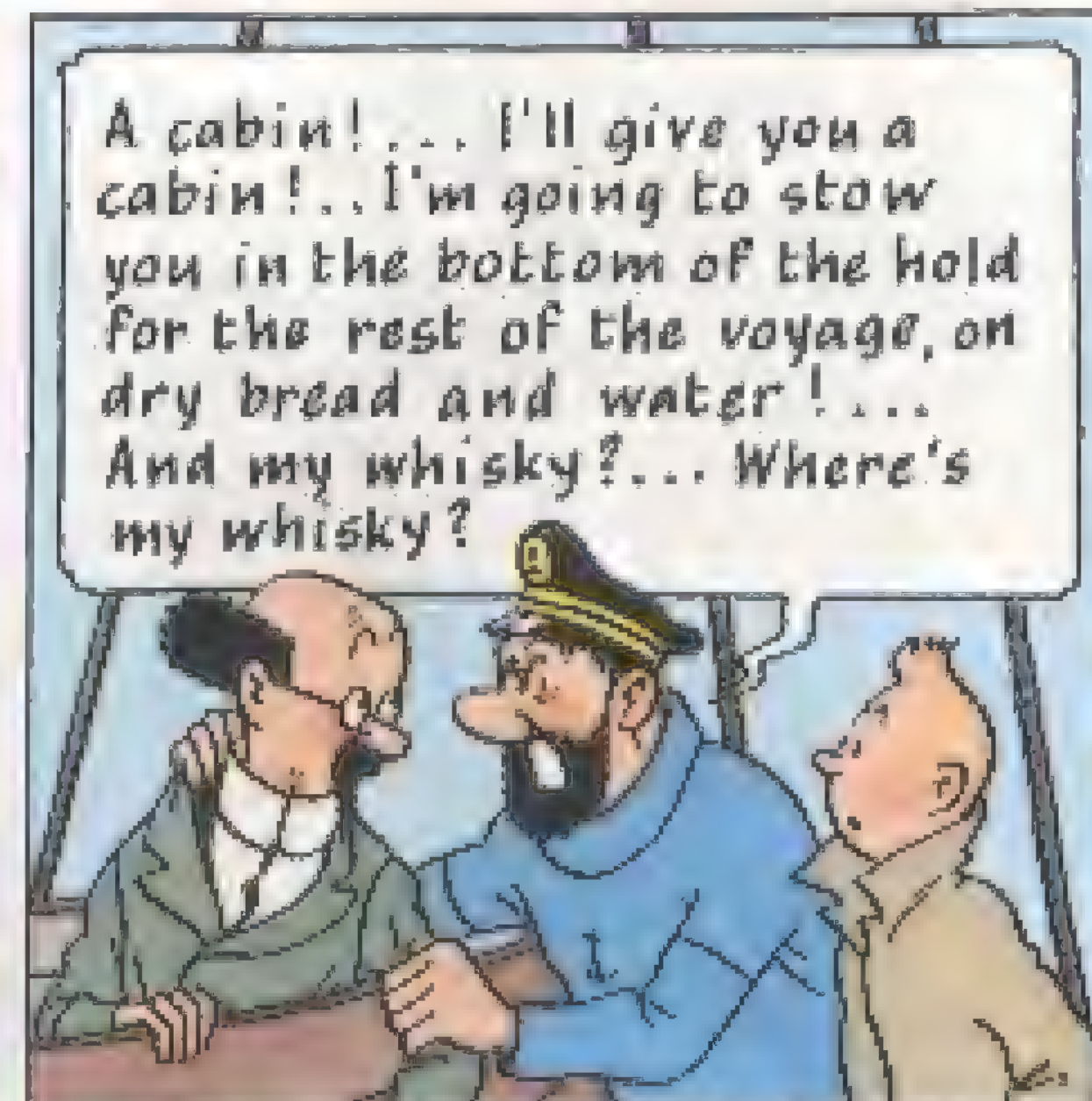
Billions of bil-  
ious blue blis-  
tering barnacles!  
Get up, you!...



My whisky, you wretch!...  
What have you done with  
my whisky? Thundering  
typhoons, answer me!...  
Where's my whisky?



I must confess, I did sleep rath-  
er badly. But I hope you  
will give me a cabin...



A cabin!... I'll give you a  
cabin!... I'm going to stow  
you in the bottom of the hold  
for the rest of the voyage, on  
dry bread and water!...  
And my whisky?... Where's  
my whisky?



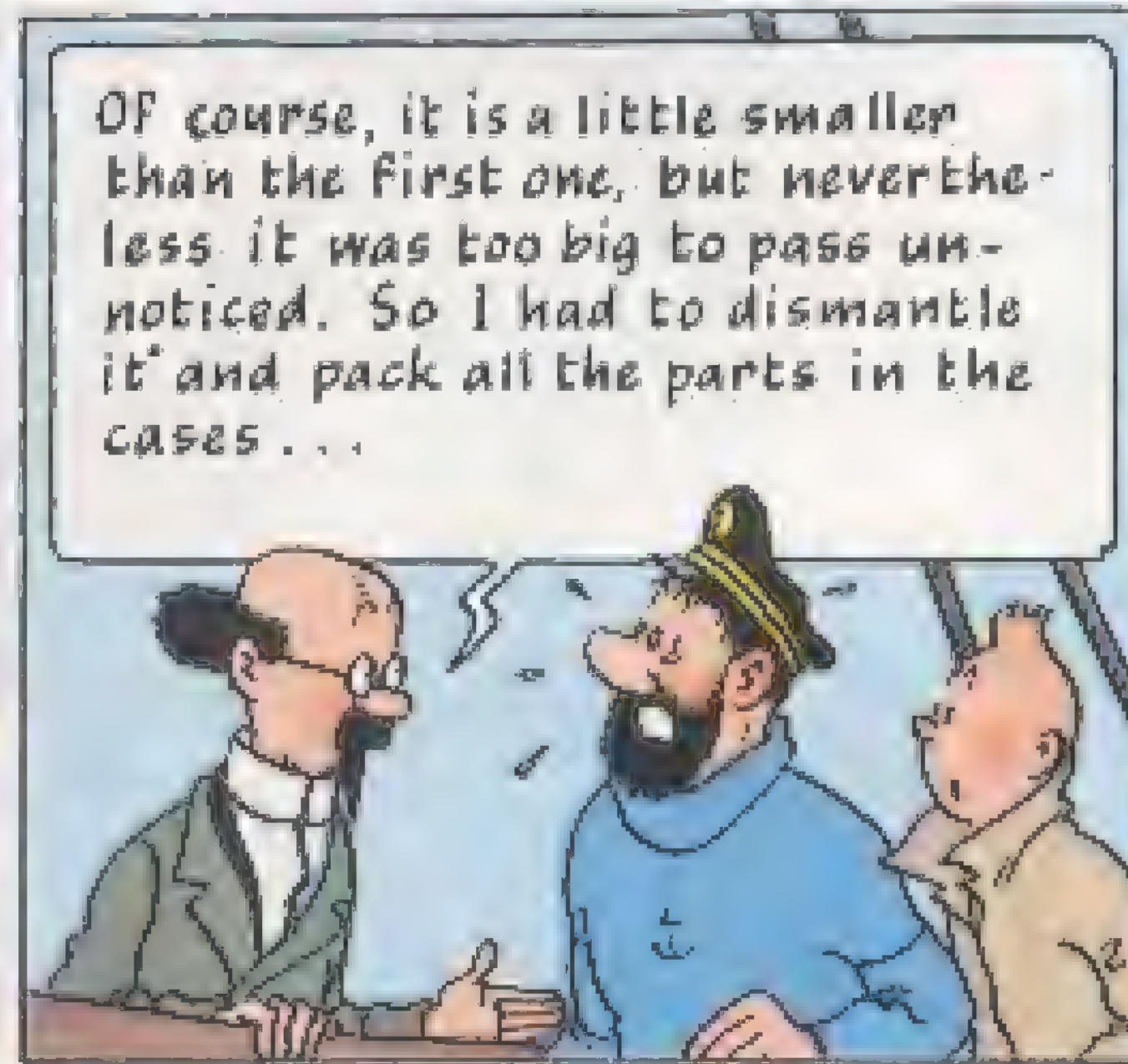
It's on board, of  
course!

It's on board!...  
Heaven be praised!



Naturally it is in sep-  
arate pieces...

In separate pieces...  
My whisky is in sep-  
arate pieces?

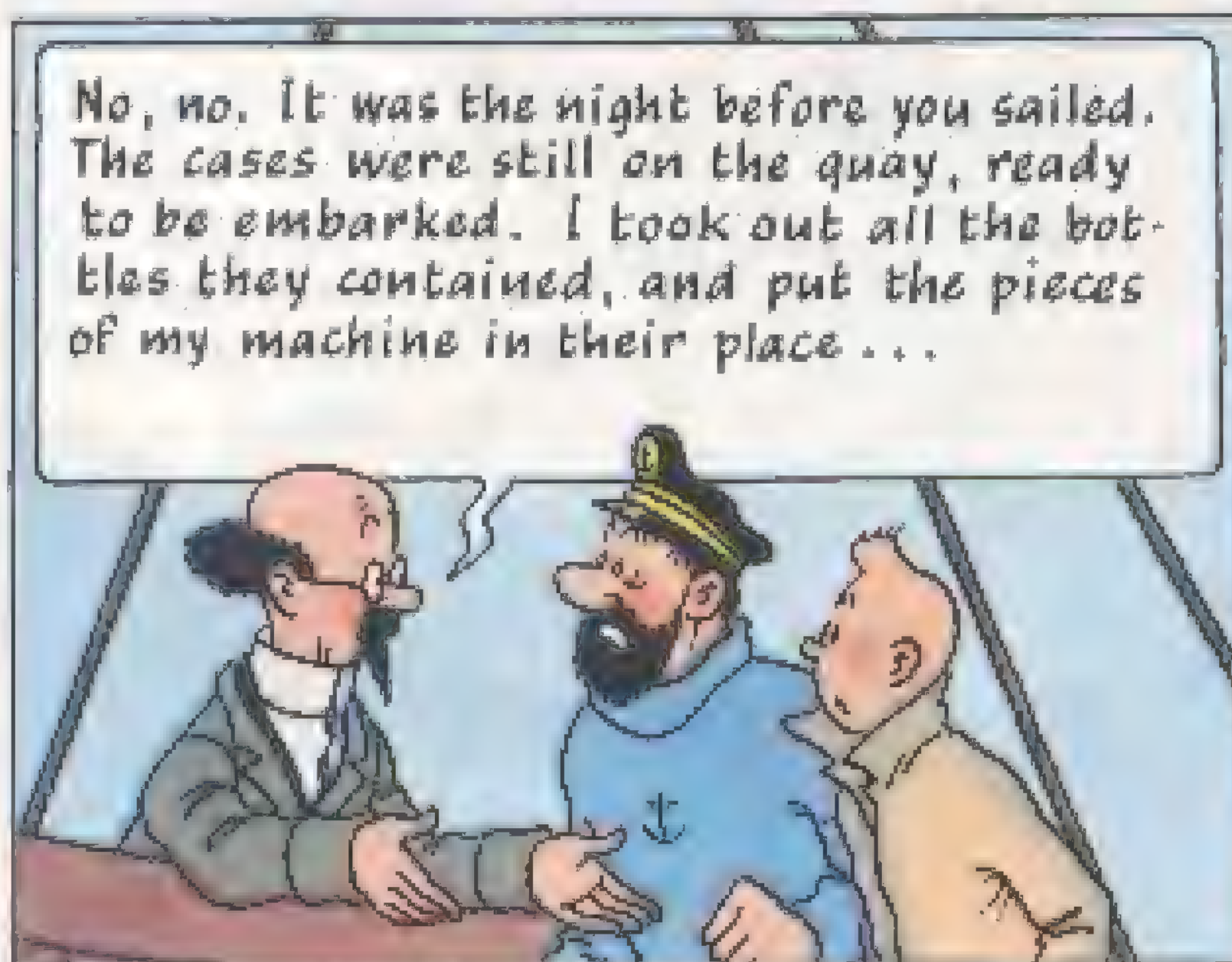


Of course, it is a little smaller  
than the first one, but neverthe-  
less it was too big to pass un-  
noticed. So I had to dismantle  
it and pack all the parts in the  
cases...



But what about the  
whisky out of those  
cases! Tell me! Is it  
still ashore?...

Oh no!

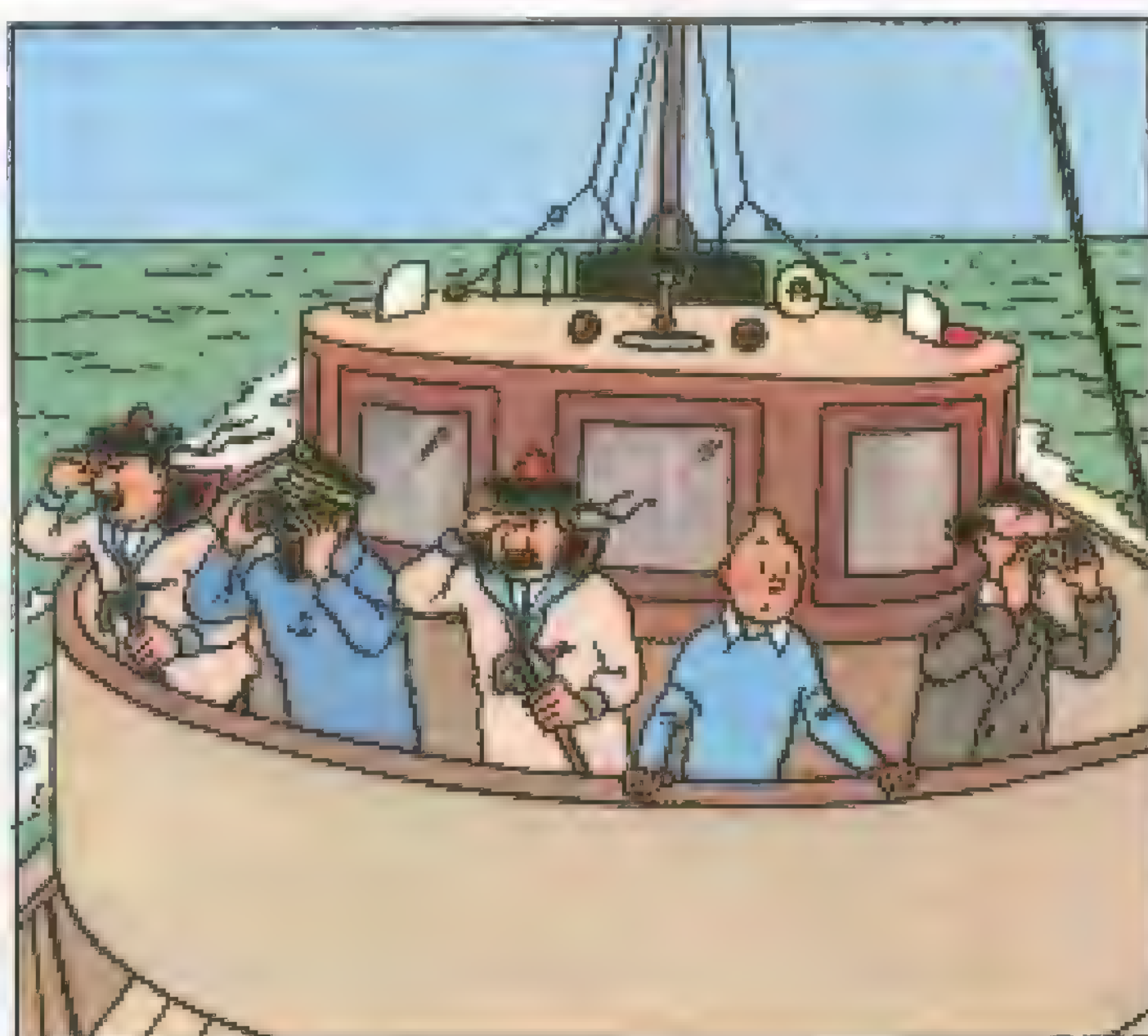


No, no. It was the night before you sailed.  
The cases were still on the quay, ready  
to be embarked. I took out all the bot-  
tles they contained, and put the pieces  
of my machine in their place...



Wretch!... Ignoramus!  
... Abominable Snowman!  
... I'll throw you over-  
board! Overboard,  
d'you hear?...







Still no sign... It's very strange...



What's the name of the island?

How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.



Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?

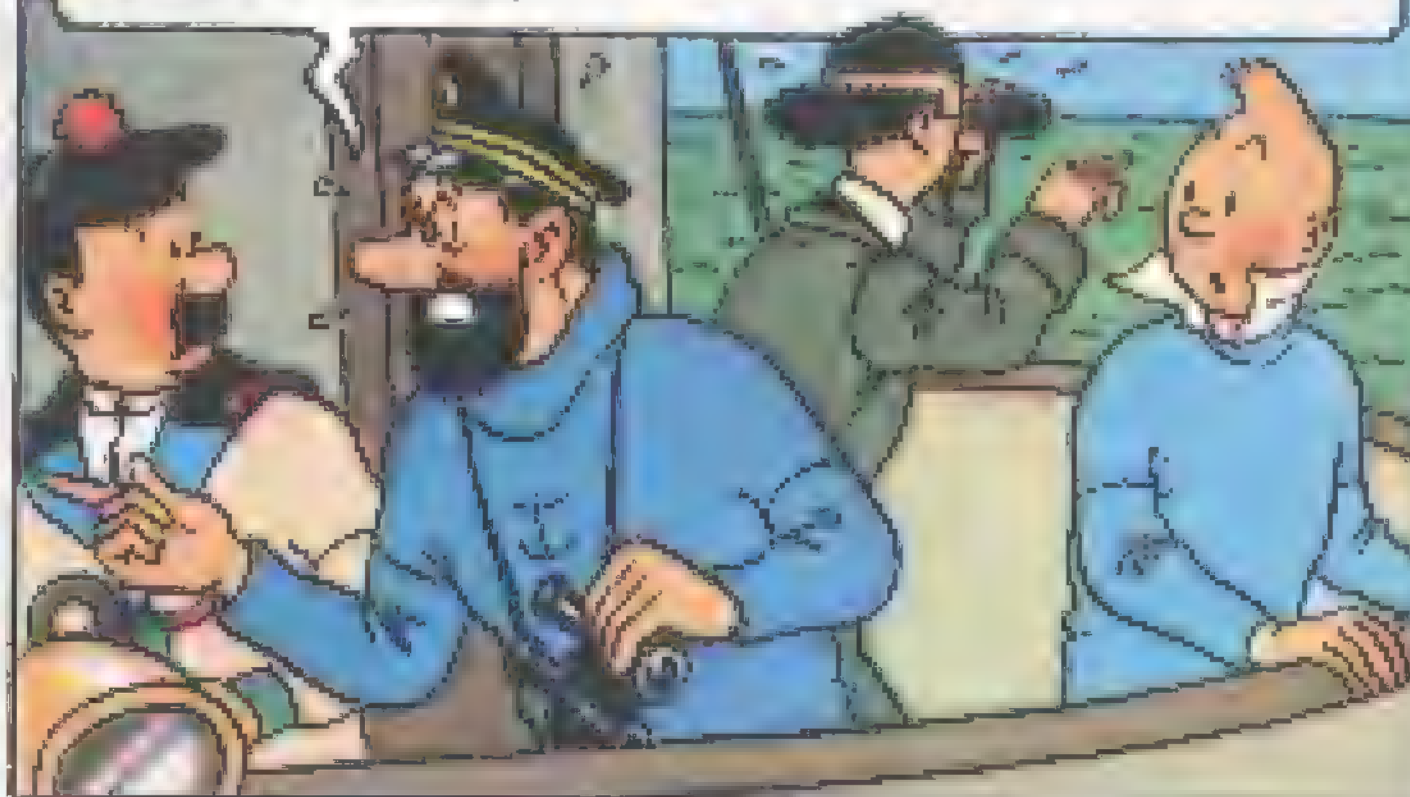
Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.



Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right: they're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!



Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



*A few minutes later...*

You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...

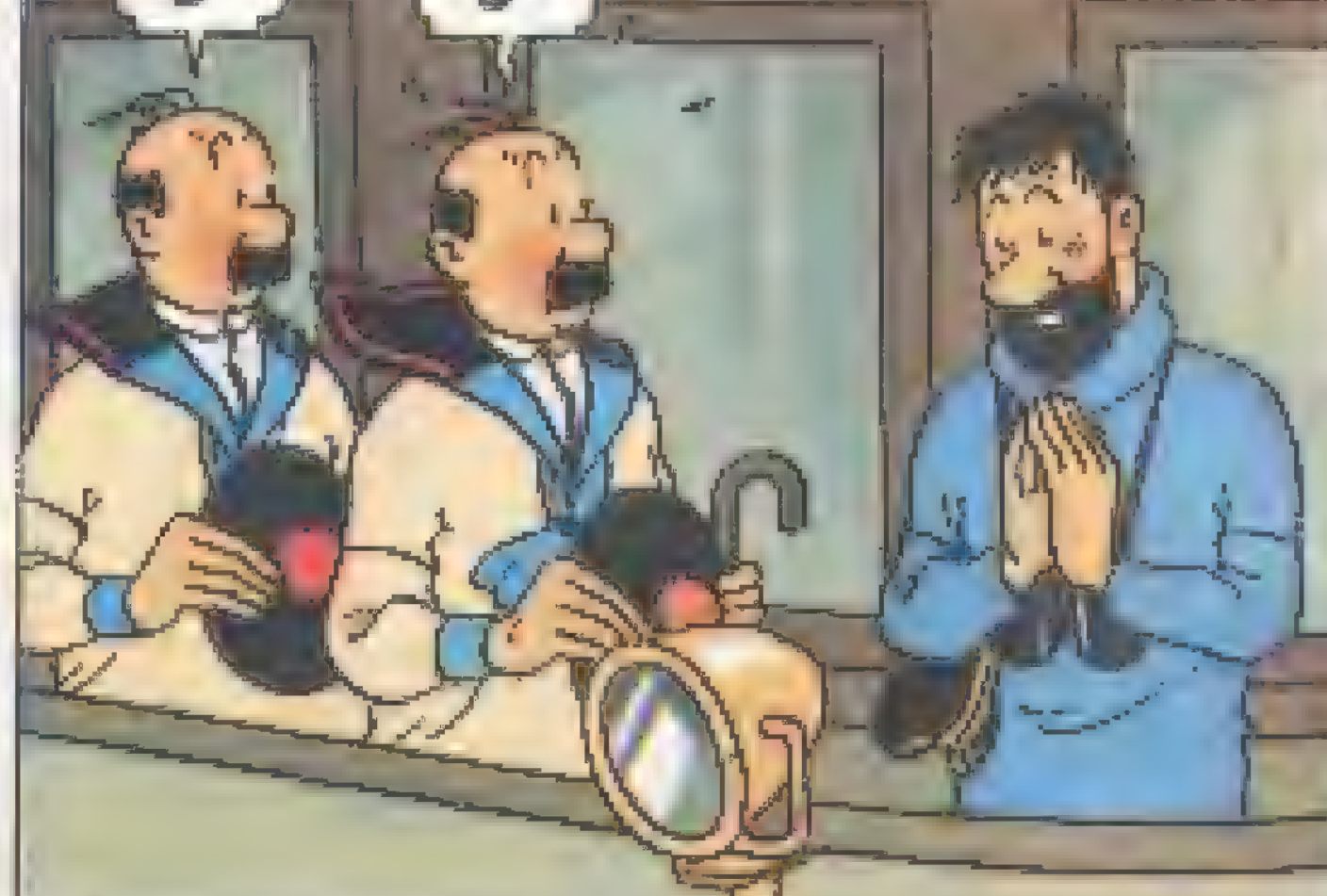


Why must we take off our hats, Captain?...

Sh!...



?



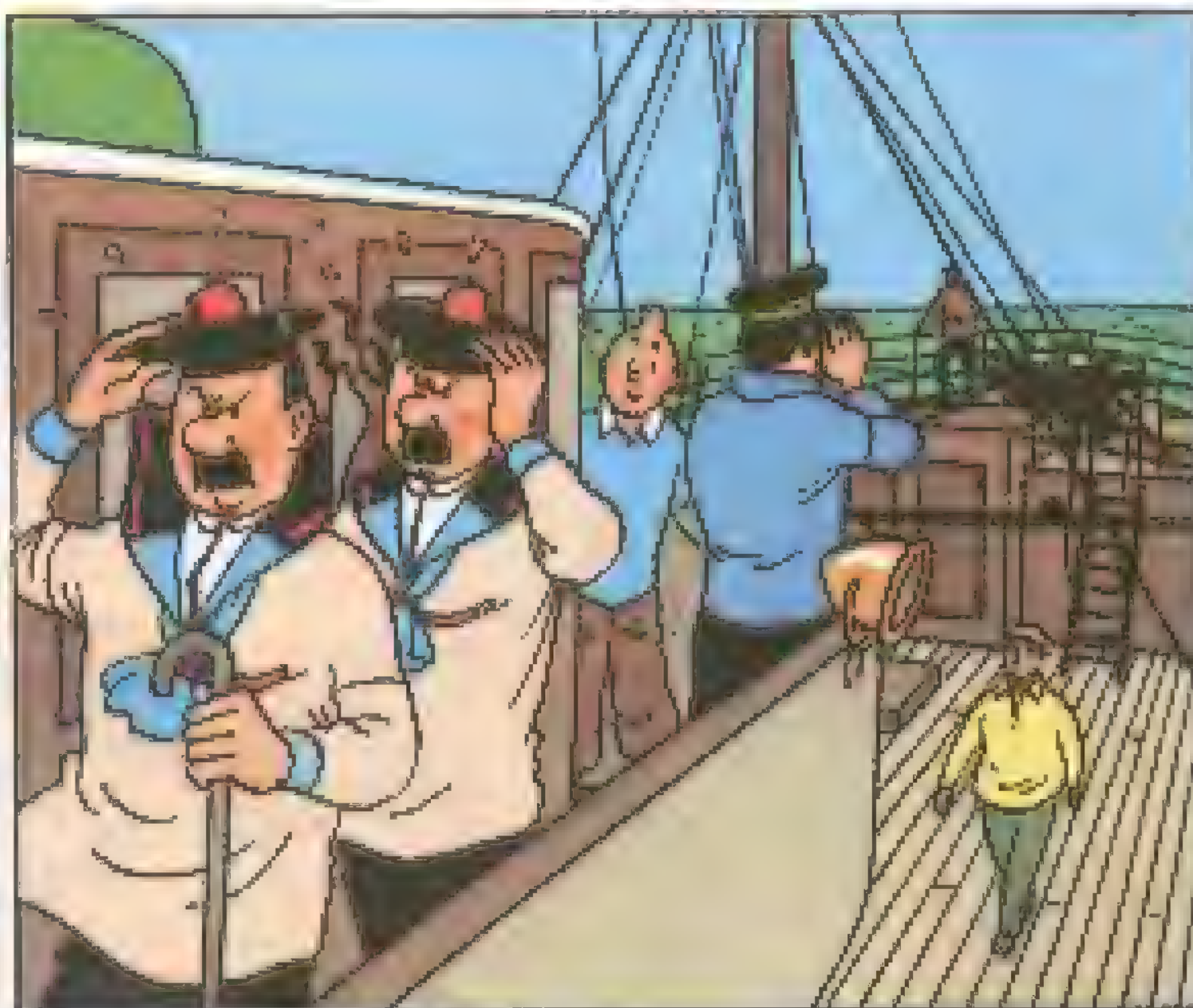
Now...

But Captain, tell us what you mean...

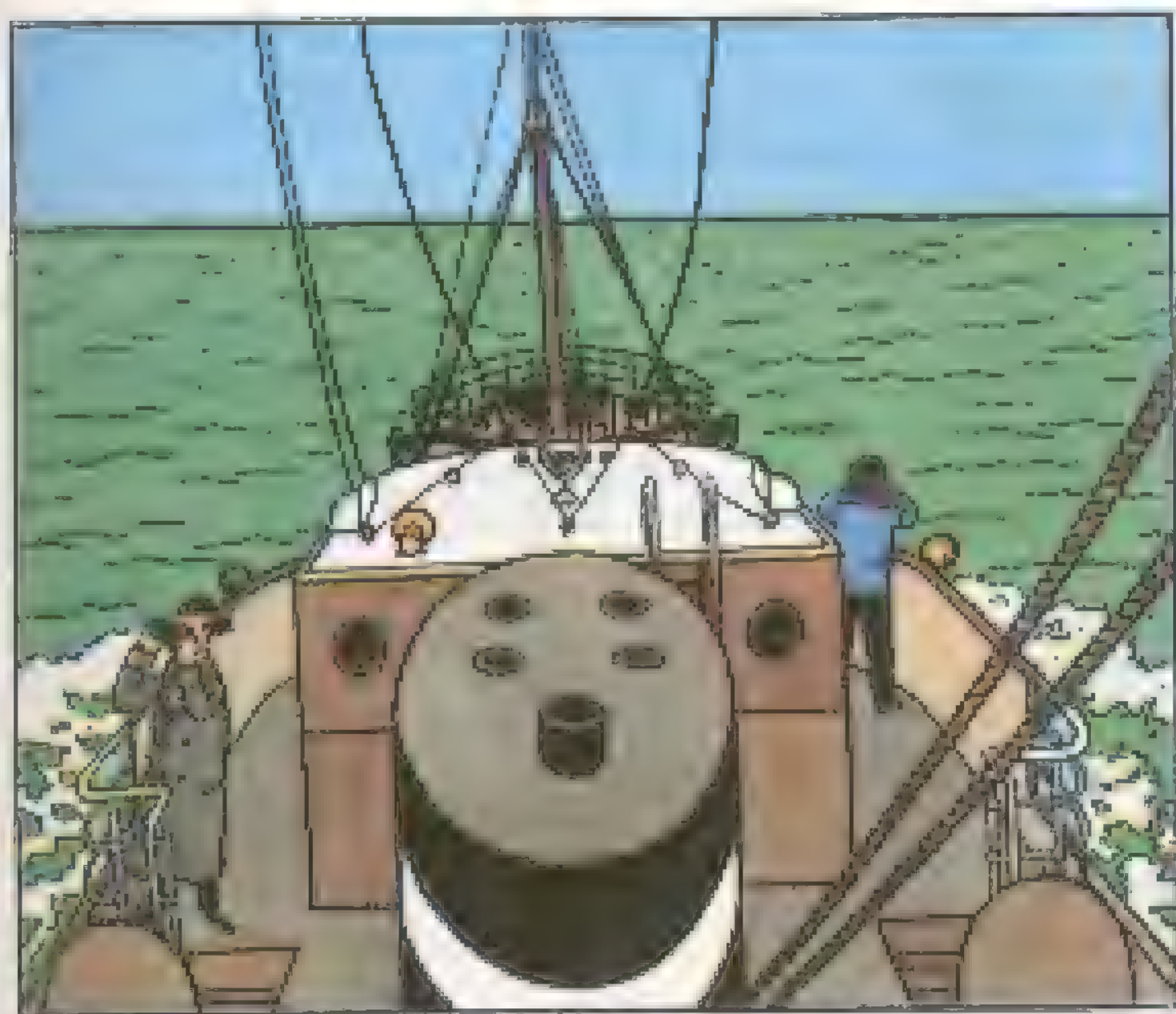




I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude  $20^{\circ}37'42''$  North, longitude  $70^{\circ}52'15''$  West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude  $71^{\circ}2'29''$  West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!



Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

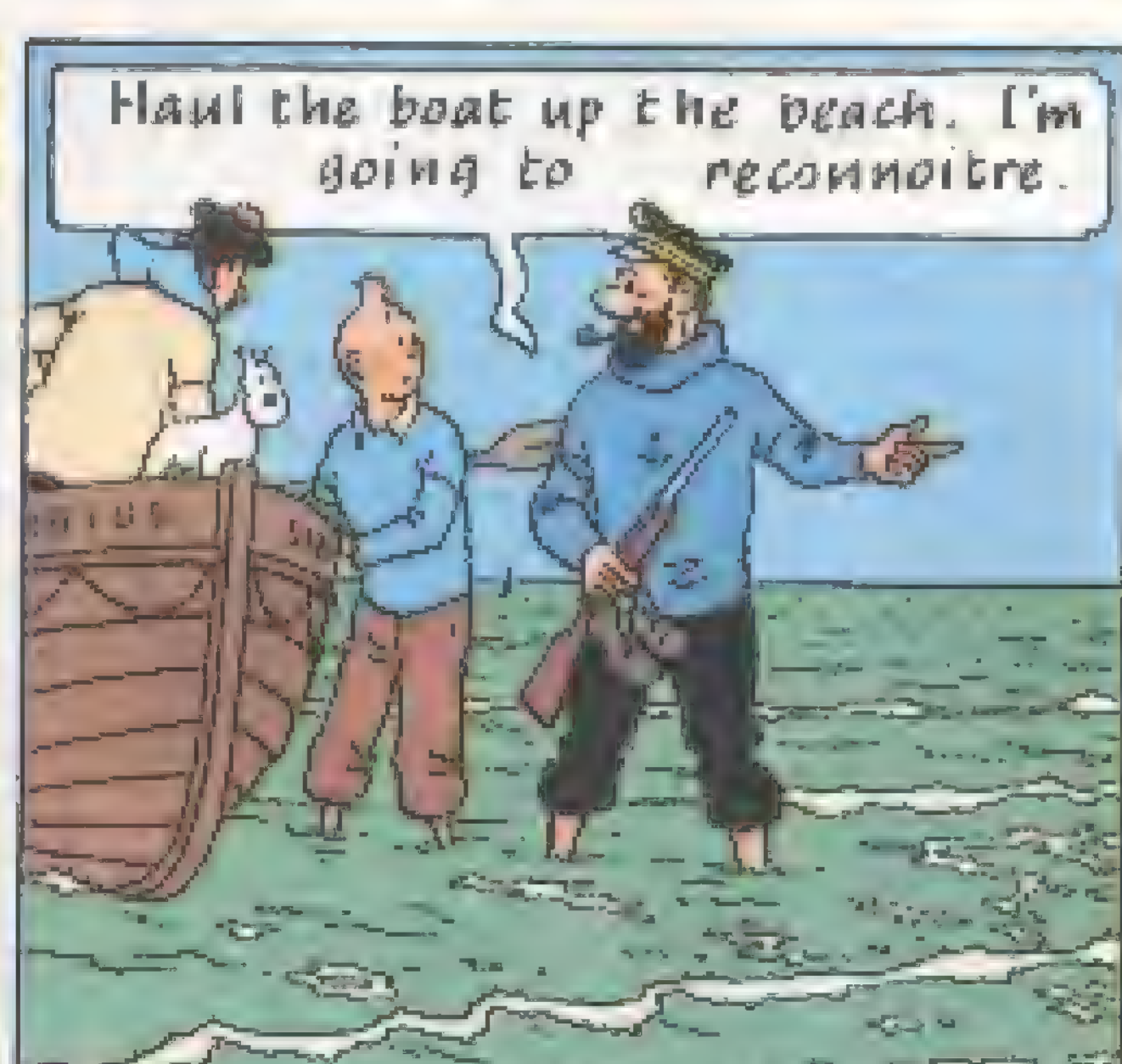
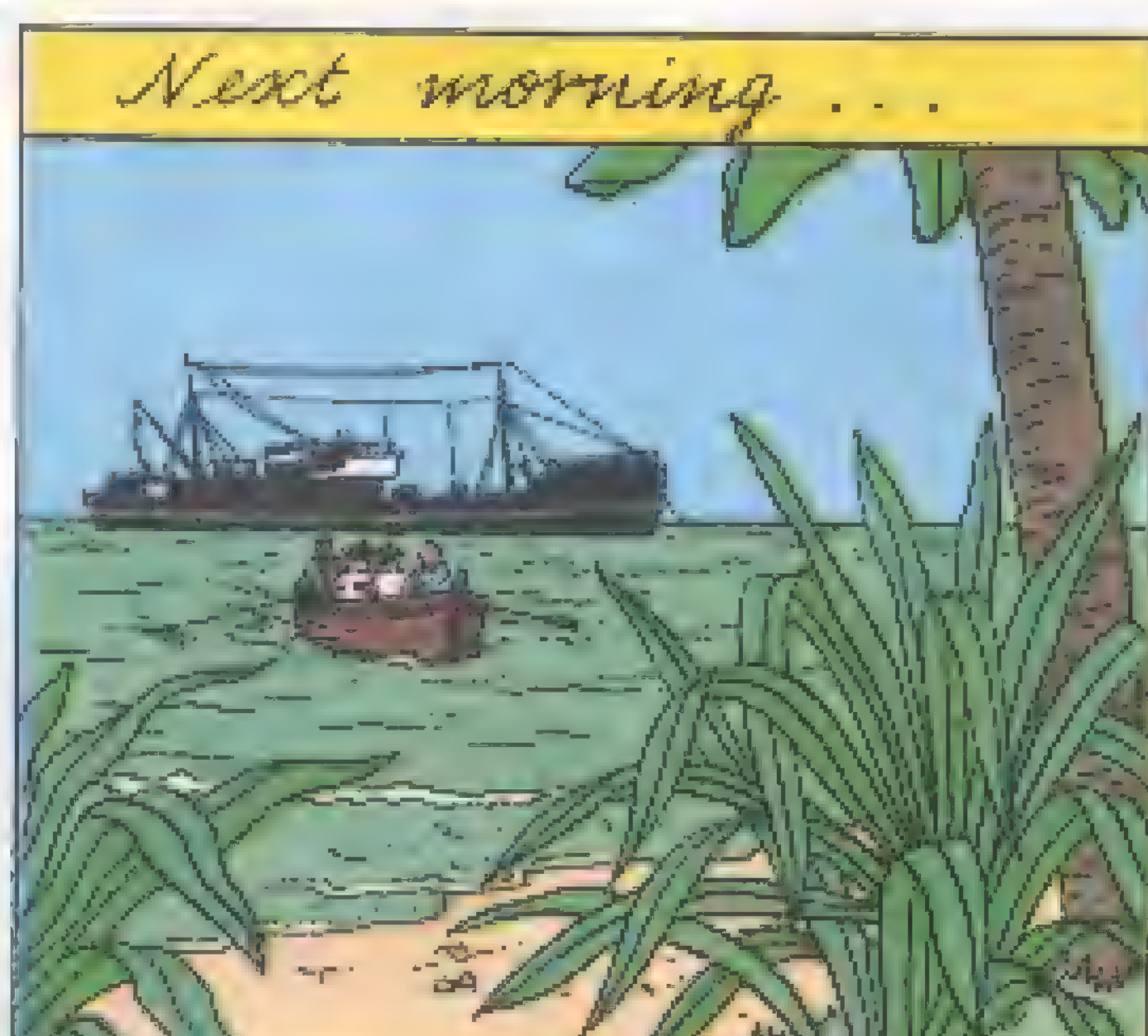
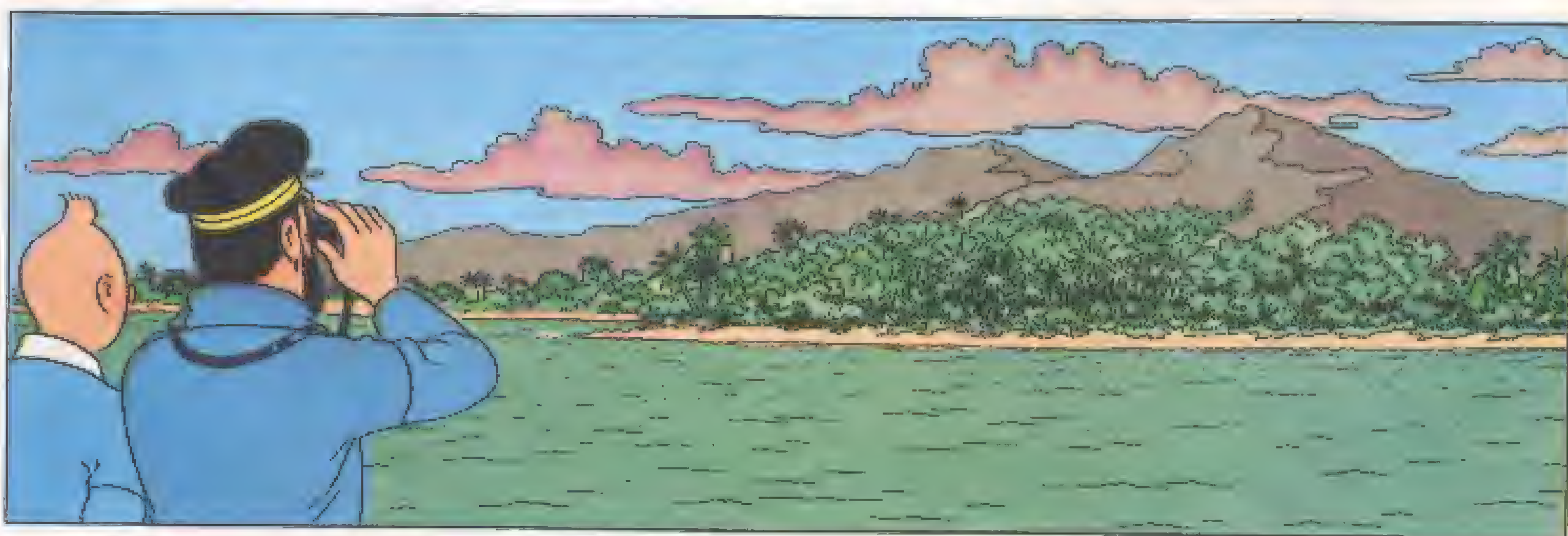
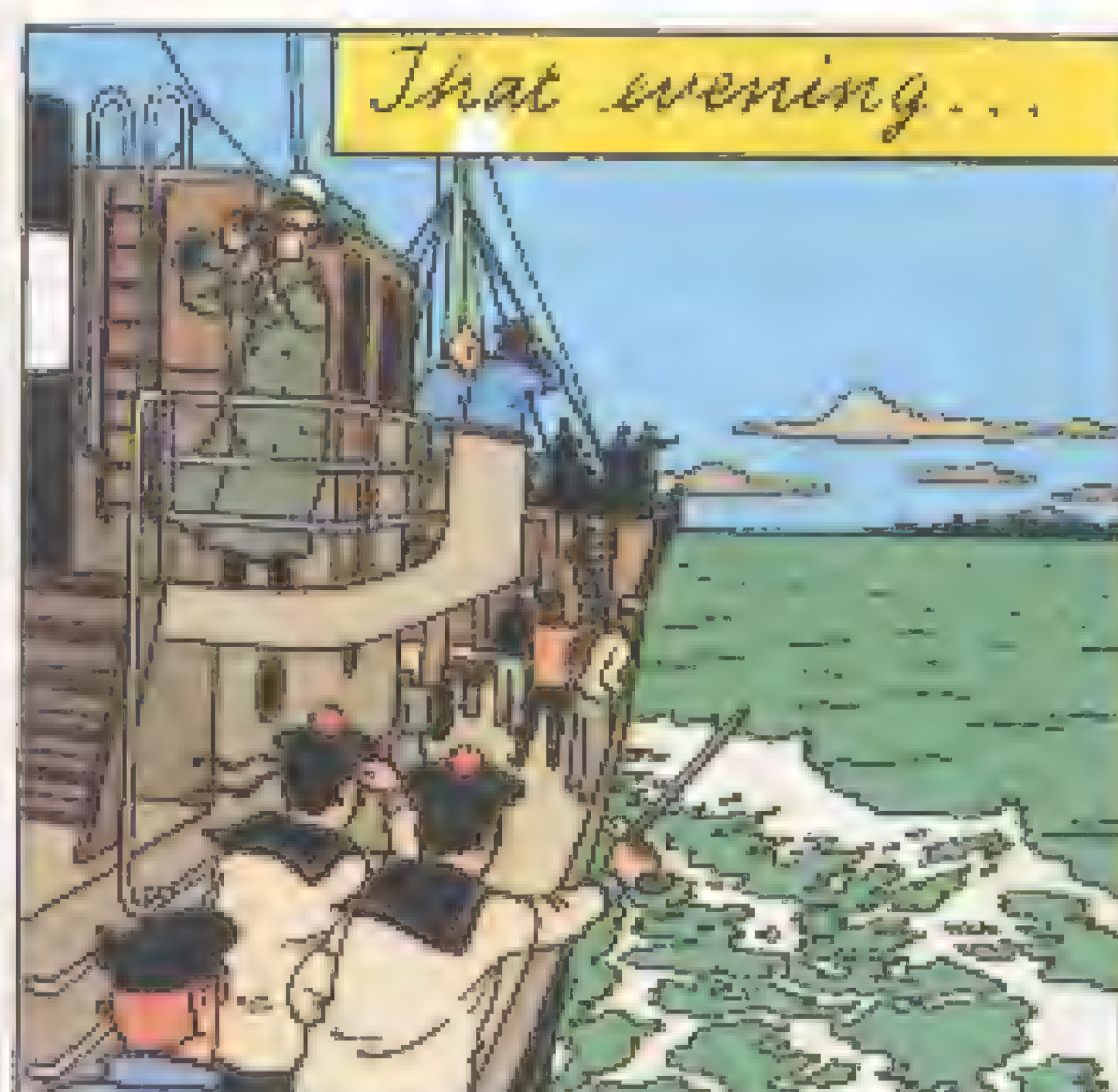
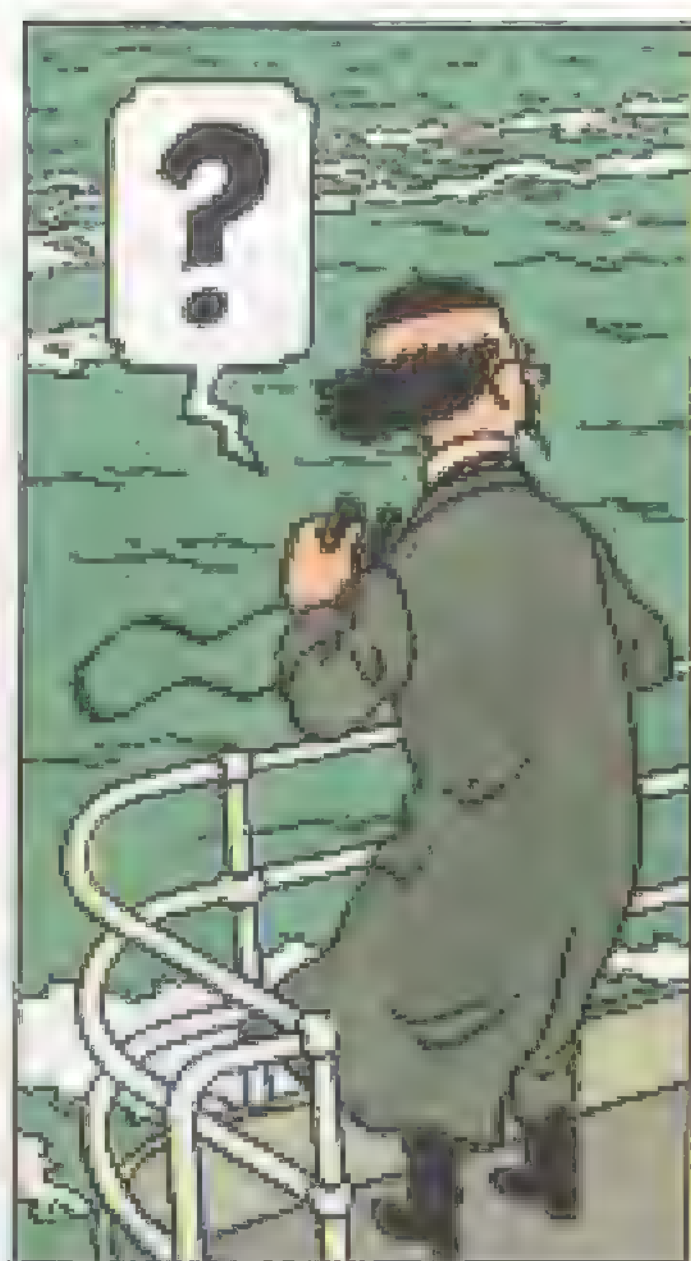
No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart—he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian—and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...







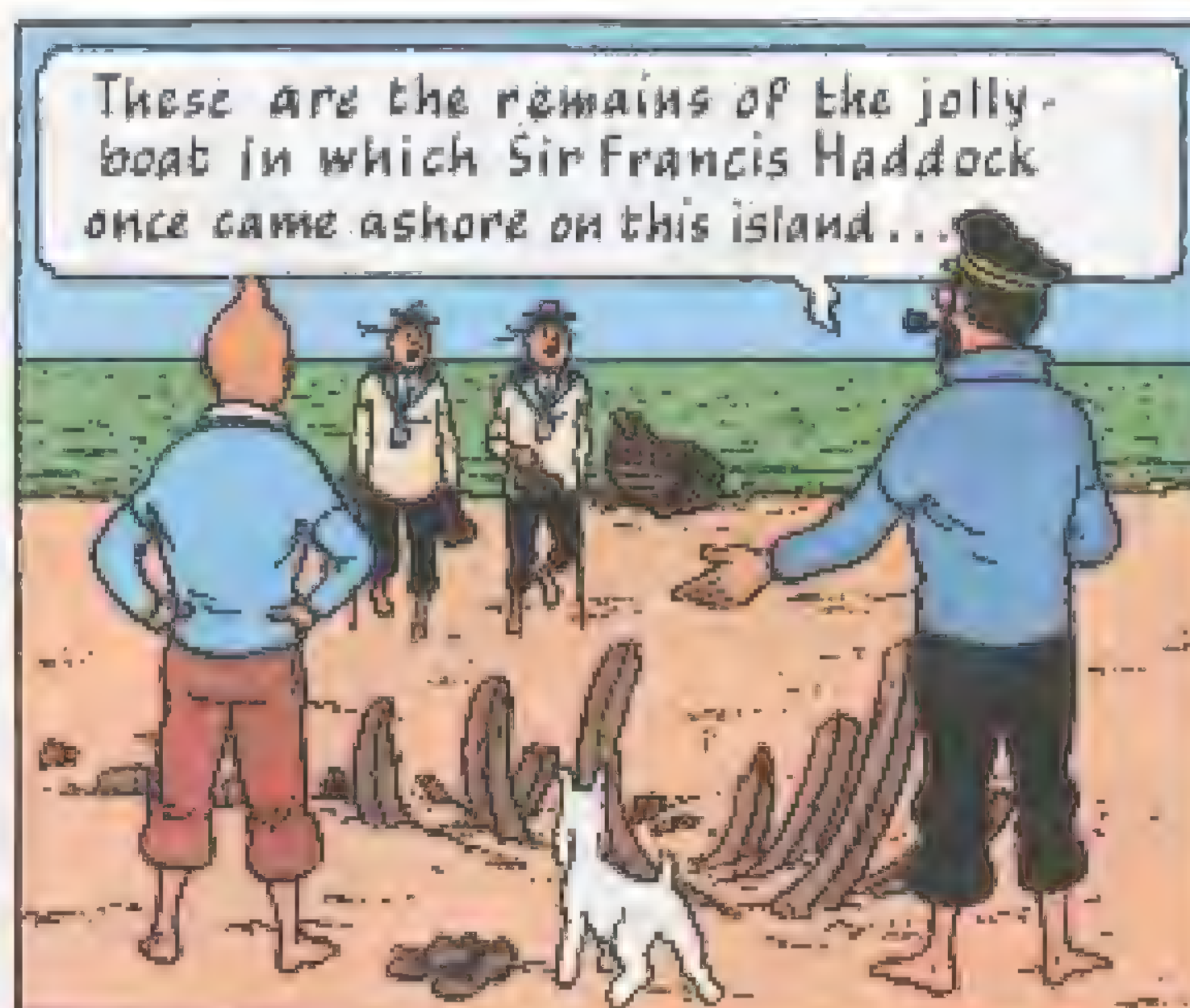




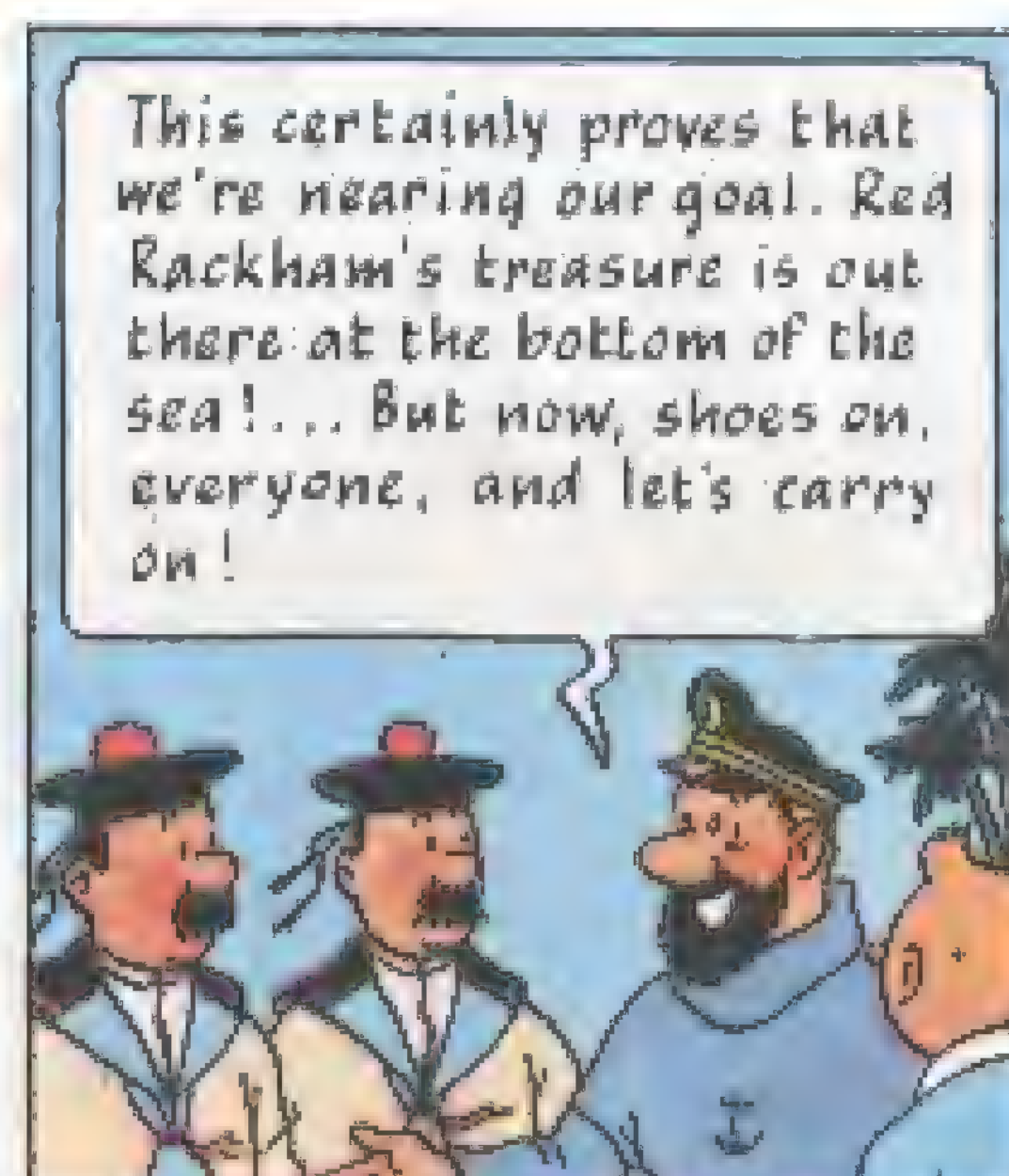




Hello, what have they found?



These are the remains of the jolly-boat in which Sir Francis Haddock once came ashore on this island...



This certainly proves that we're nearing our goal. Red Rackham's treasure is out there at the bottom of the sea!... But now, shoes on, everyone, and let's carry on!



WOAH!  
That's Snowy!... He ran on ahead!...



?!  
Where did you get that bone from Snowy?...



Where did you get that bone from Snowy?... Here, show us where you found it.





Blistering barnacles! I bet these are the remains of the pirates killed when the UNICORN blew up!

They can't be, Captain.



If they were, we'd have found them down by the shore. No, look at this spear. It's more likely that they were natives, killed in a fight, and probably eaten on the spot by their enemies.



Eaten?... Do you mean cannibals lived on this island?... Man-eaters!

That's what we're going to find out. Come on.



Ouch! I've got a pebble in my shoe!



You go on. I'll catch you up...



Look!... There!...



An idol!...

Yes, an idol... But... It's incredible





My word! It's meant to be  
Sir Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice  
must have made an enormous  
impression on the natives. I  
can just imagine their faces the  
first time they heard  
him shout:  
"Ration my  
rum!"



RRRATION MY  
RRRUM!



What's the matter,  
Captain?



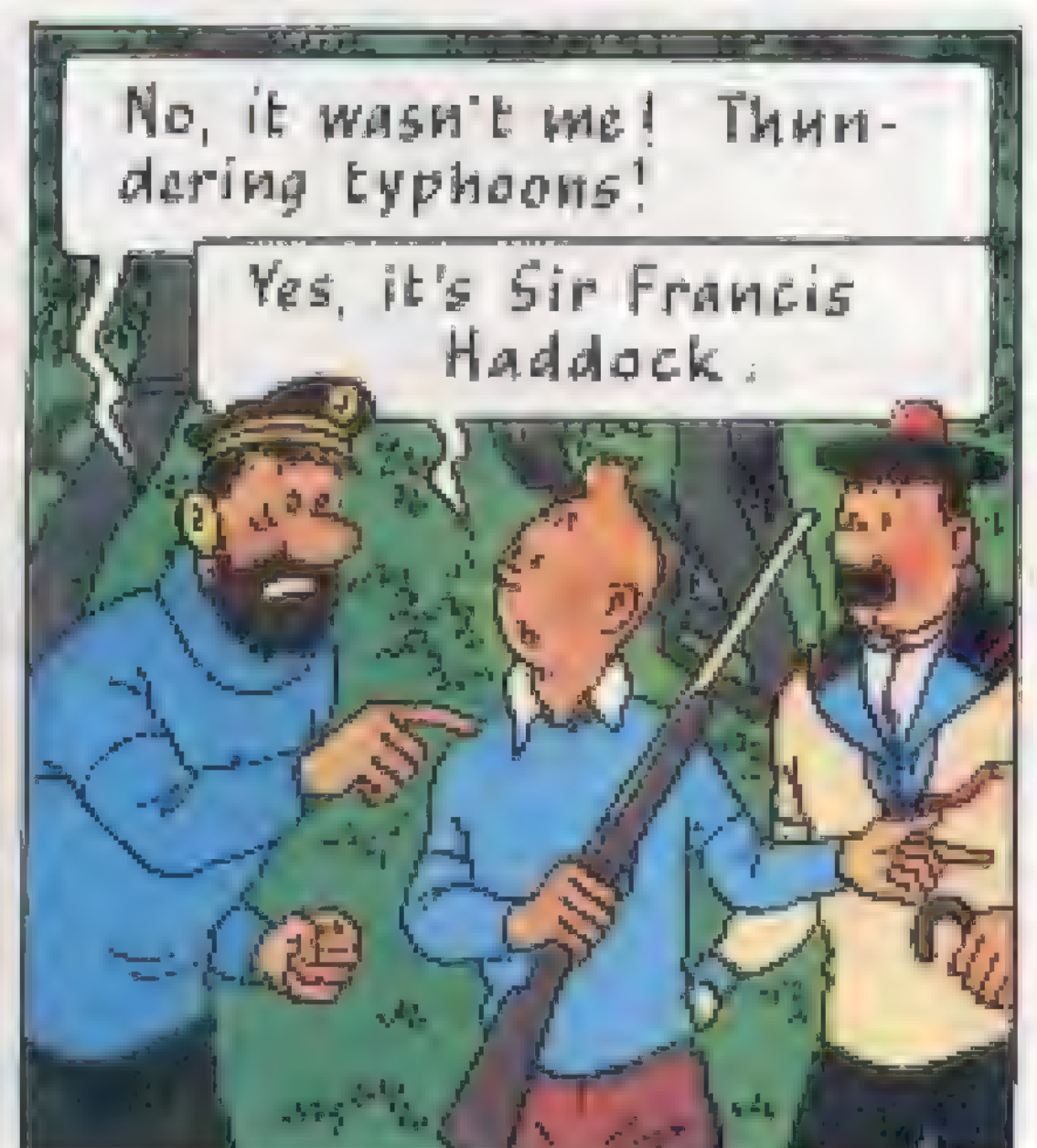
Who shouted  
like that?



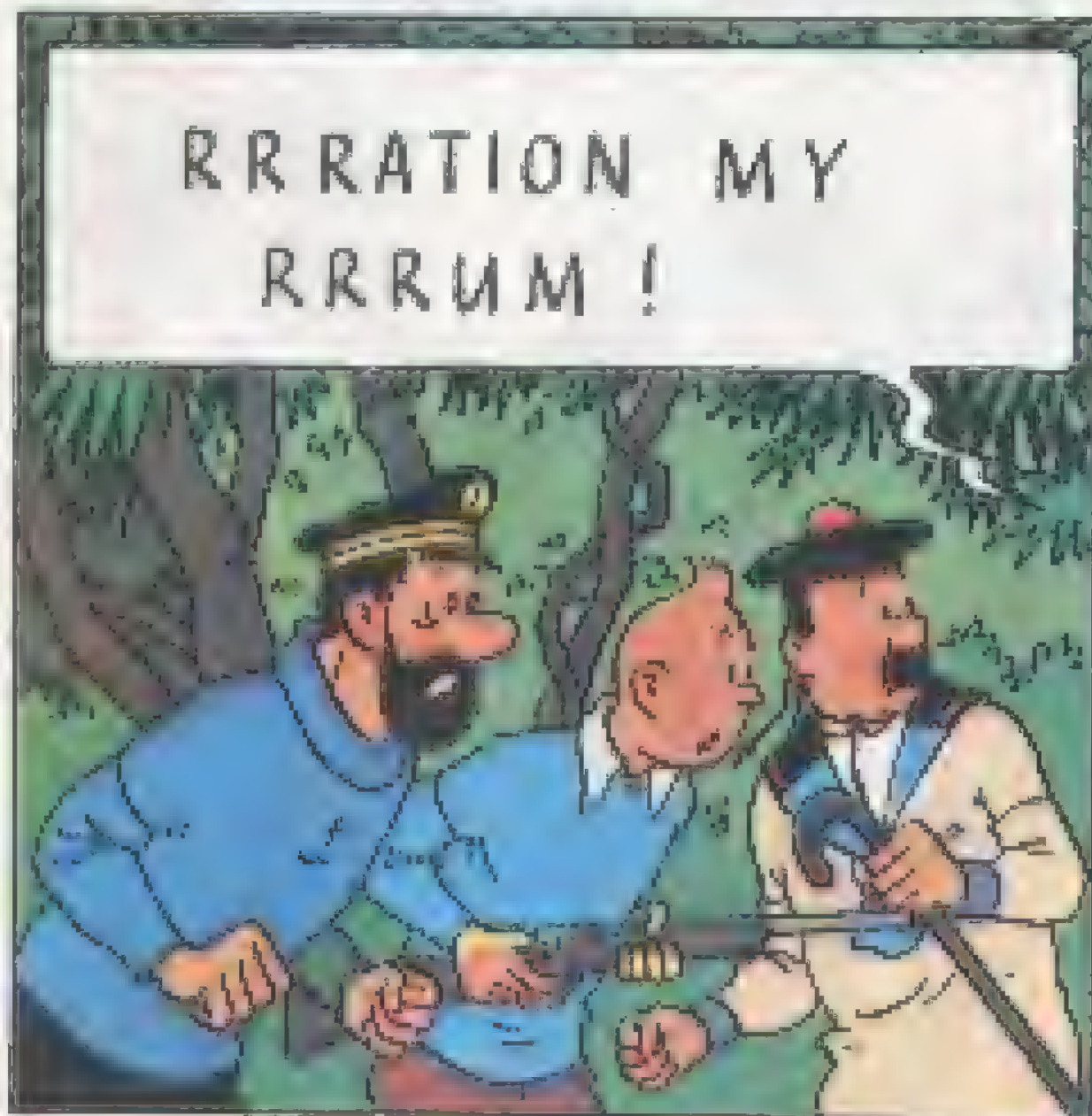
What?... Wasn't  
it you?

No, it wasn't me! Thun-  
dering typhoons!

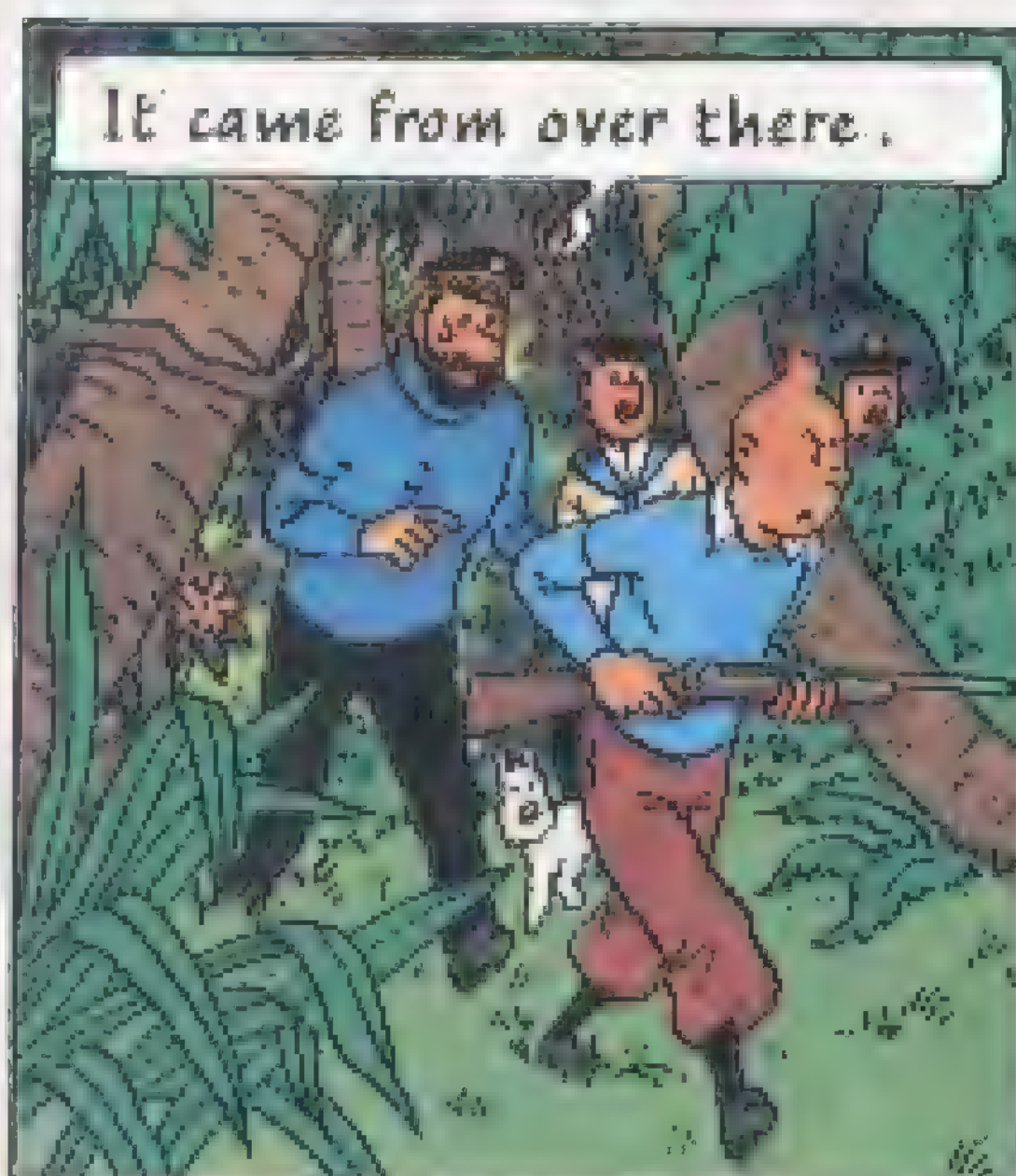
Yes, it's Sir Francis  
Haddock.



RRRATION MY  
RRRUM!



It came from over there.



Not a soul!



This island is h-h-haunted,  
Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to  
the sh-sh-ship.

To b-b-be precise: I-let's  
hurry back t-t-to the  
sh-sh-ship.



Pithecanthropus!...  
Pockmark!...



Pockmark yourself, you gib-  
bering ghost!







Come out if you dare, Polynesian!  
... Cannibal!... Iconoclast!  
...



Nincompoop!...  
Ruffian!...  
Baboon!



Up there!...



Baboon!

Squawking popinjay!

Sea-gherkin!

Pickled Herring!



Blistering barnacles!  
Parrots!!

Yes, parrots! From generation to generation your ancestor's vocabulary has been handed down!



Pockmark!...  
Freshwater swabs!...  
Bully!...



Me, a bully?  
You called me a bully did you?  
...



I'll show you what made of!



Here's a coconut to cut your cackle, iconoclasts!



Ooh, my back!

Wait, I'll rub it for you.



Your gun!... Give me your gun!  
... I'm going to turn them into parrot-soup.





Hey, Captain, calm yourself. After all, they're only parrots!

Bandits!



Forget about them, Captain. Let's go on.

You're right. Come on, let's go.



My gun!... Who has taken my gun?...



I only left it there for a moment...

Perhaps it fell into the bush?



Got it?



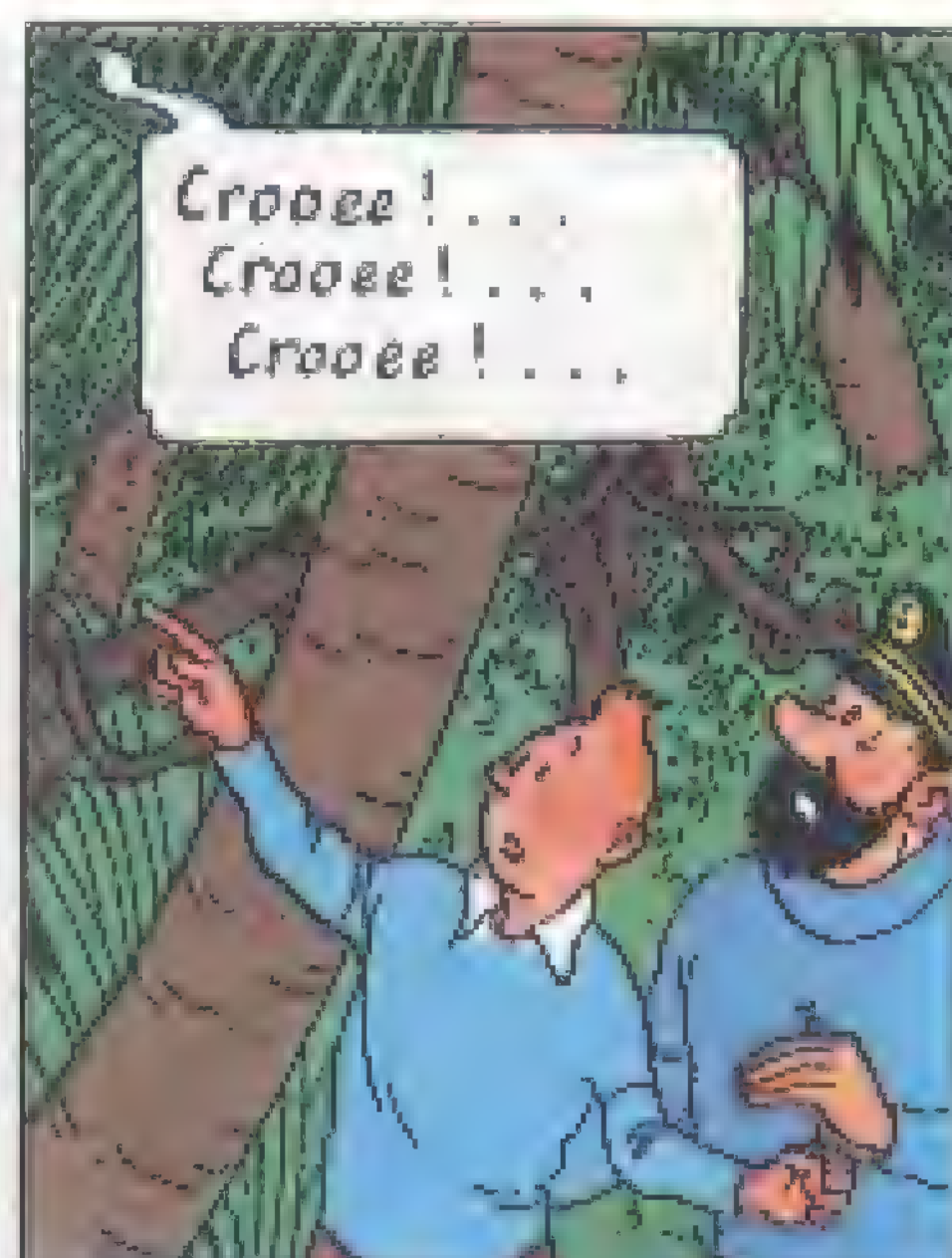
No... it's vanished completely!

Blue blistering...



Sh!... Listen!

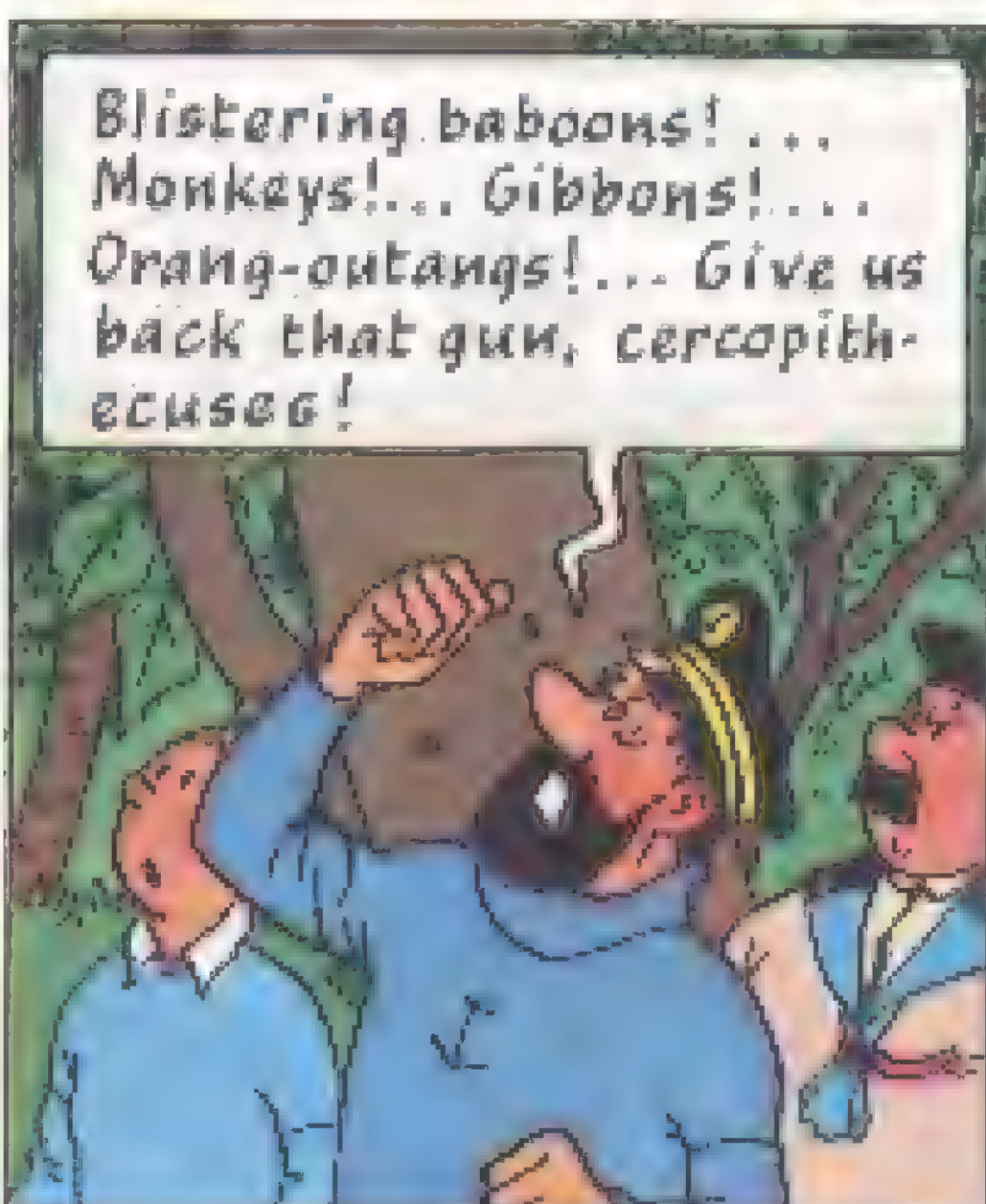
What's that noise?



Croooo!... Croooo!... Croooo!...



Croooo!... Croooo!...



Blistering baboons!... Monkeys!... Gibbons!... Orang-outangs!... Give us back that gun, cercopithecuses!



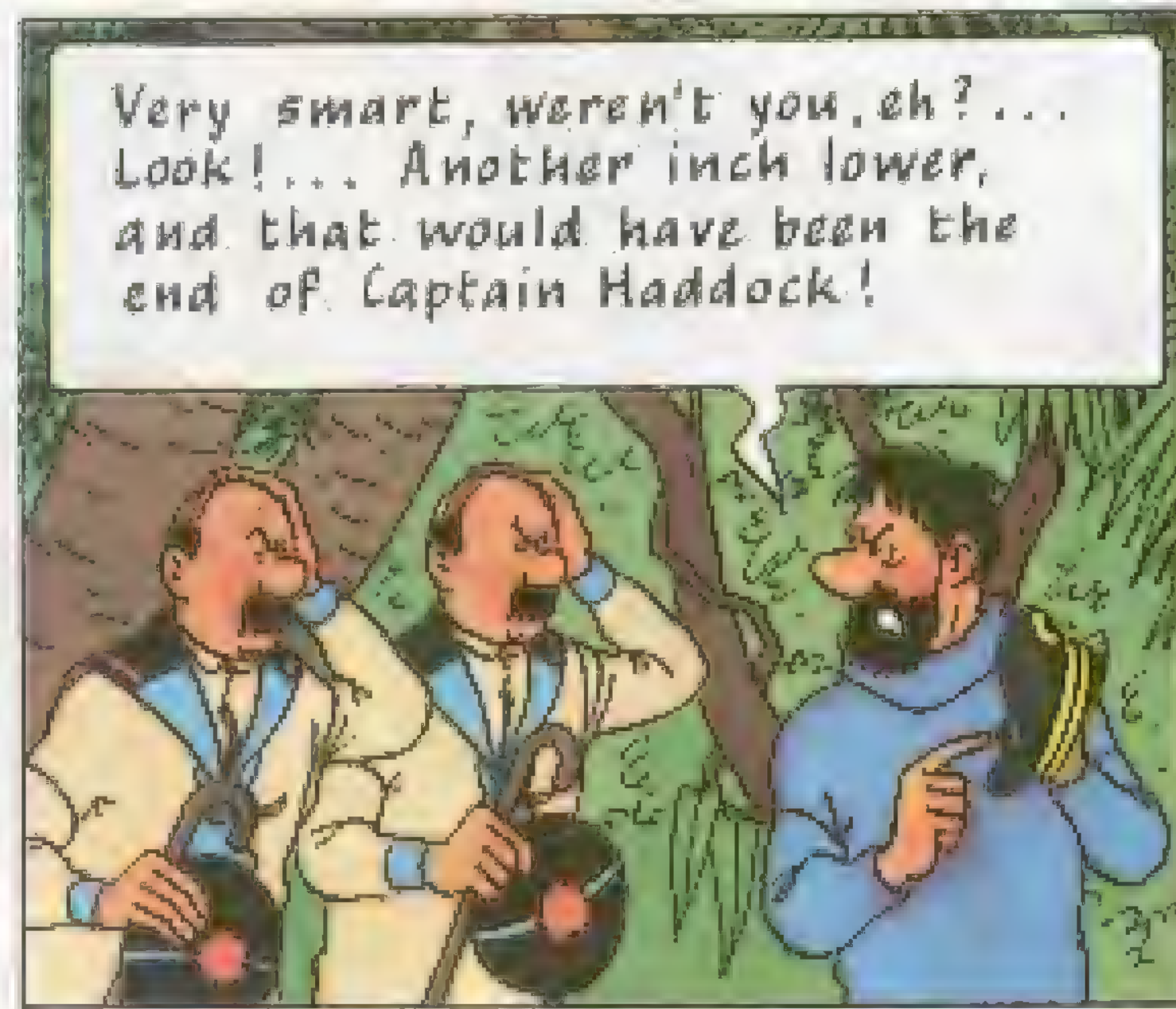
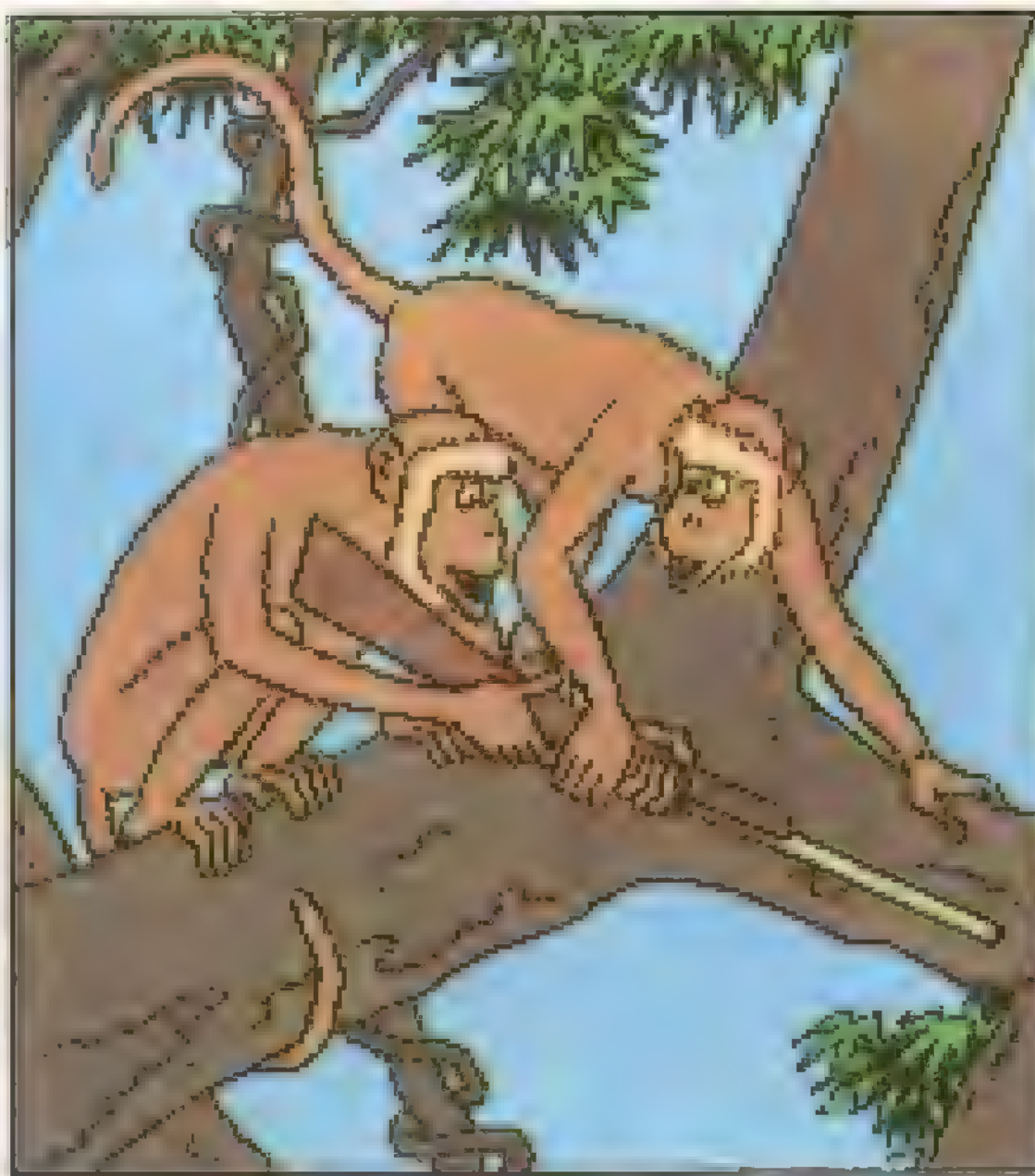
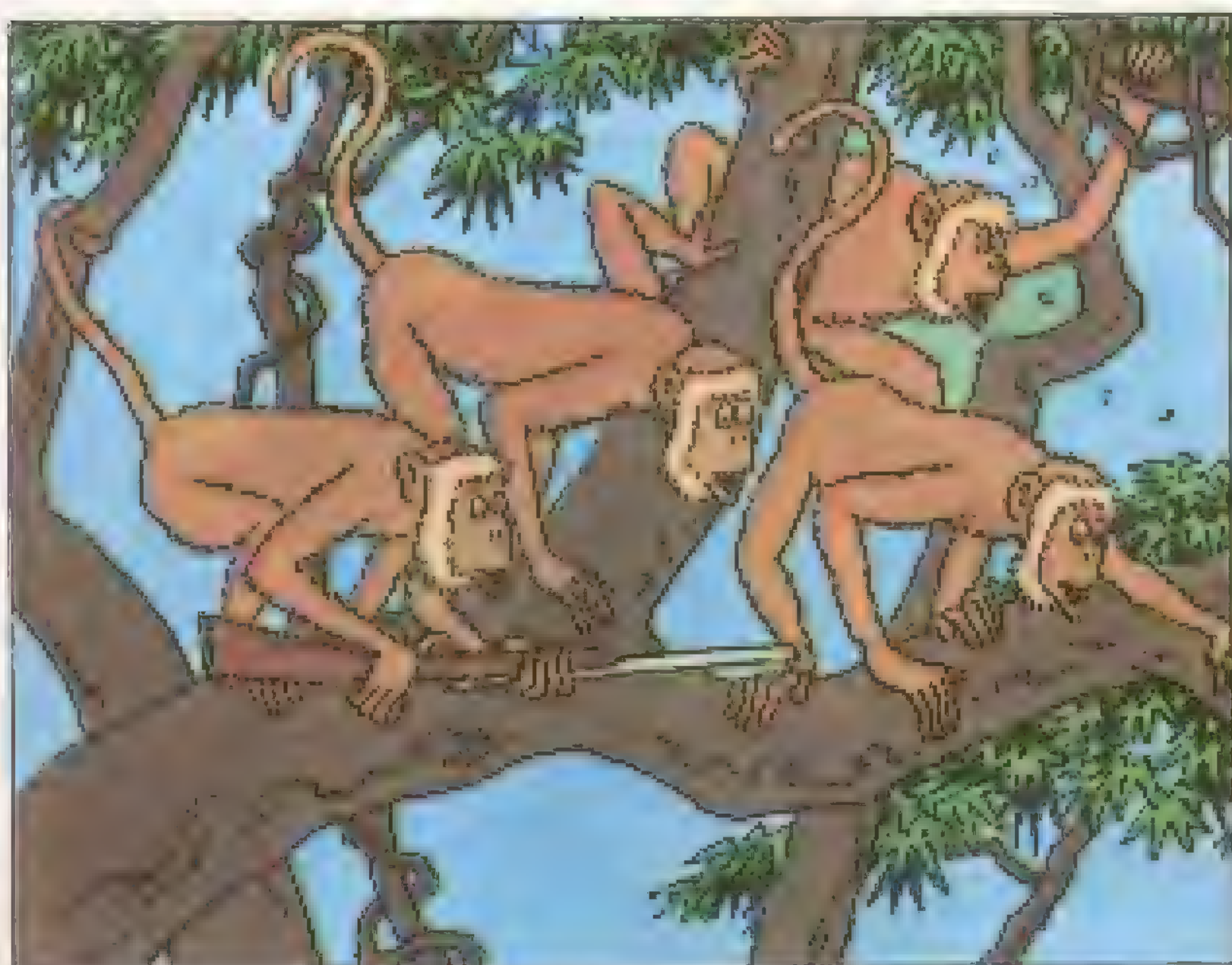
That's no use, Captain. Leave it to me. I'll frighten them.



Hands up!... Bang!... Bang!... Bang!

Hey, don't do that!

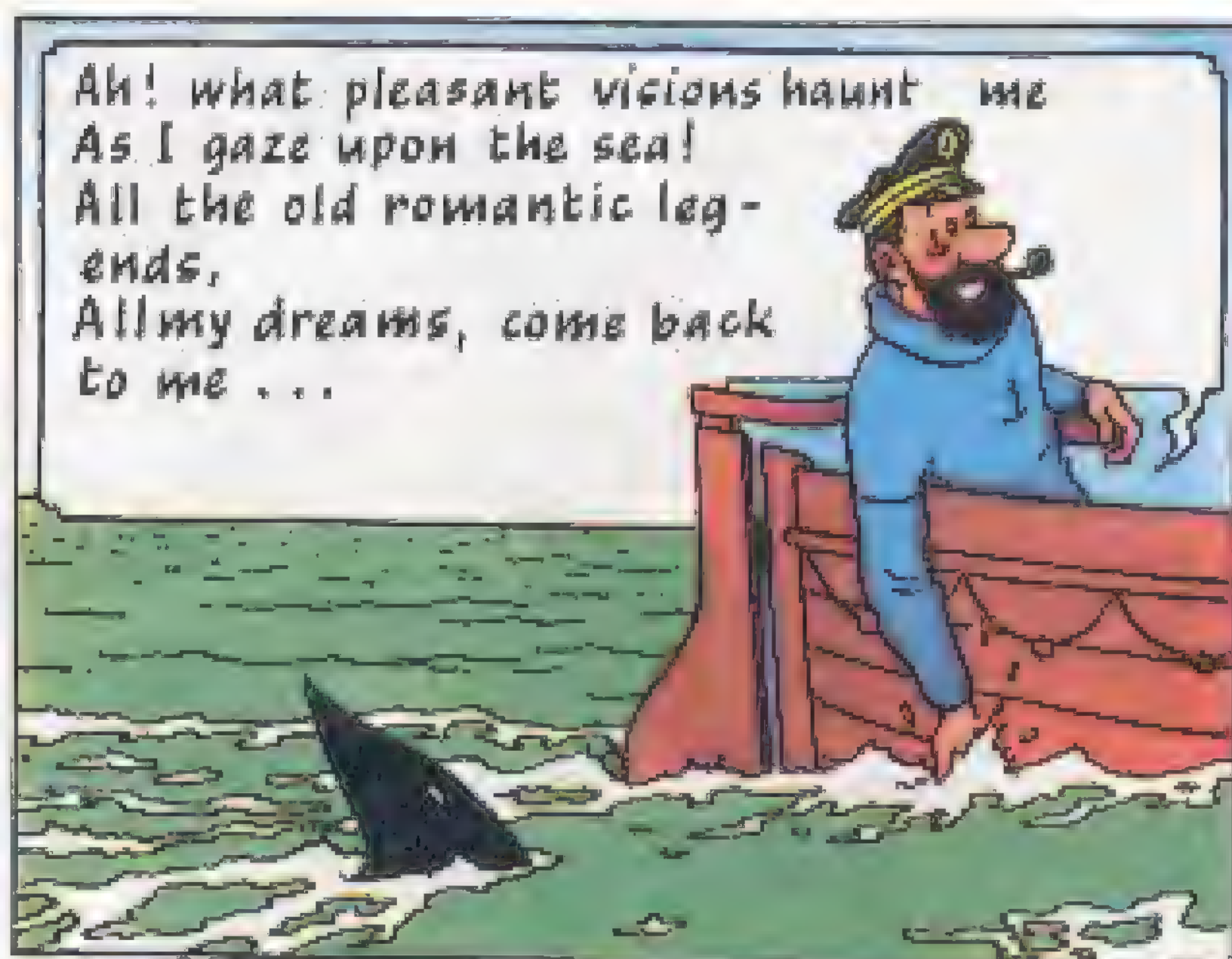








Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back  
to me ...



Look out!...  
A shark!...



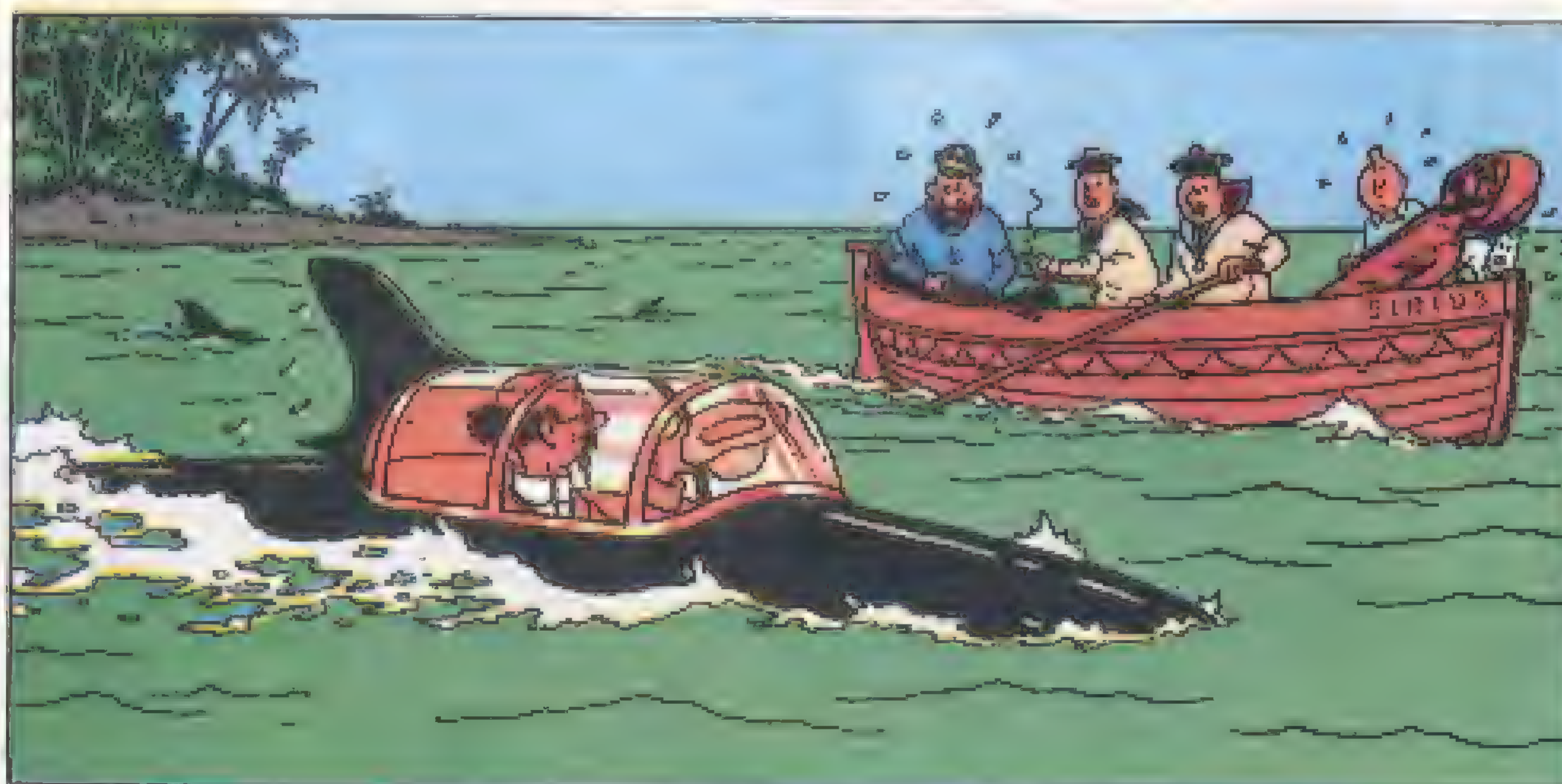
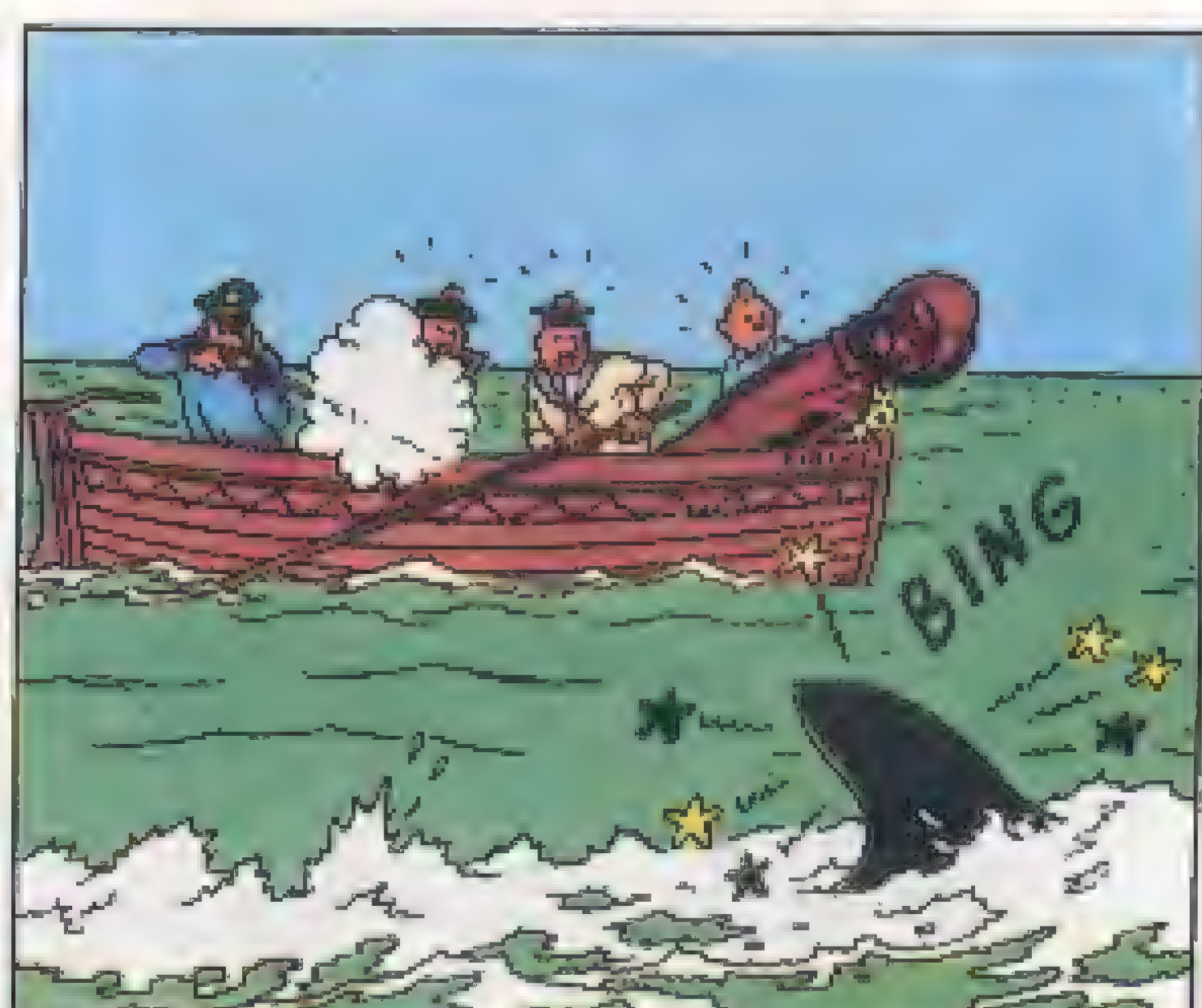
Thundering typhoons!... It almost  
had my hand off!



Look, there's another!...  
And there... and there...



Quick, the gun! I'll  
tell them a thing or  
two, the brutes!

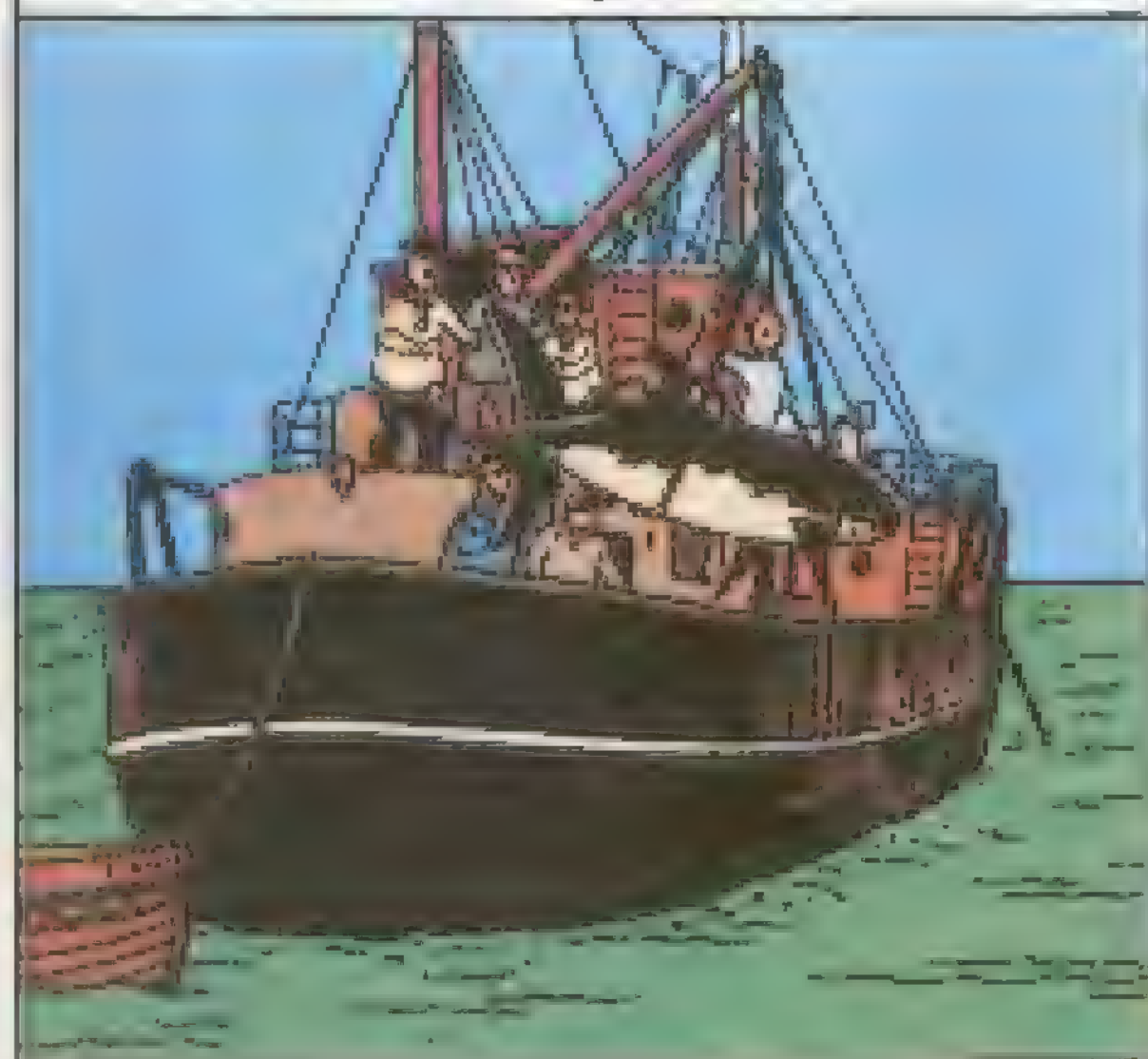


You know, Captain, I'm begin-  
ning to think Professor Cal-  
culus's machine may come  
in very handy for us...





Next day...



You've made up your mind?

Yes... Professor Calculus has explained exactly how his machine works. It'll be all right...



Stop!... Just a minute!...

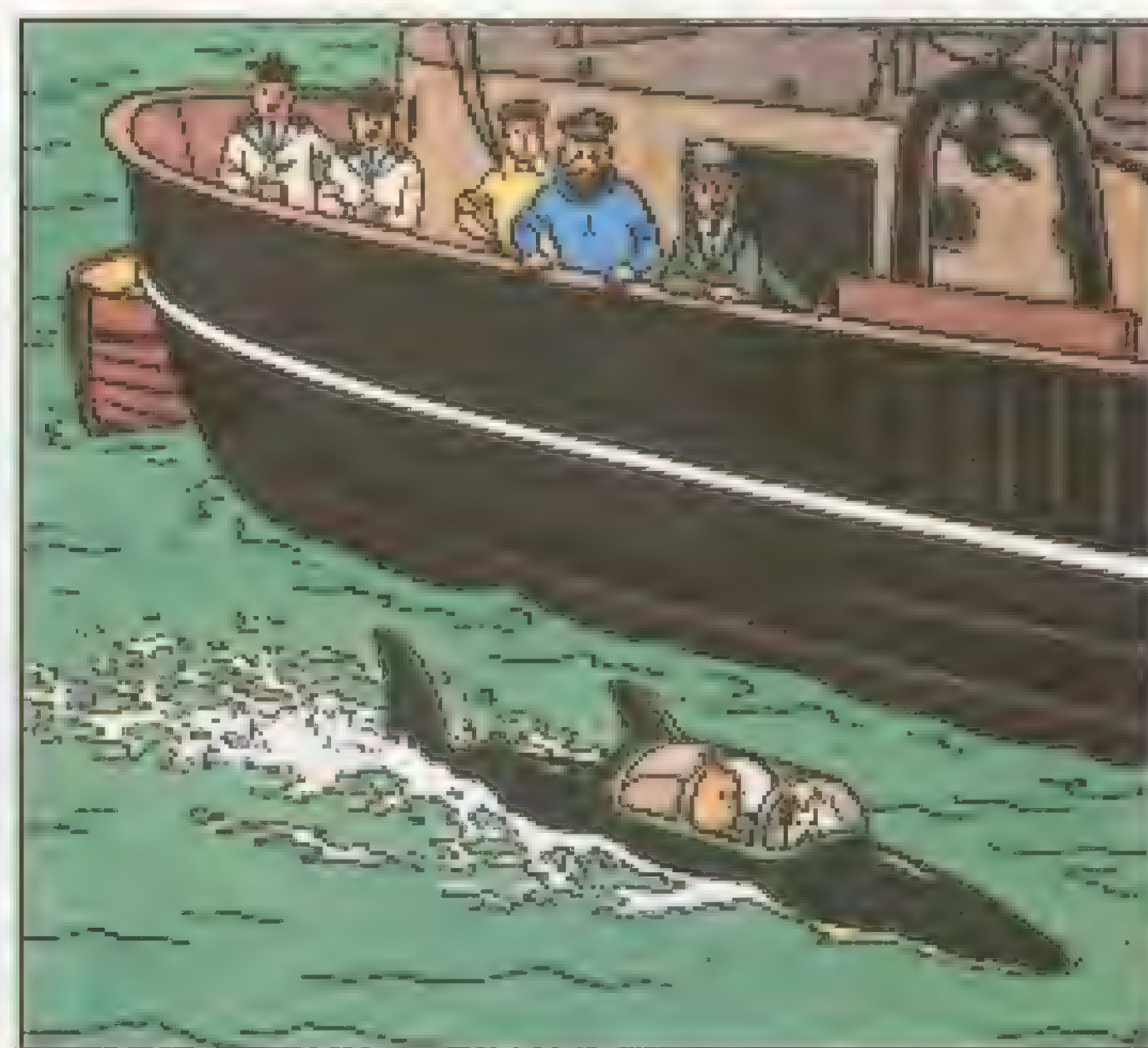


I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.

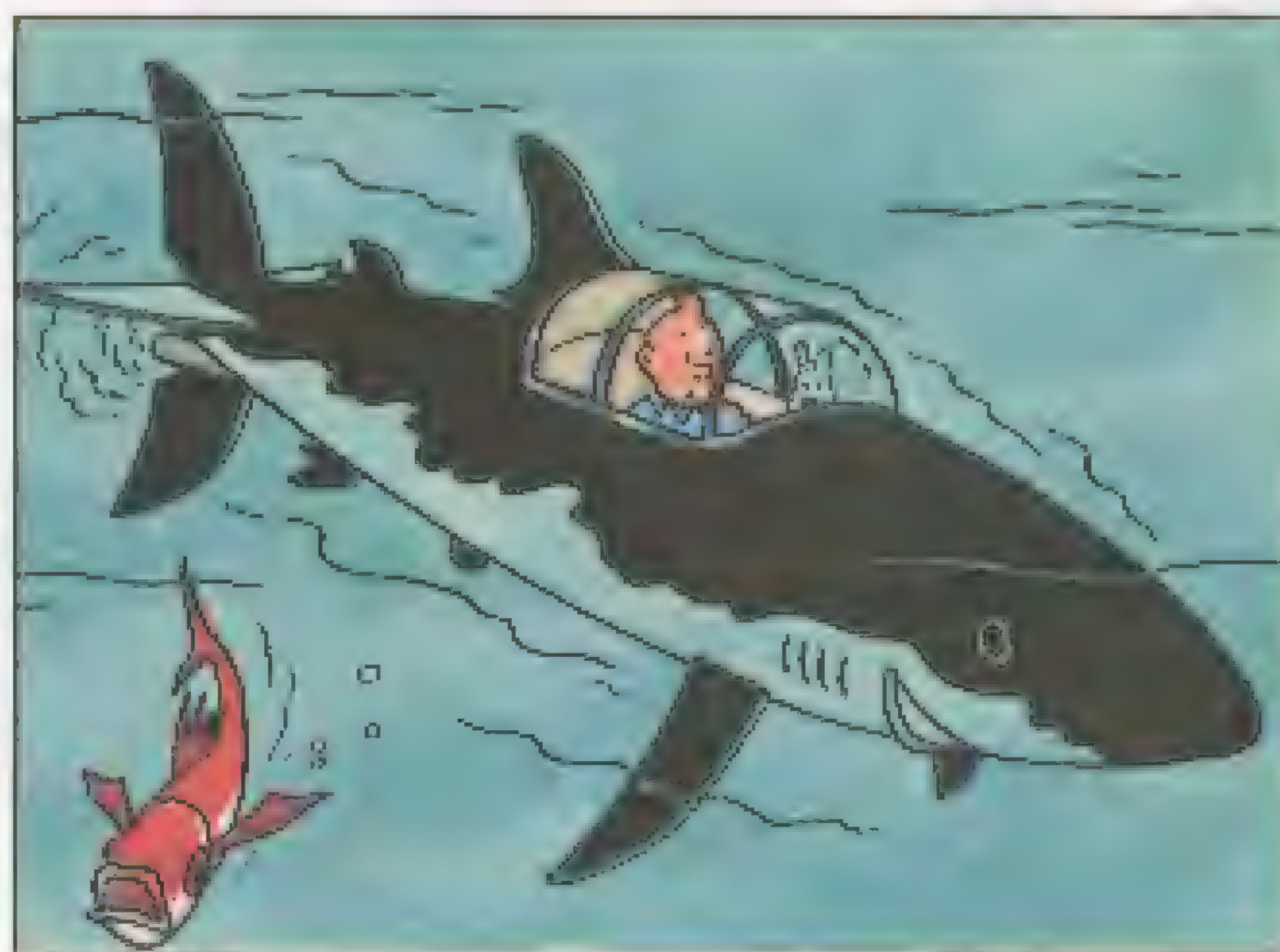
A little red button?... Right!



No, red! A little red button... You've got it? Good... Well, goodbye, and good luck!

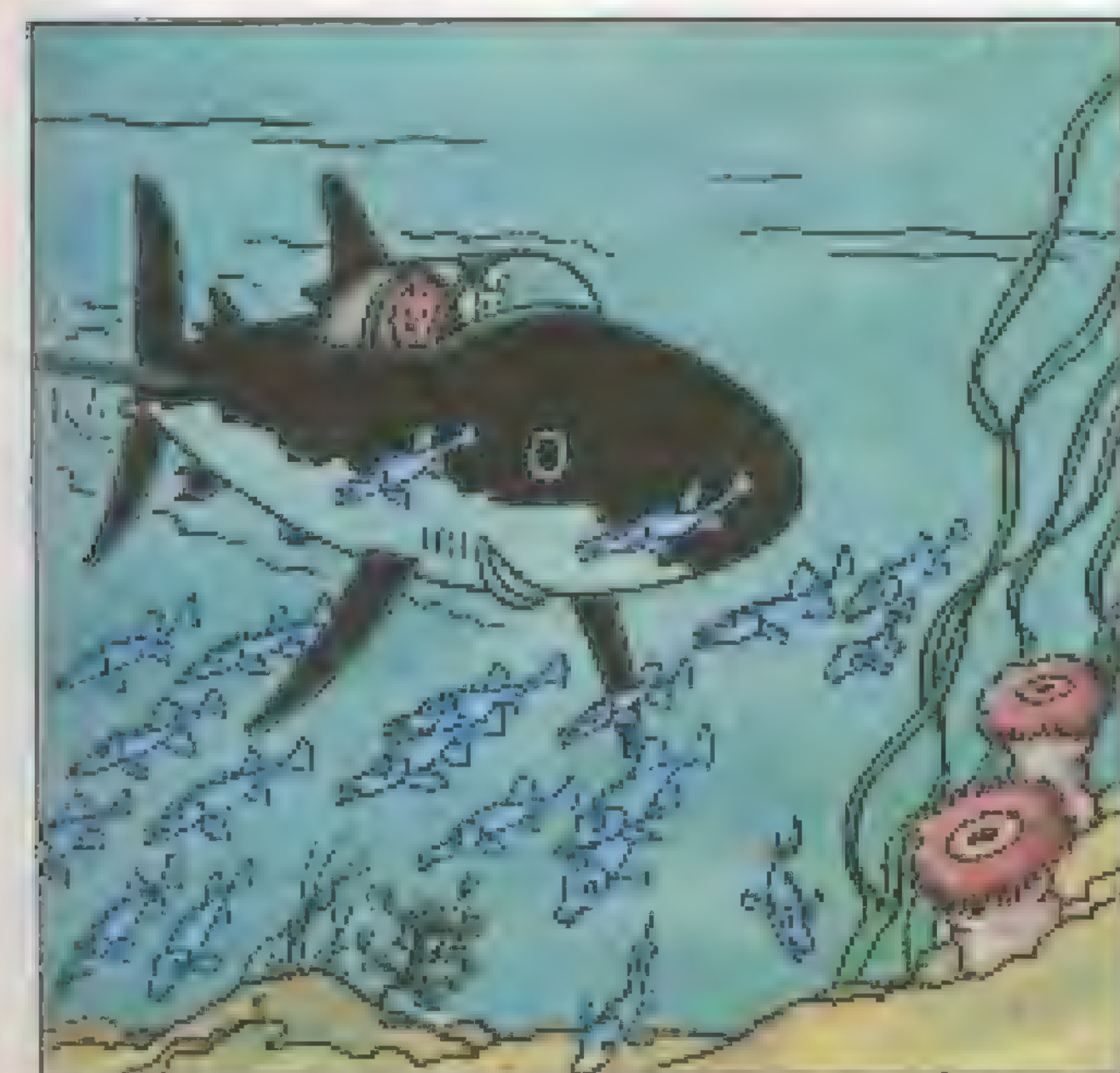


There he goes: he's dived.



This is fun, eh Snowy?

Golly, what a lot of water!

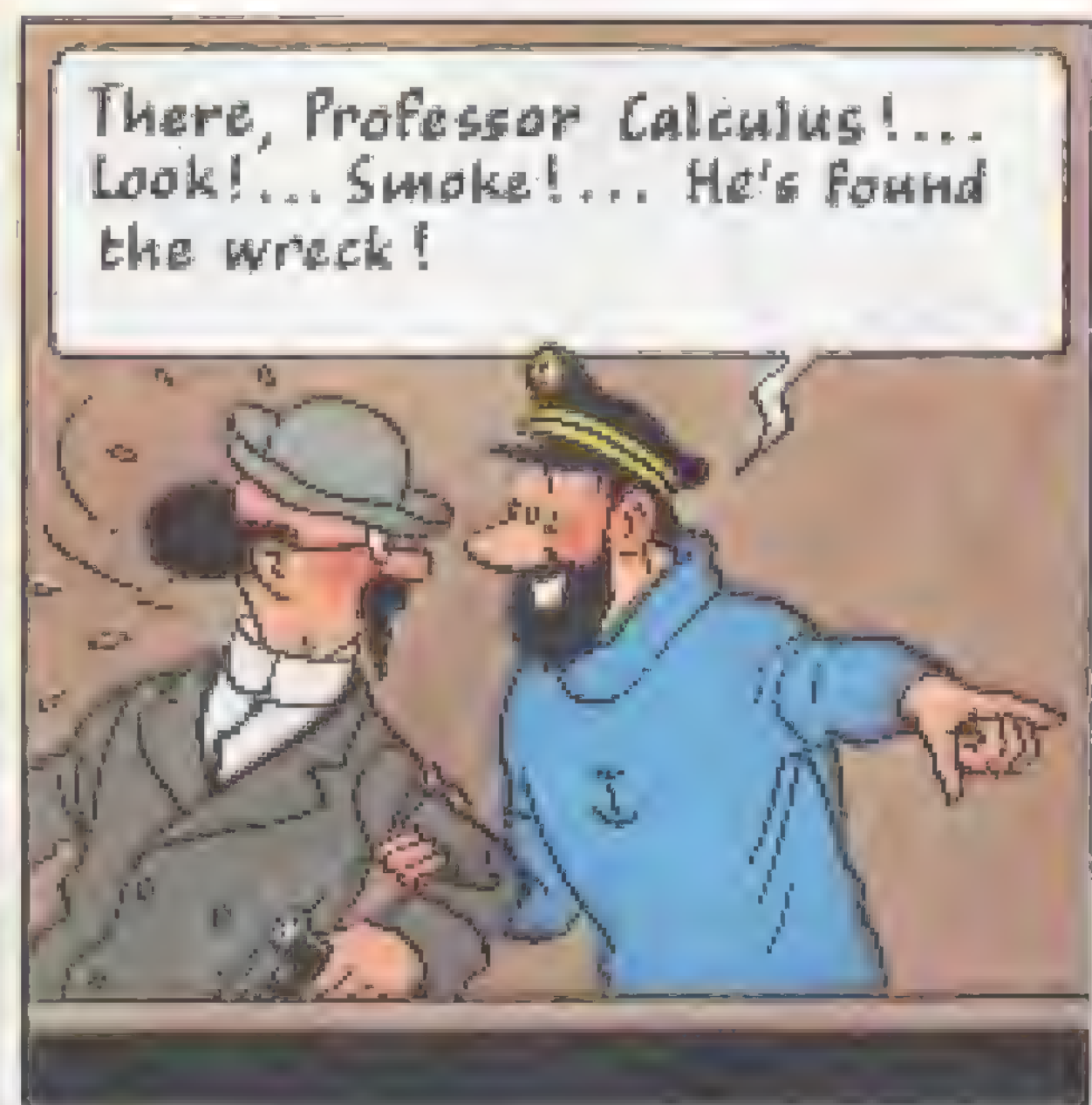
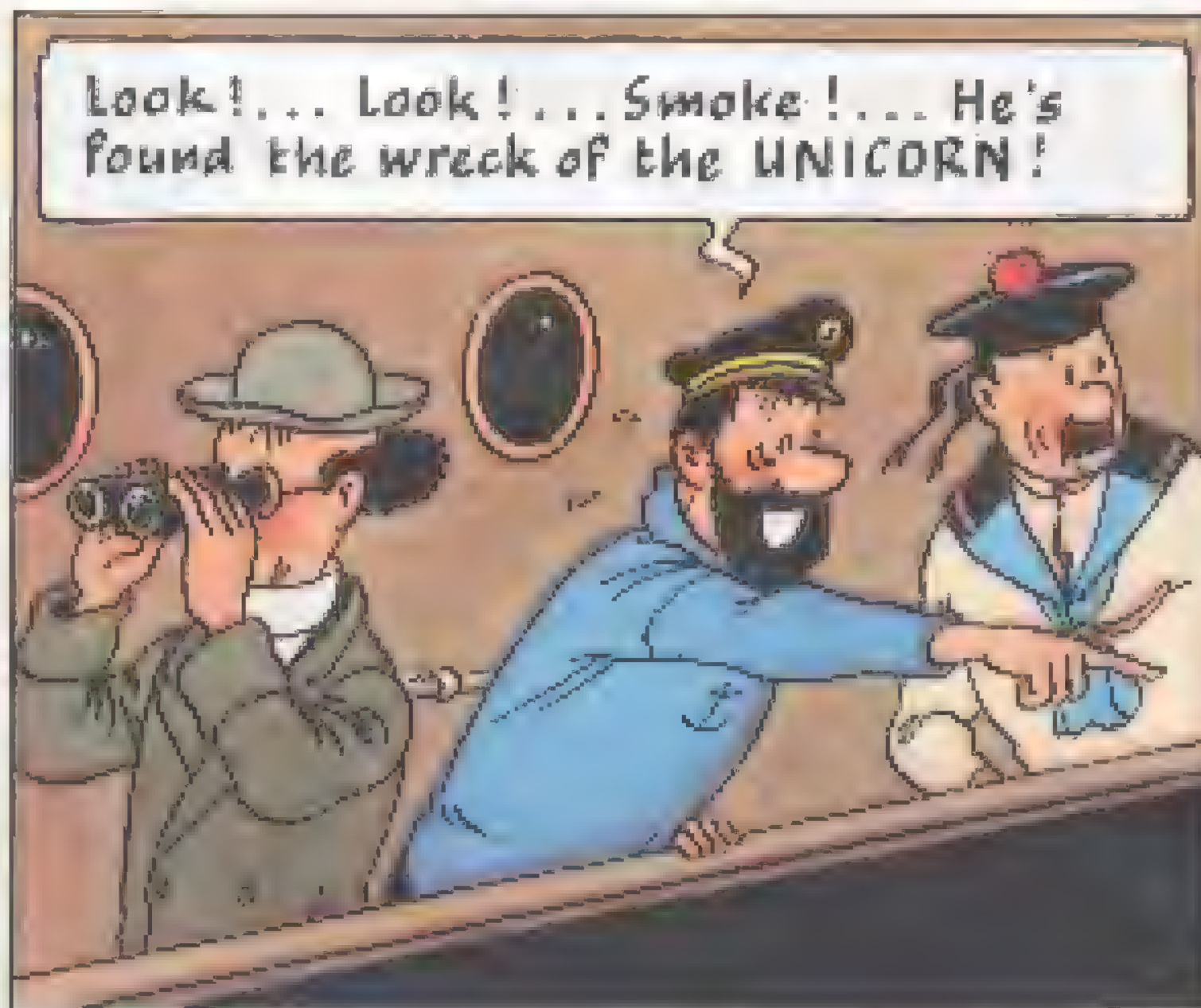
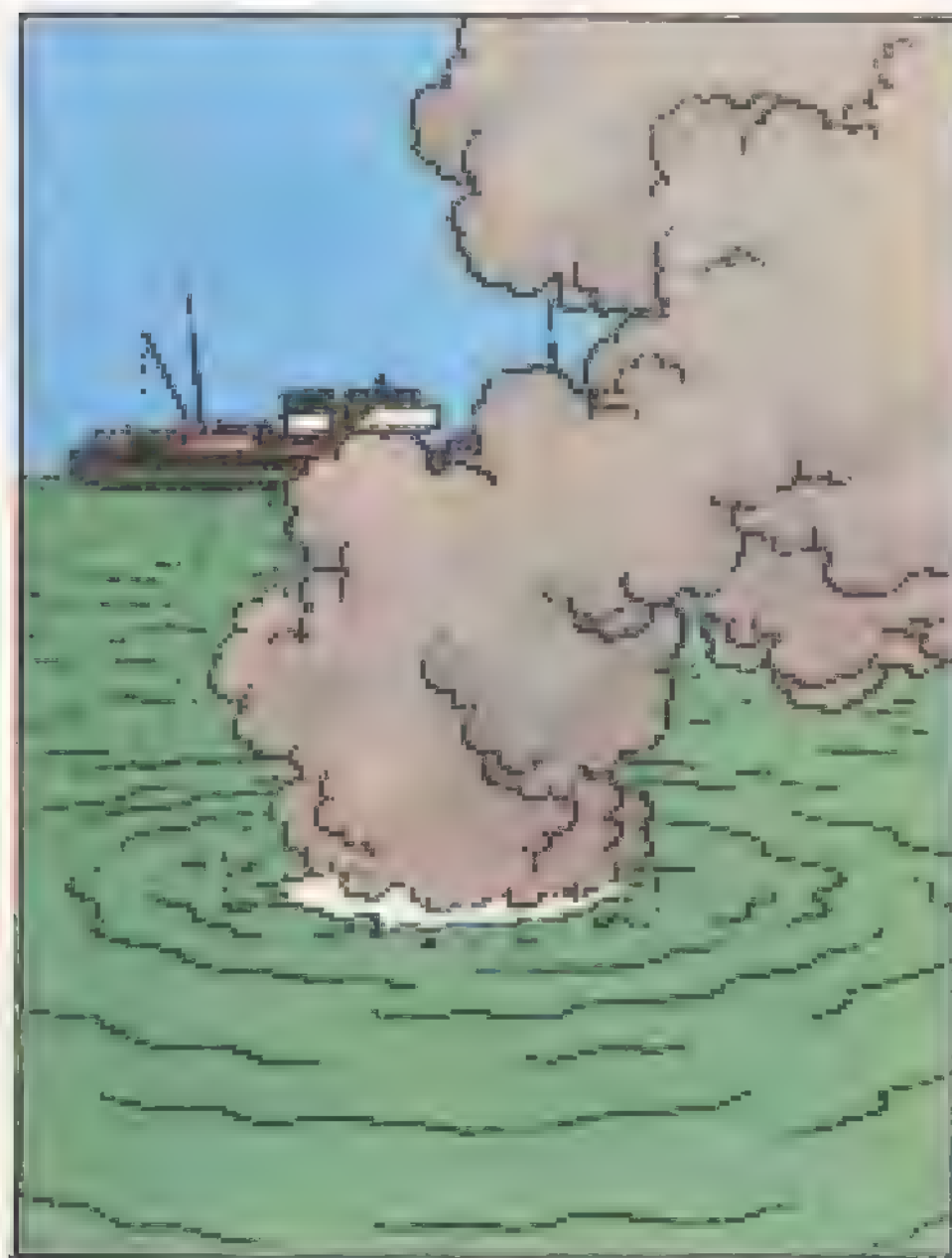
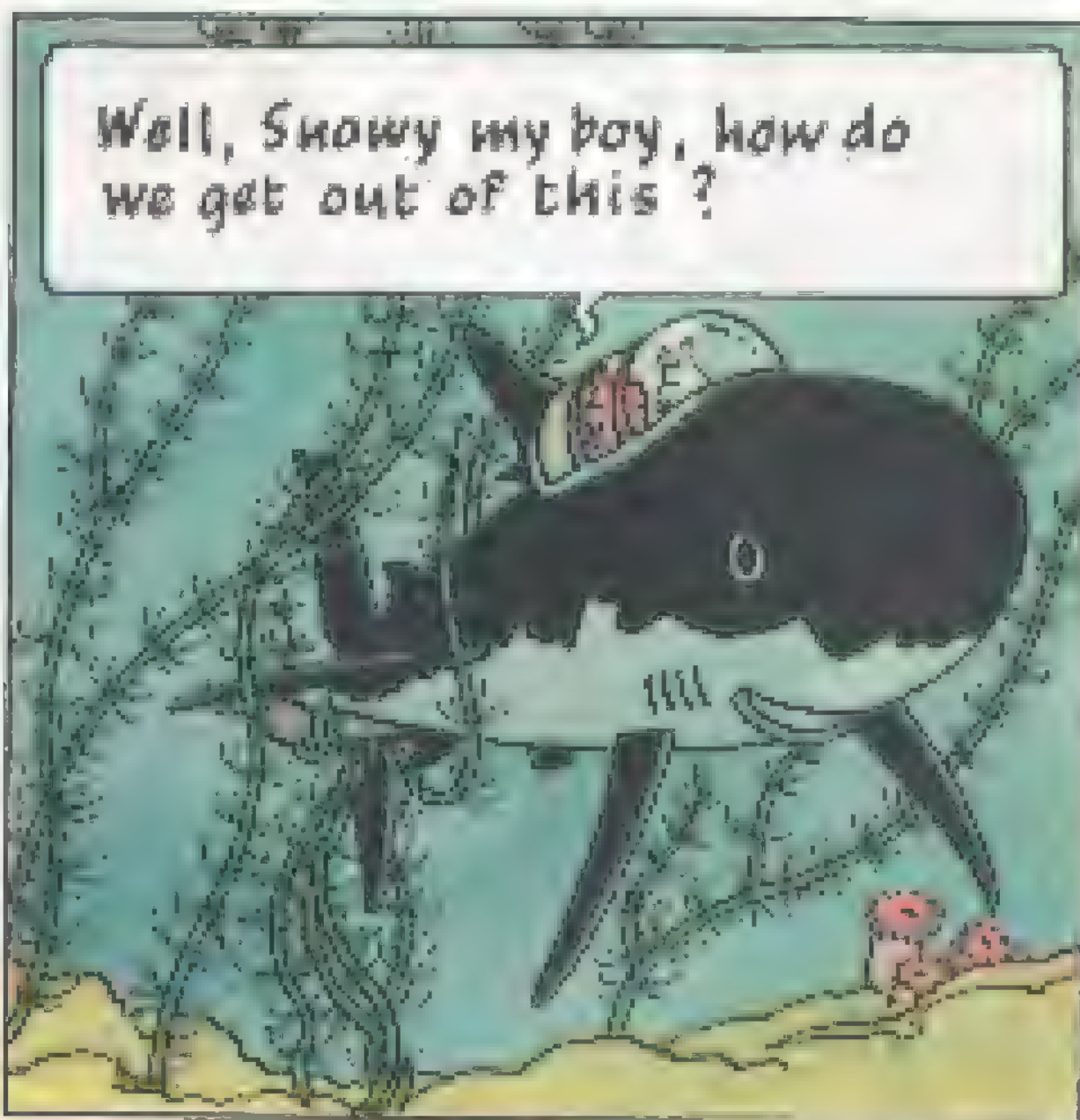
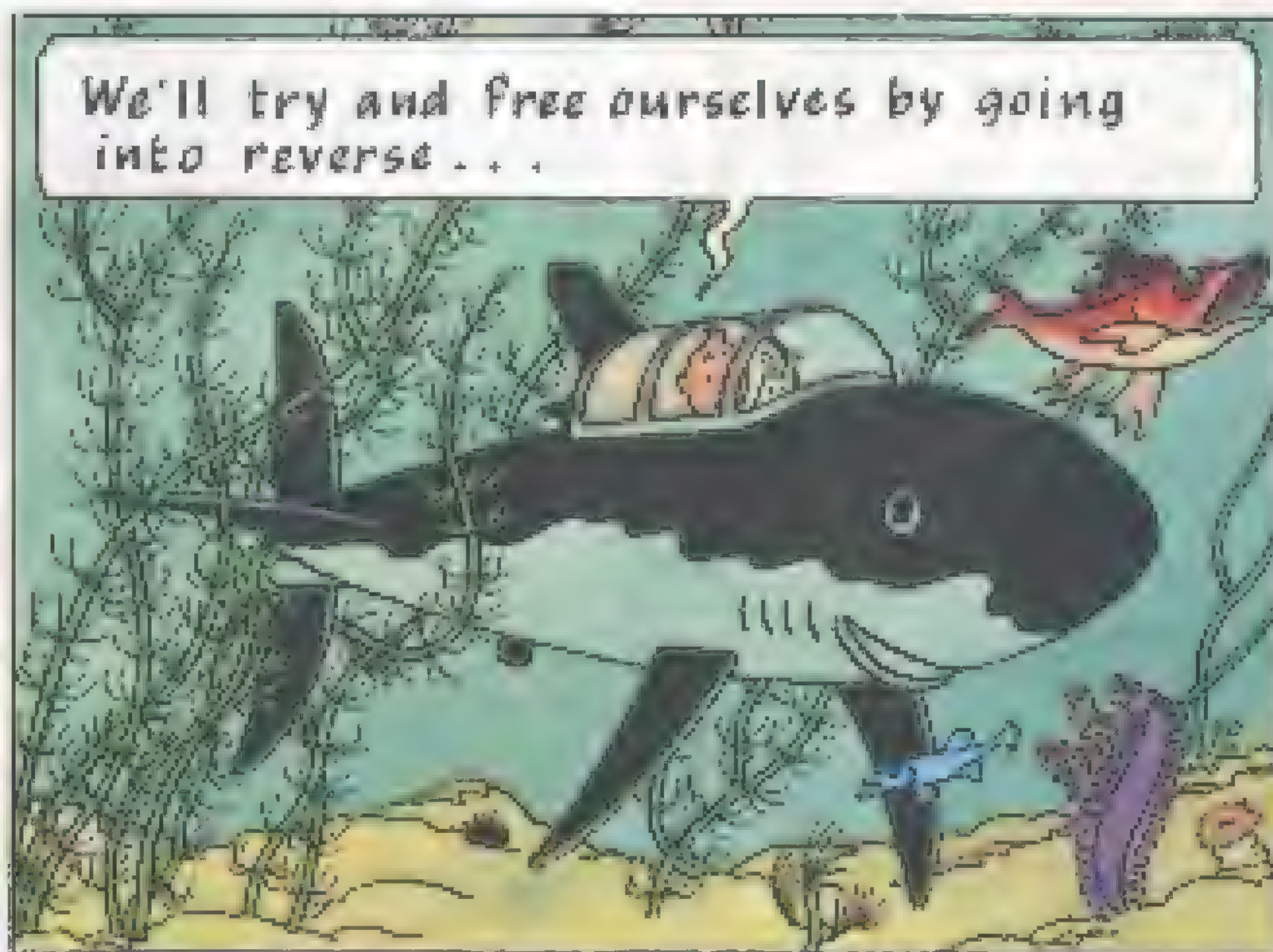
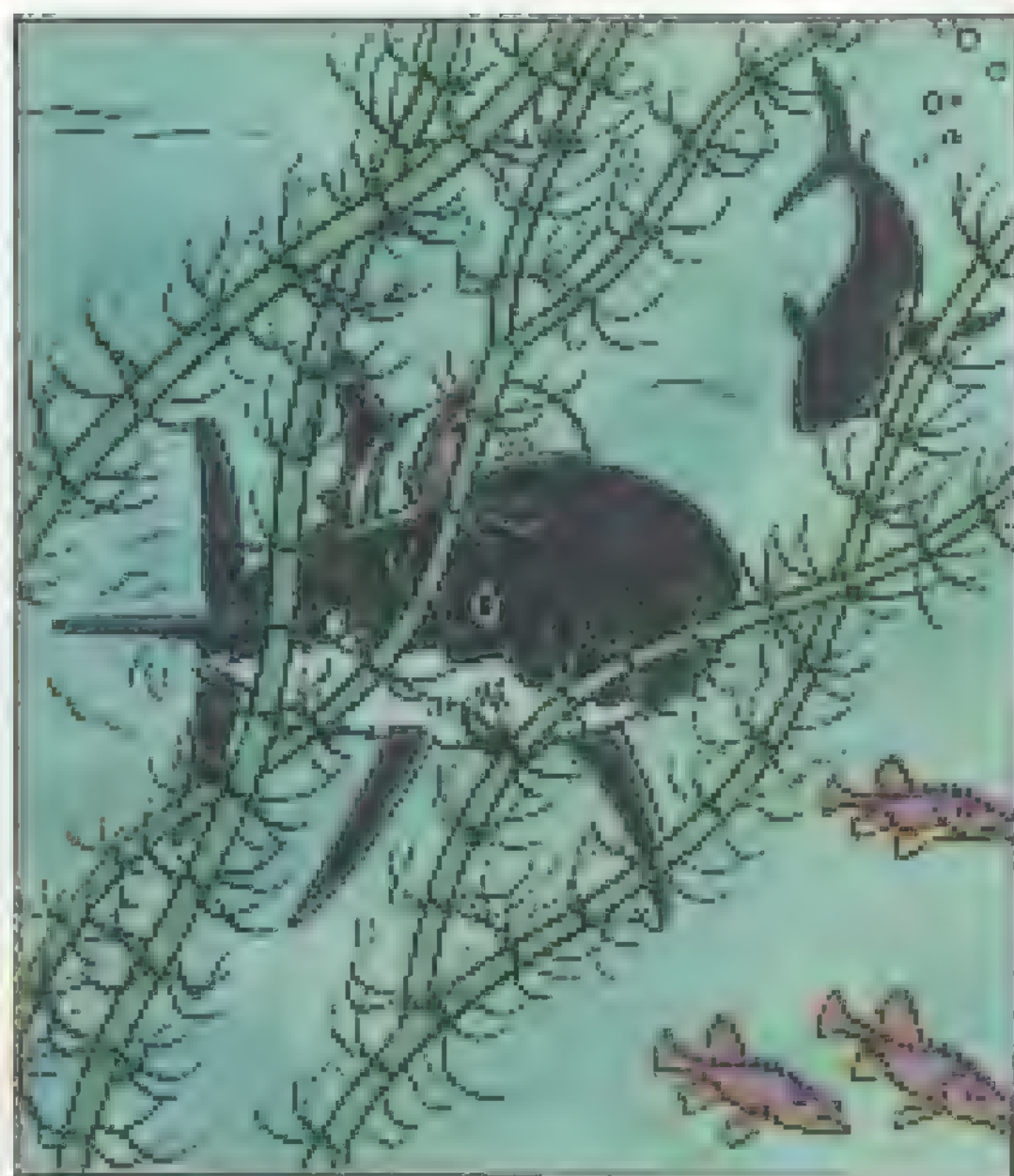


Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

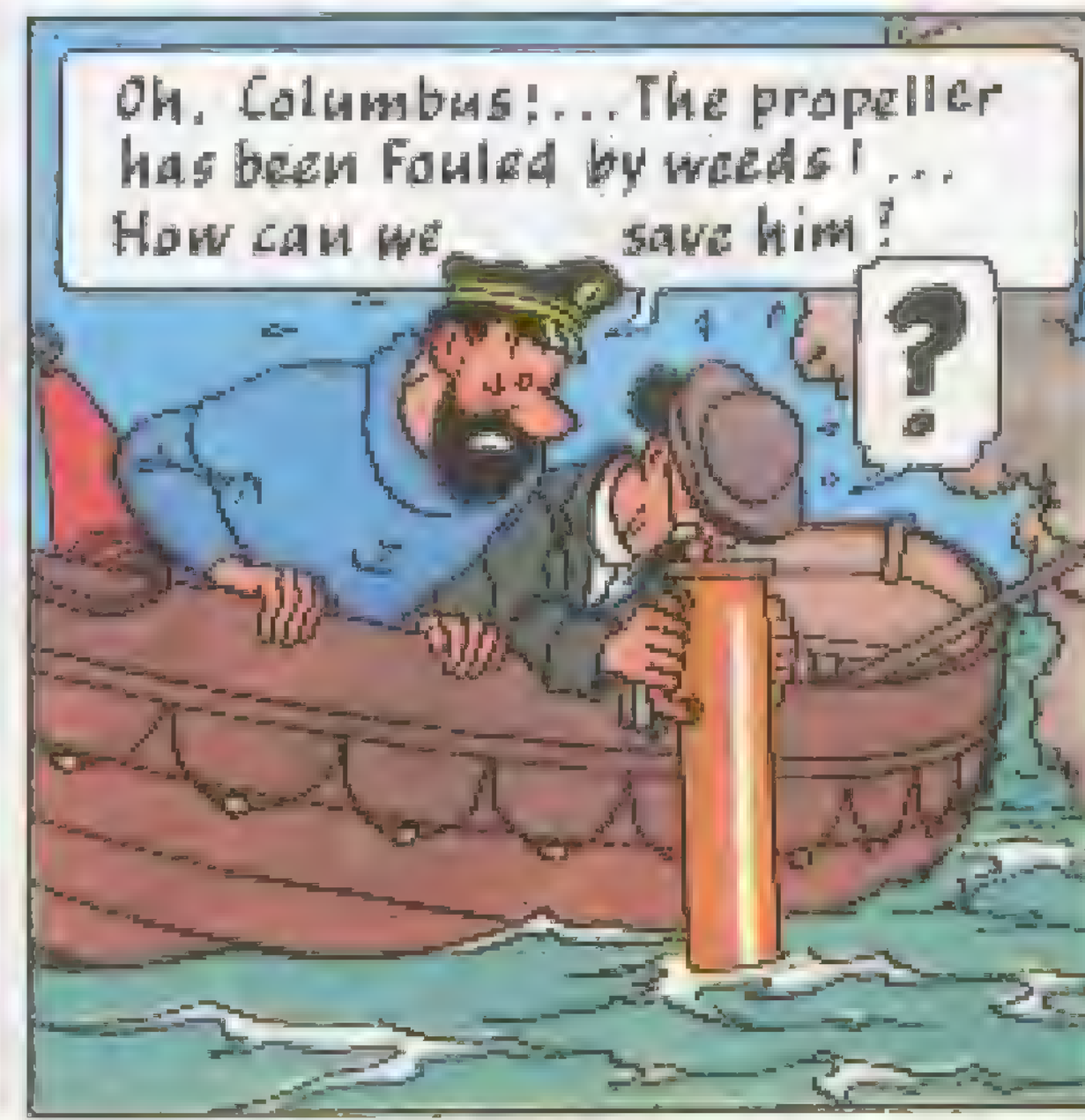
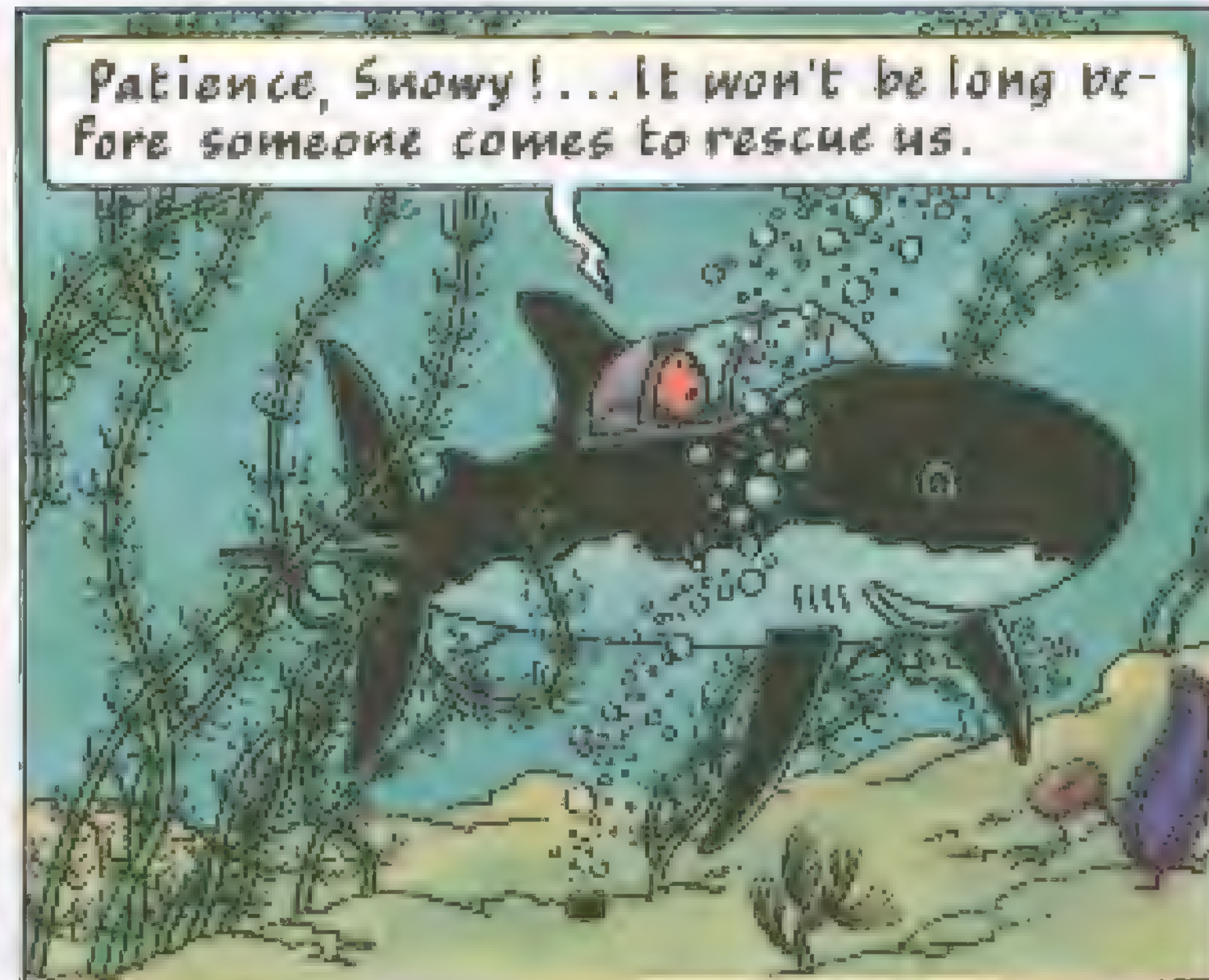
Gone long? Why, it's only ten minutes since he dived...











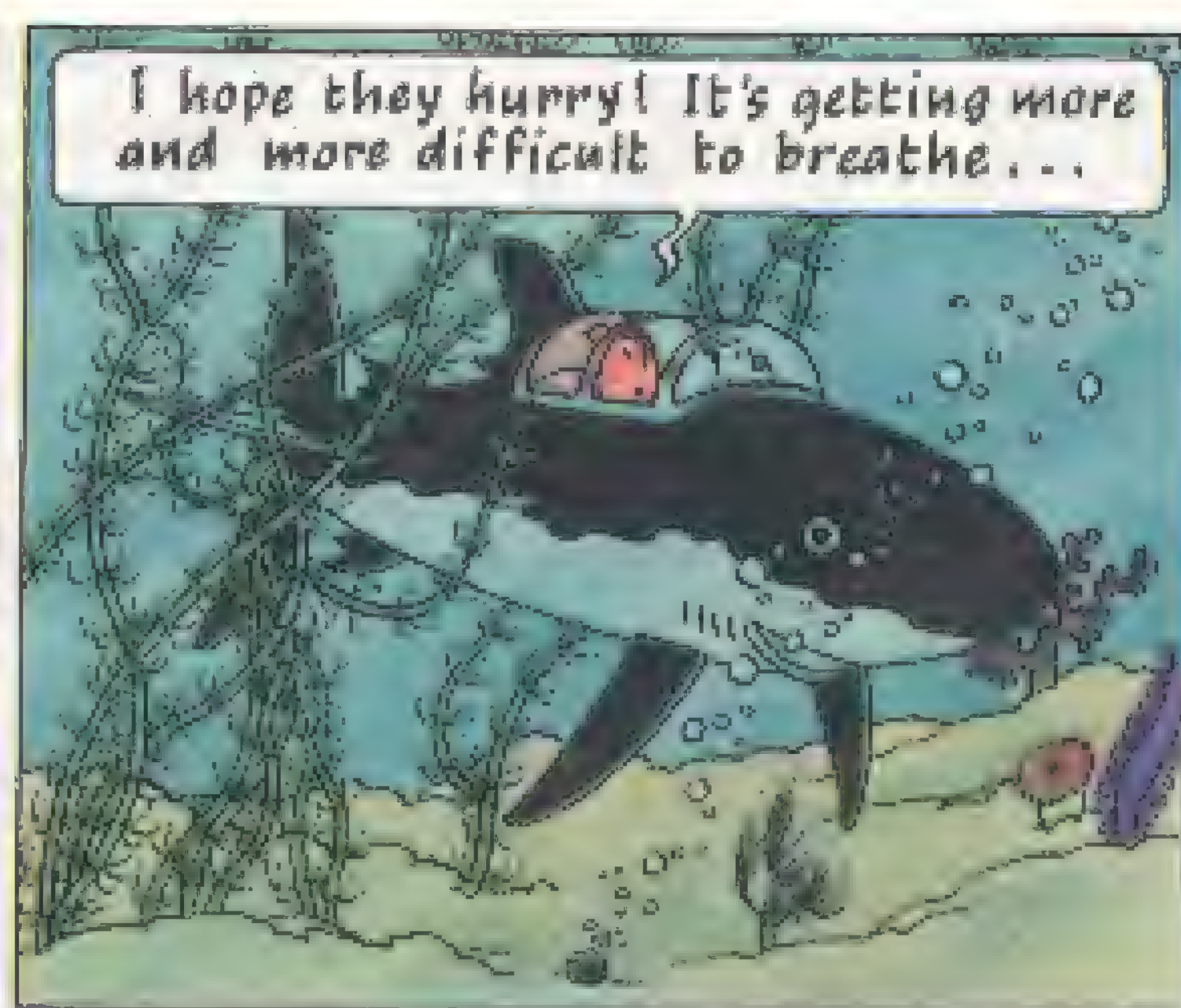




Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resur-  
Face ...

Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

May drown? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!



I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...

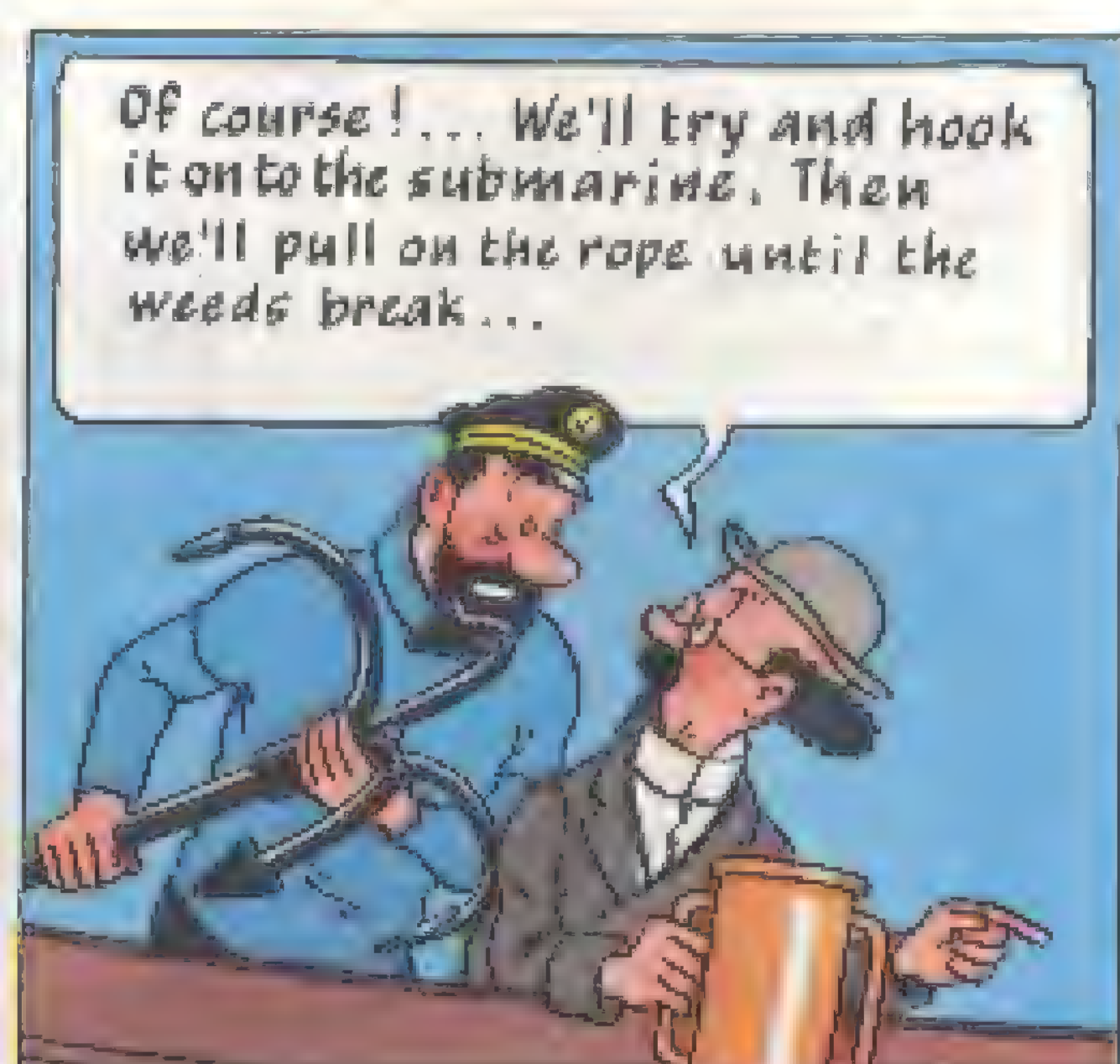


What can we do? How can we save him? Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...



No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

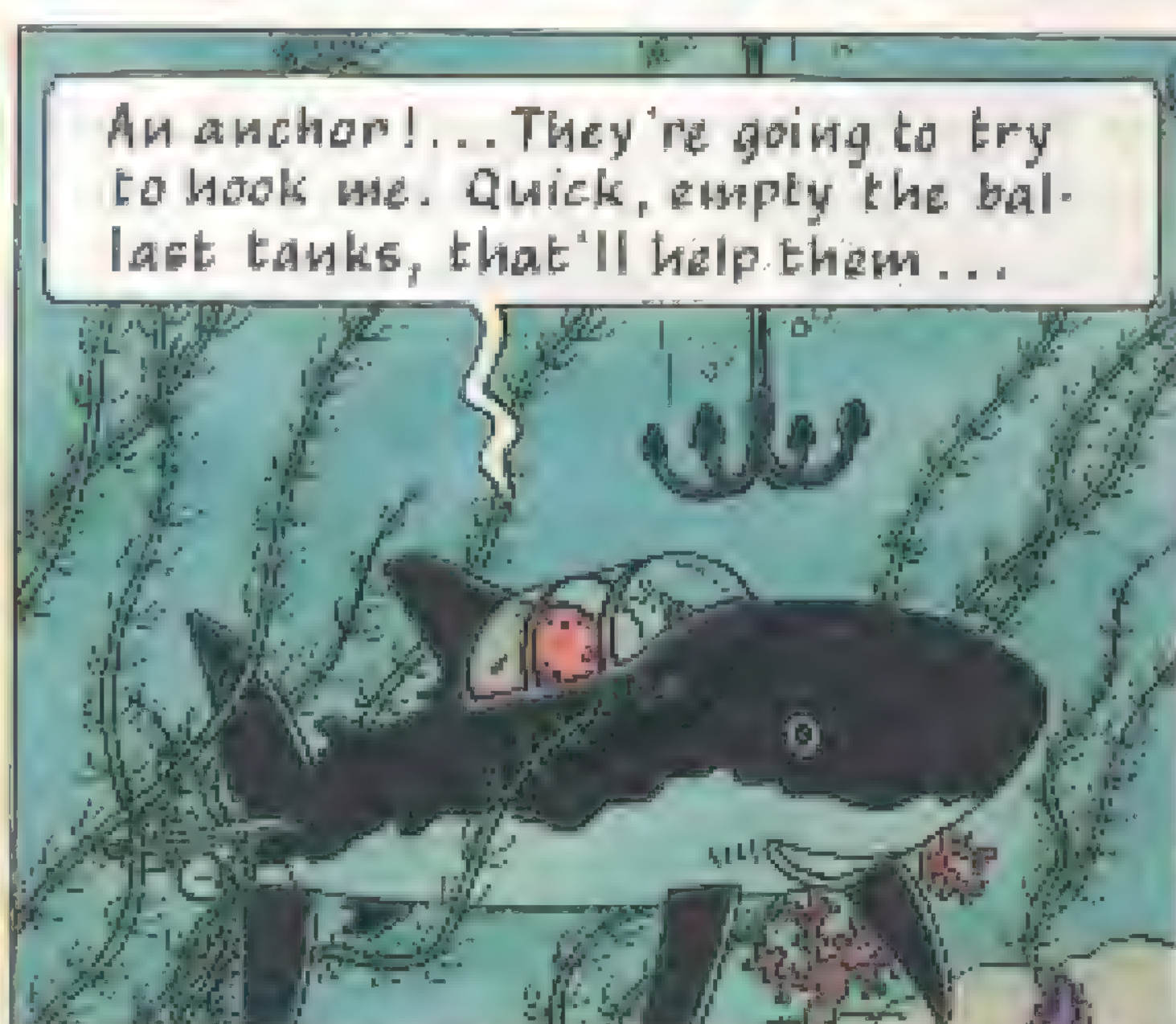
The an-chor? What for?...



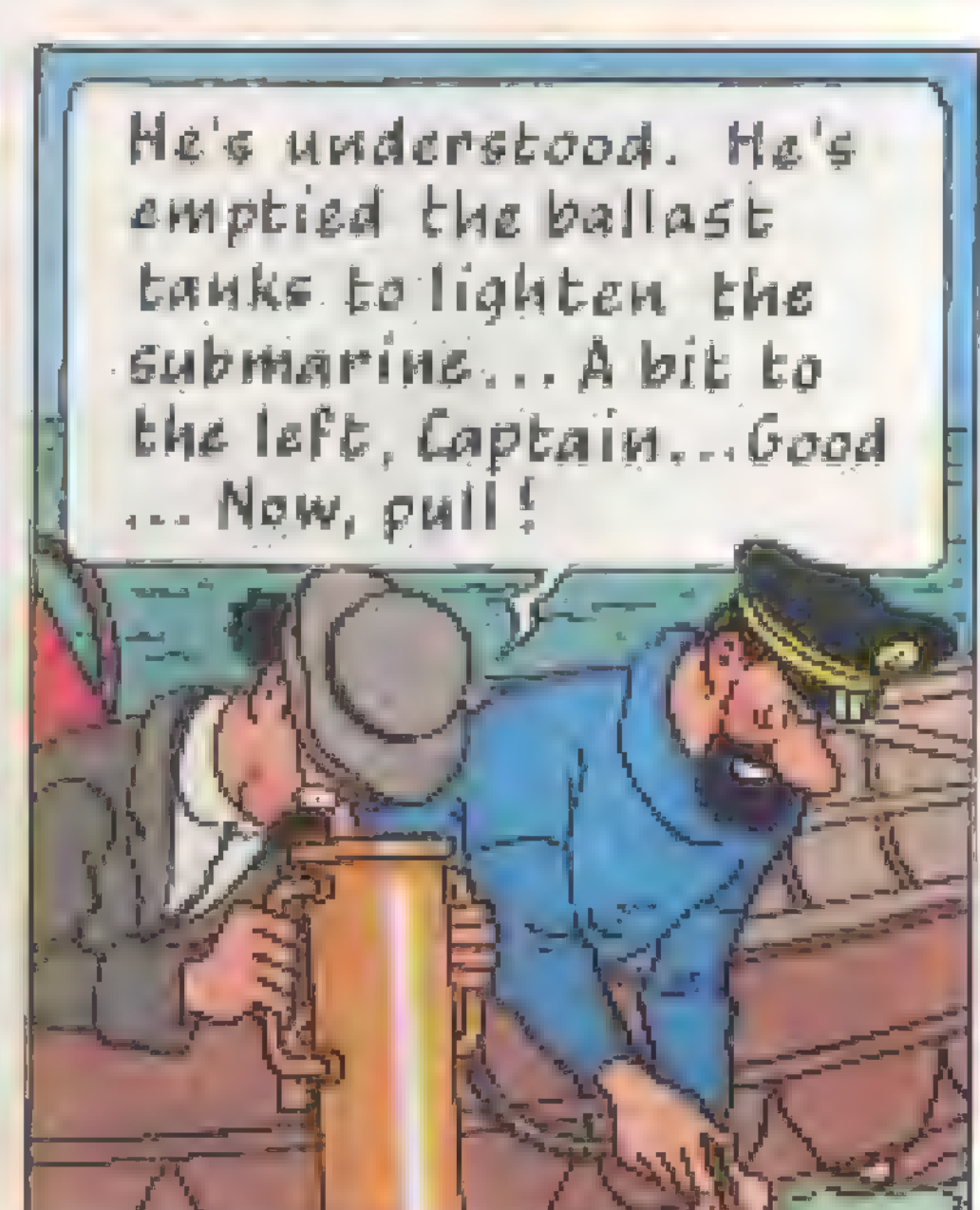
Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...



That's it! Let it down... Lower... lower... lower... gently...



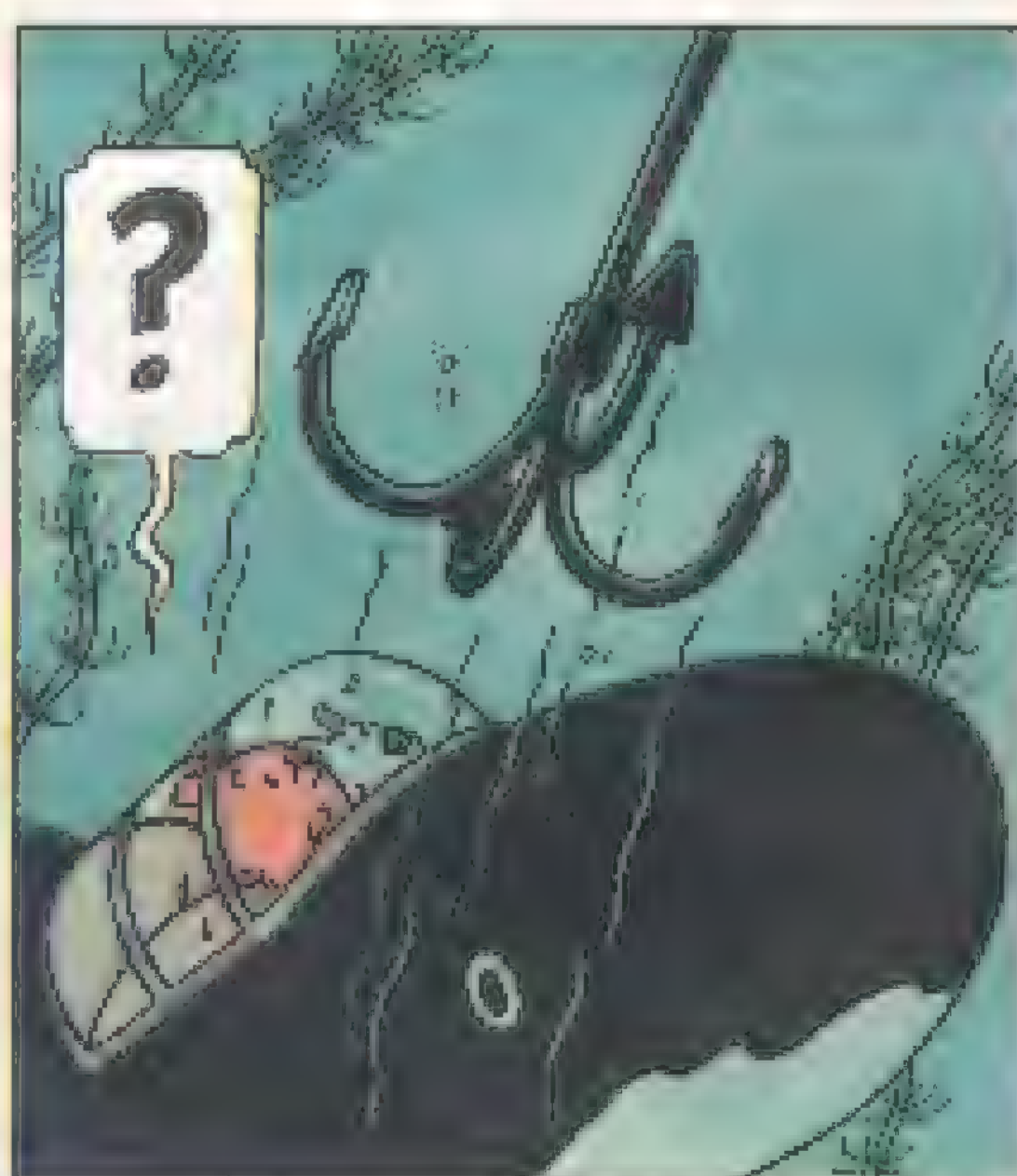
An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...



He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!



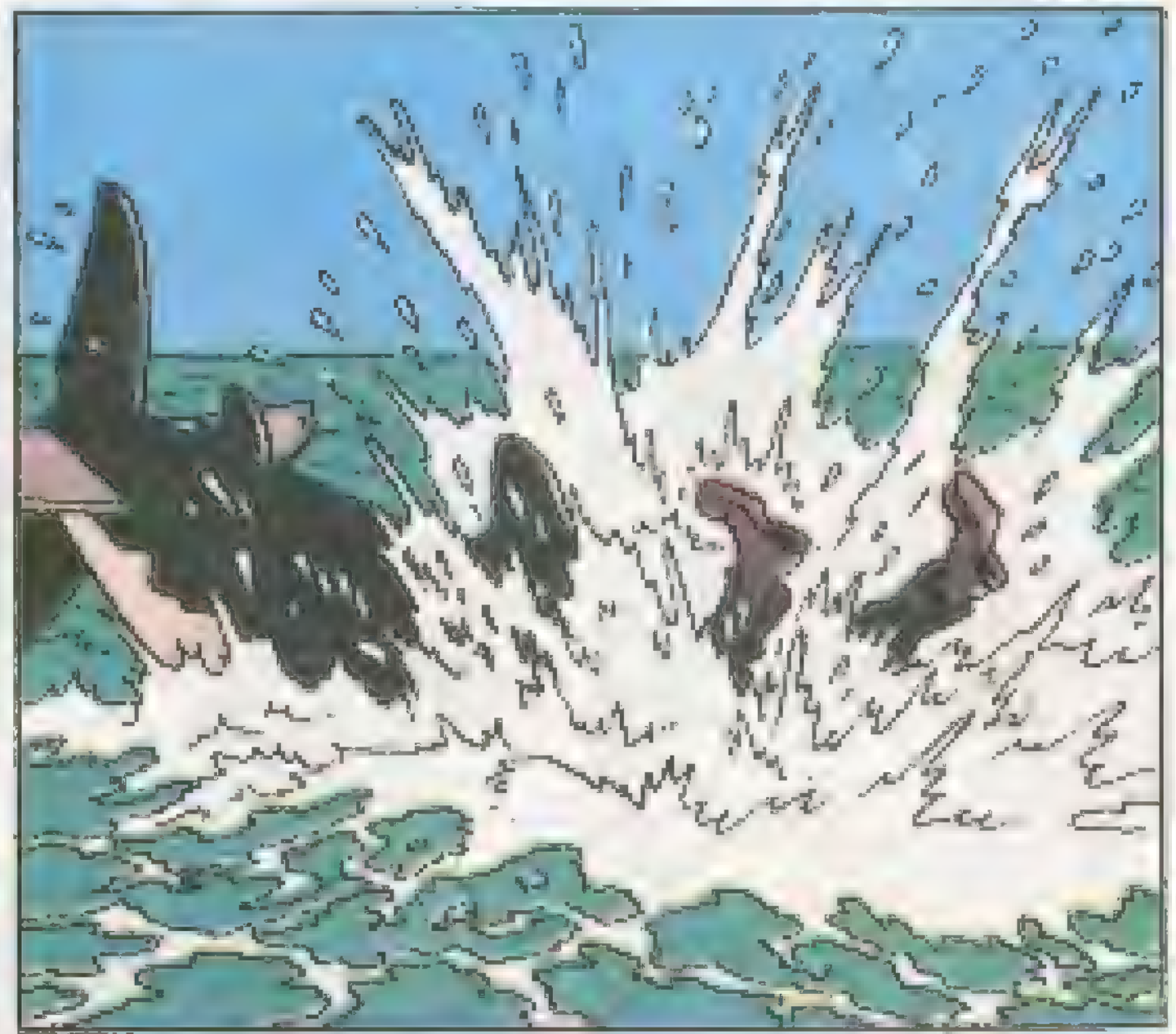
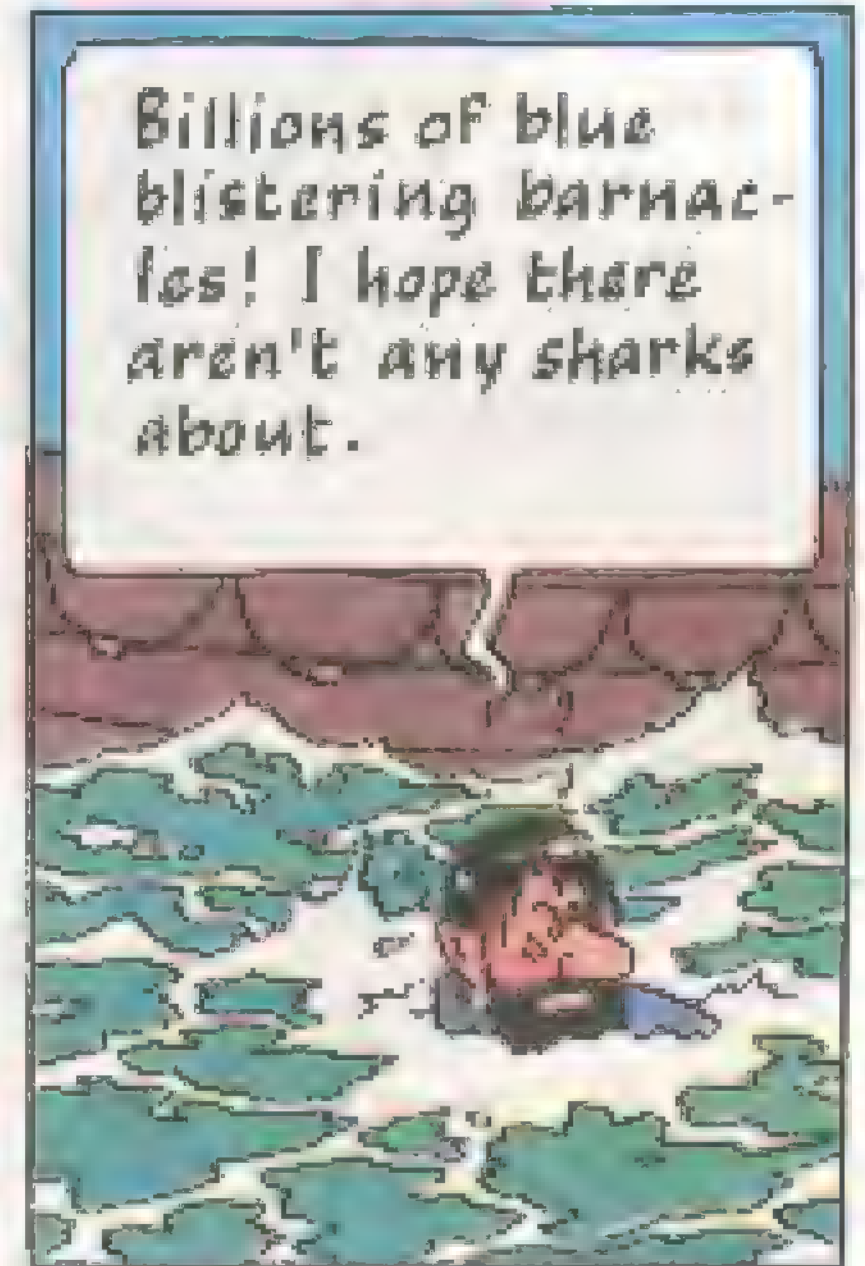
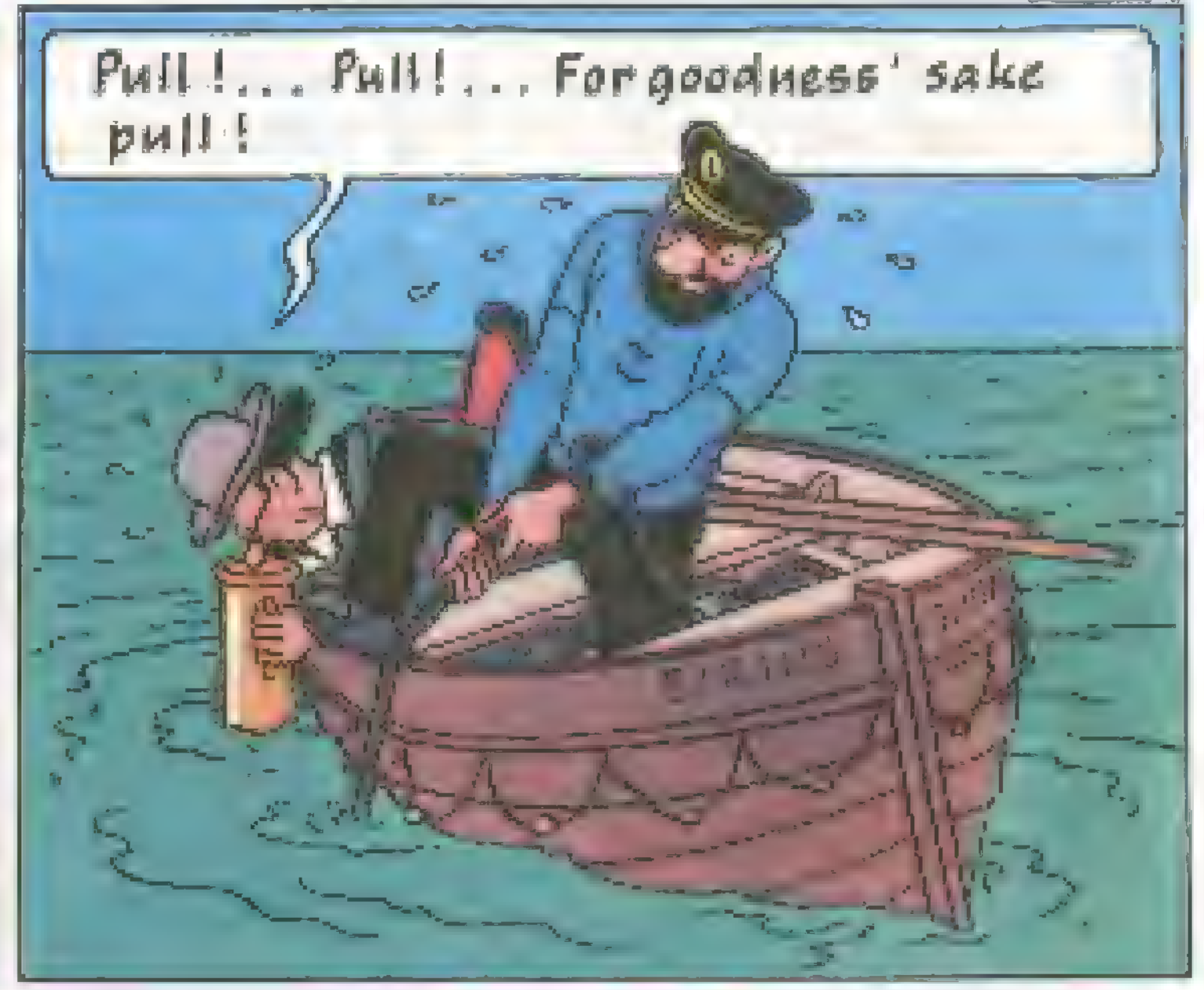
Ah, they've got it!... I'm saved!... Just in time! I'm suffocating.



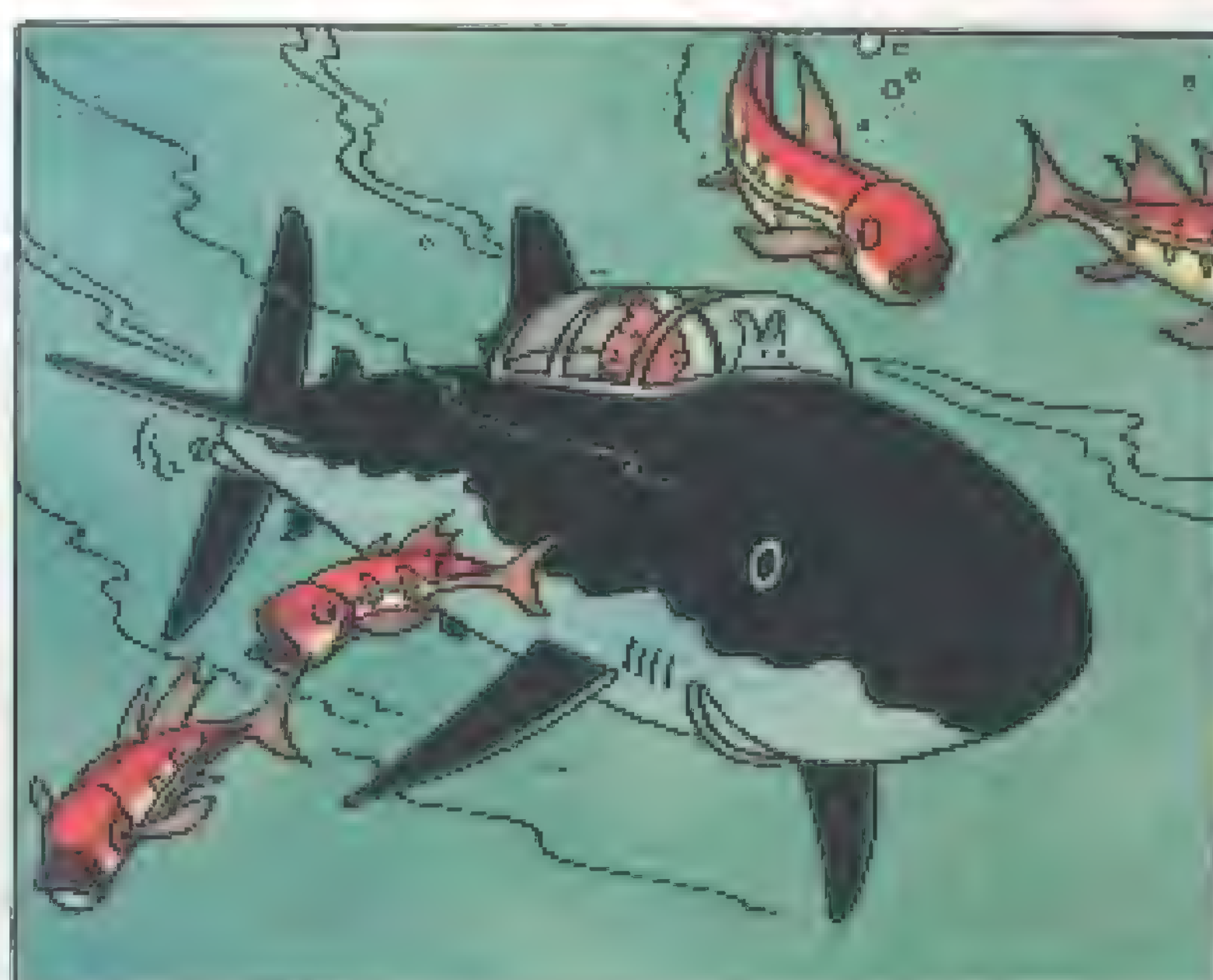
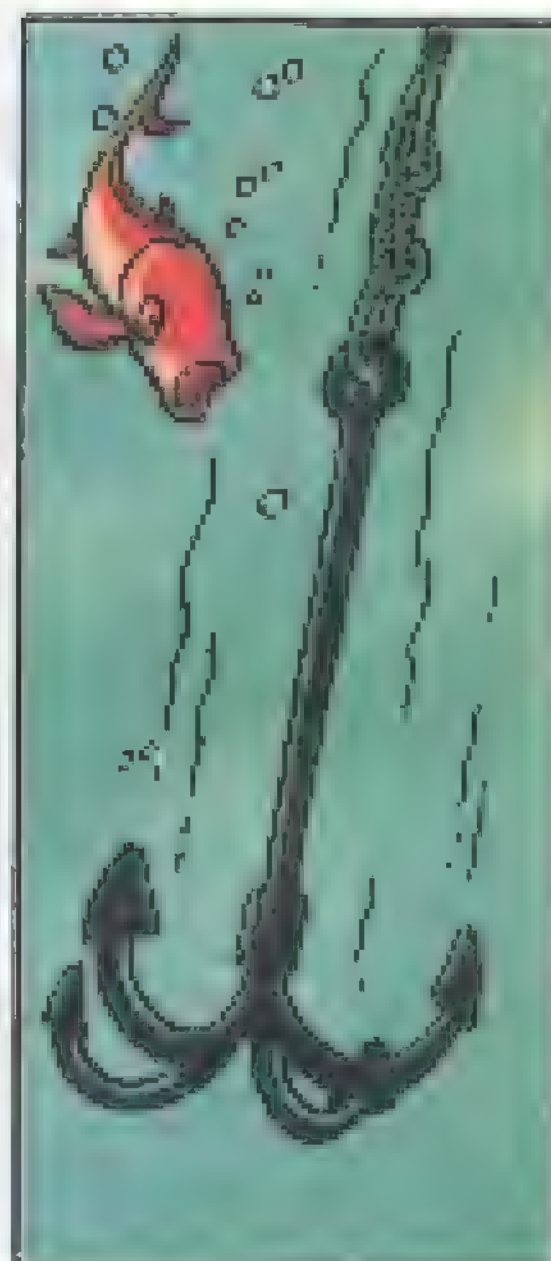
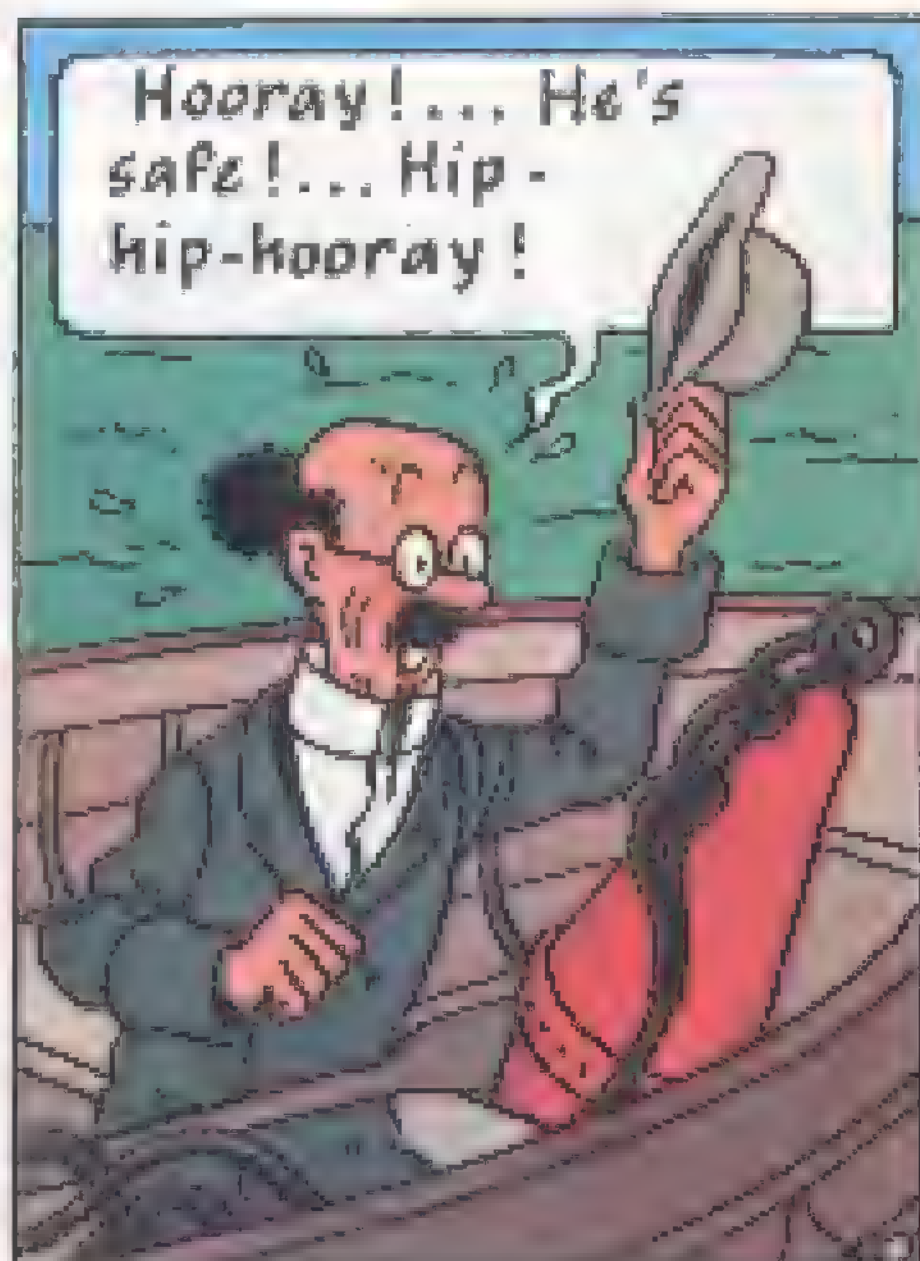
Missed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right... now to the left... Pull it up gently...



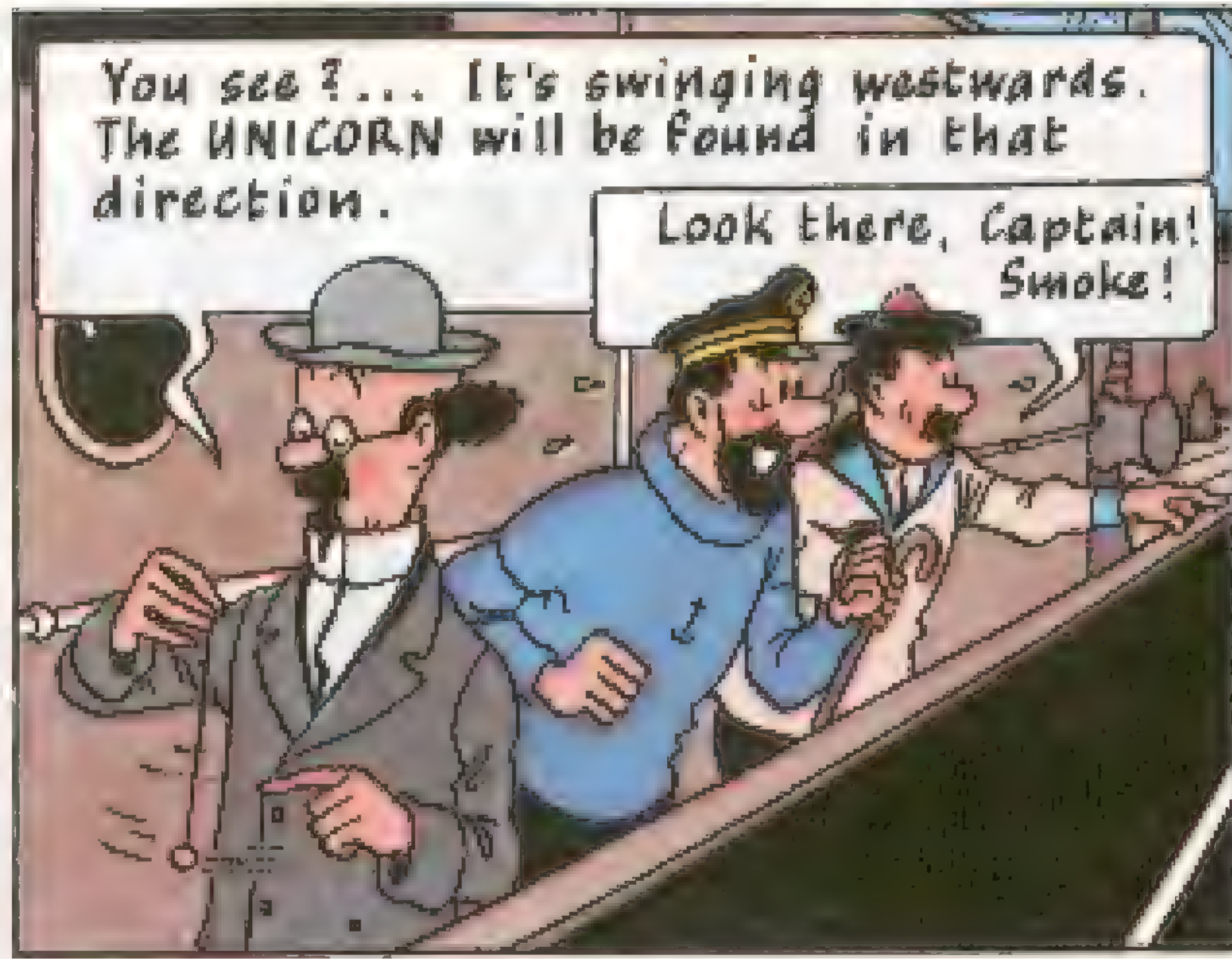
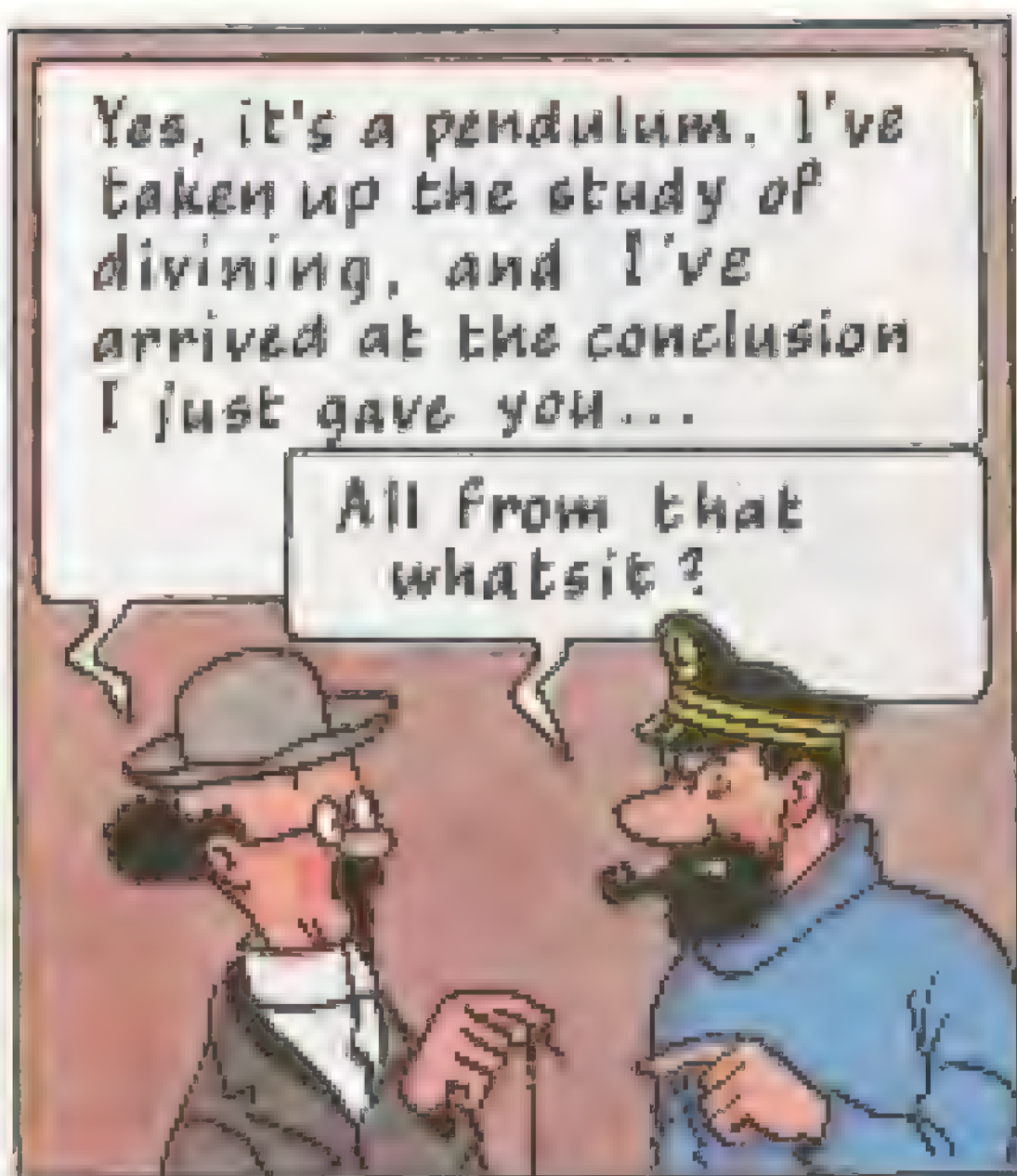




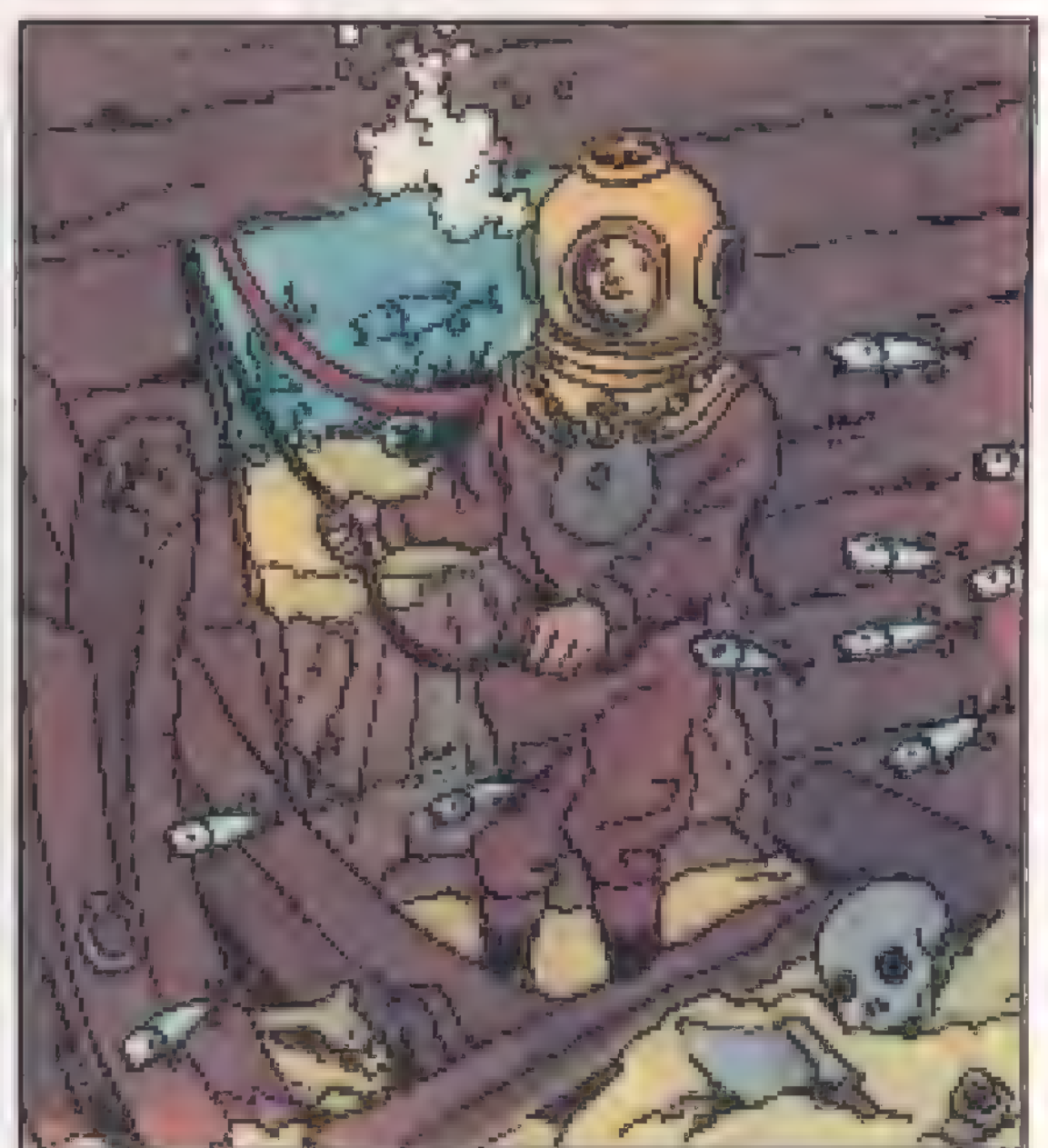
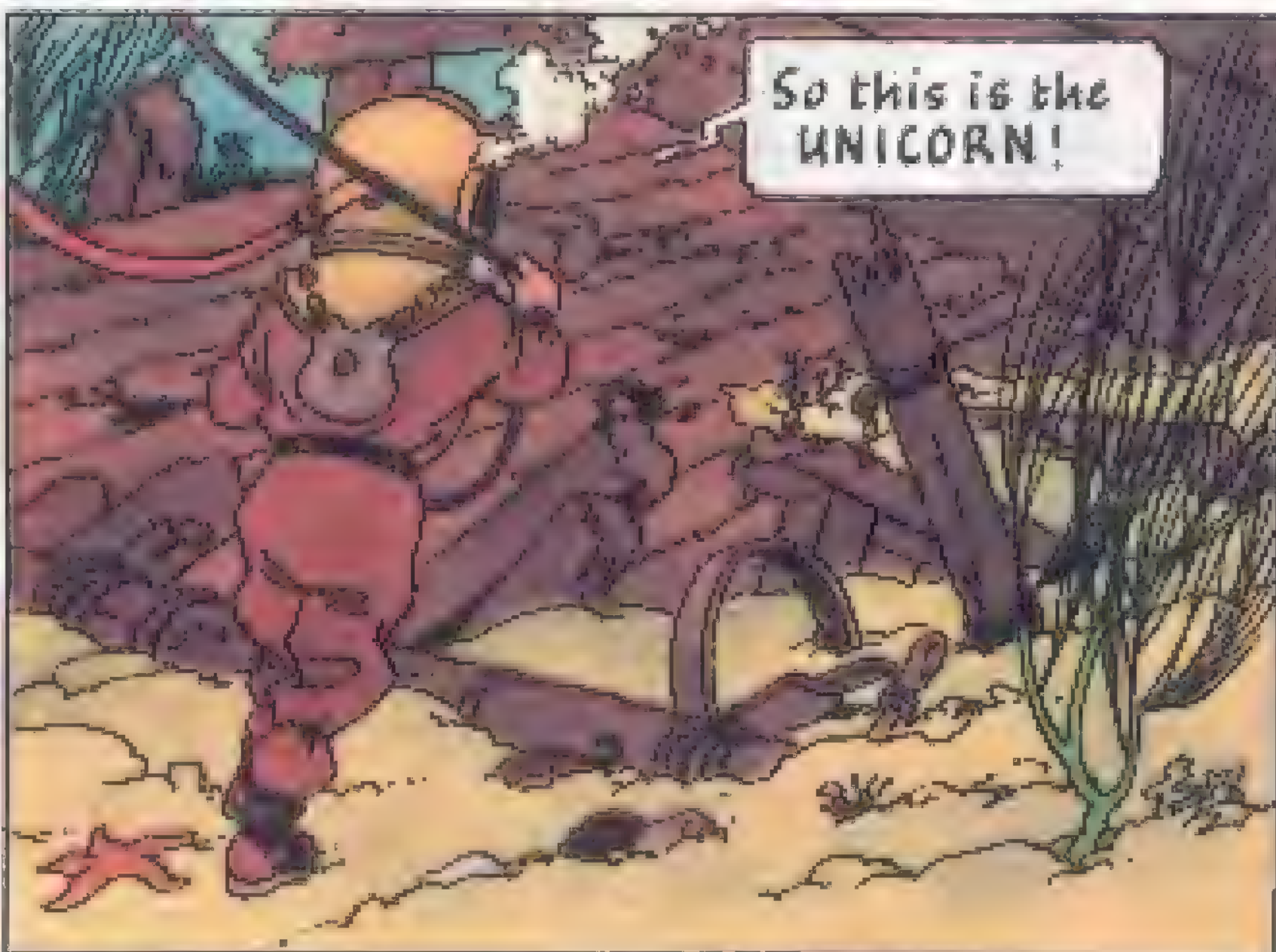
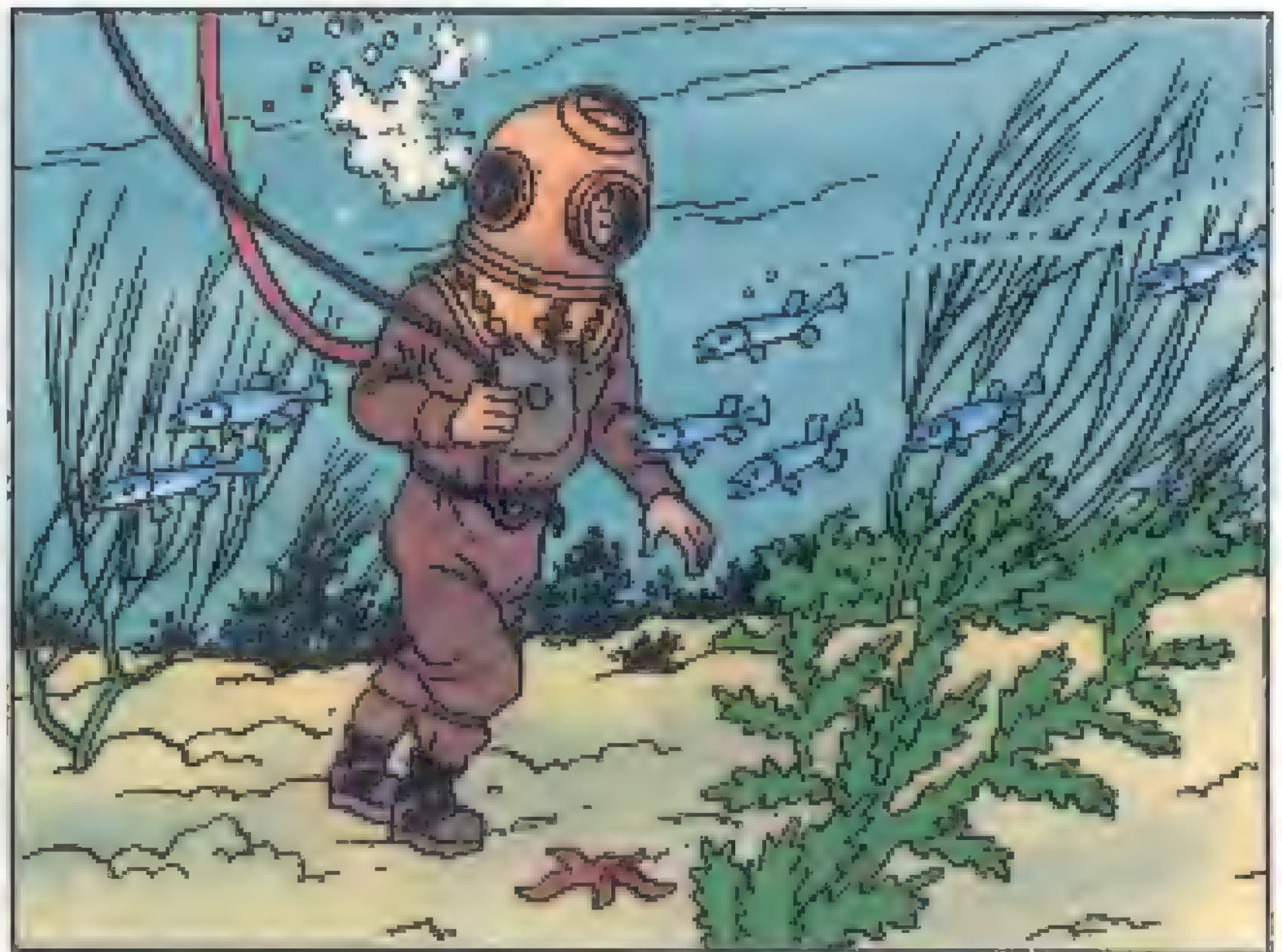
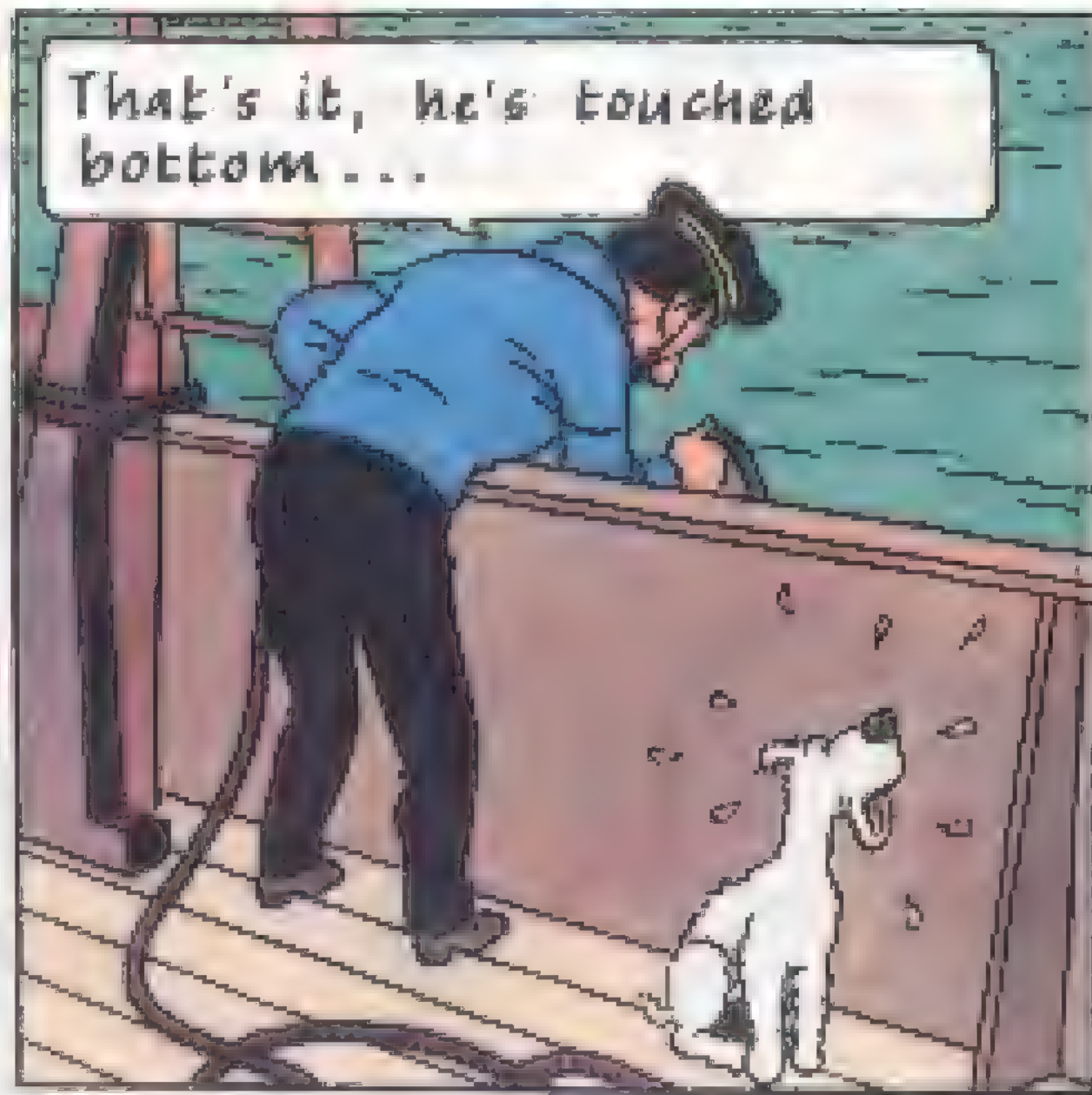






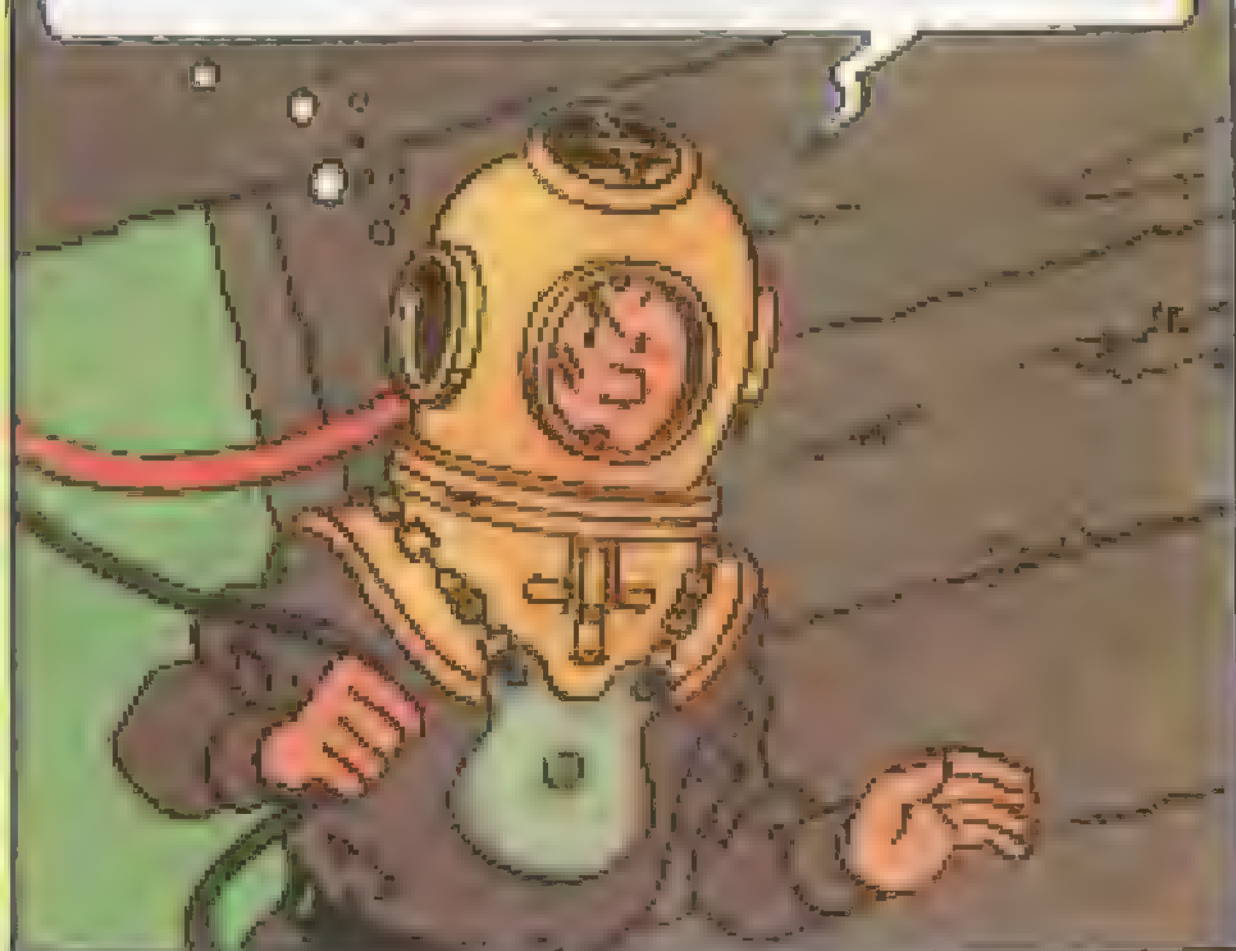








Crumbs! What's happening?  
The air supply has stopped!  
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two  
doing there, instead  
of pumping?



Us? We're resting... it's  
tiring work, you know.

You infernal  
impersonations  
of Abominable  
Snowmen!  
Pump for your  
lives!... Faster!



Whew!... That's better!  
... Now the air's com-  
ing again. That gave me  
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't  
understand... Since the UNICORN is  
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daisies down  
below!



Having a row?  
I don't see a  
boat?

Two jerks on the line!  
He wants to come  
up. I'm sure he must  
have found some-  
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



A gold cross, encrusted with precious  
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,  
this cross is superb!

We've made a good  
start, eh?



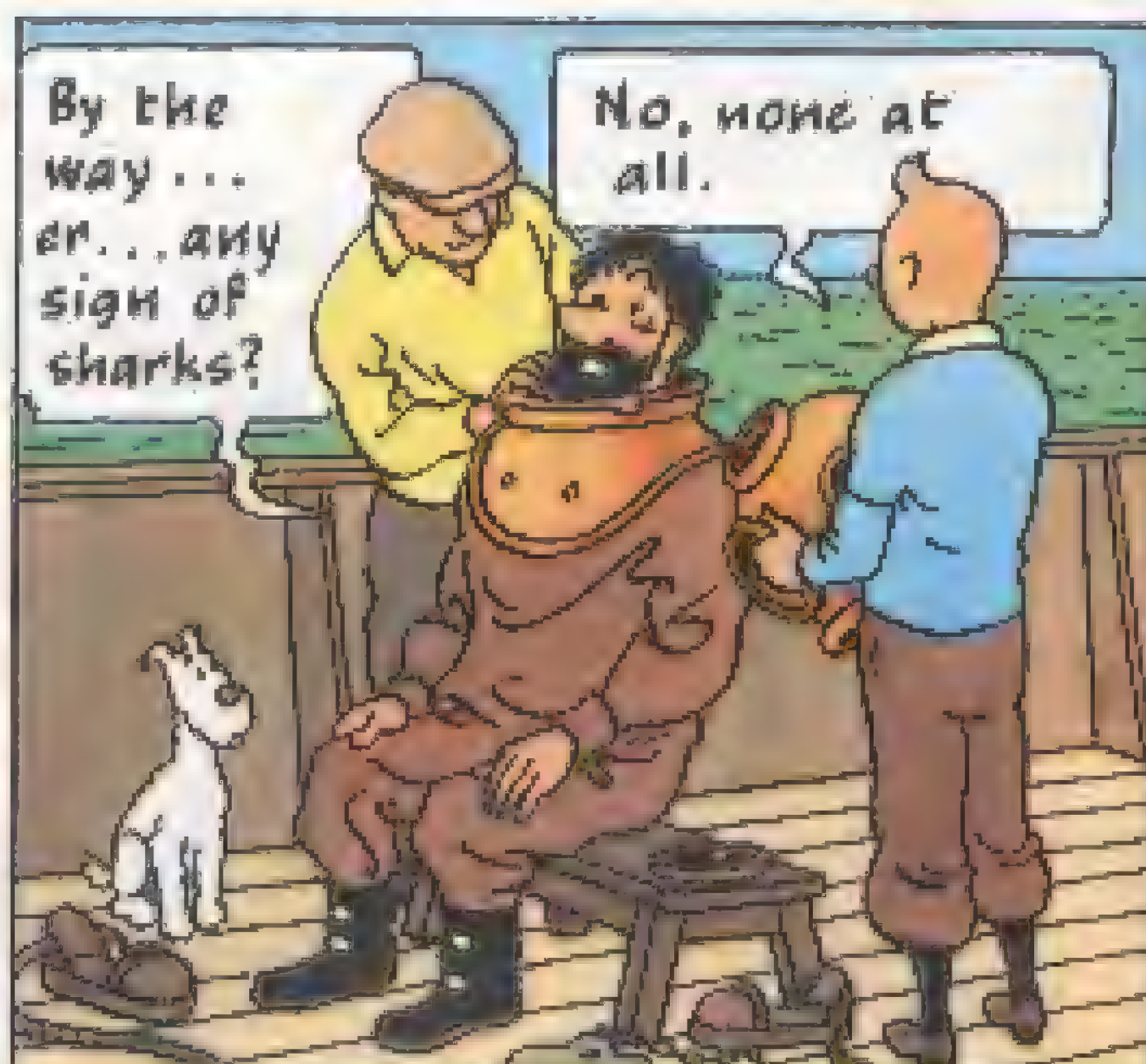
Now why did he  
tell me that  
Tintin had gone  
for a row?







Yes, it's a good start. But this is nothing to what else we shall find. You'll see. I'm going down myself, this time.



By the way... er... any sign of sharks?

No, none at all.



Here's your helmet.

Good.



Ow!... OOH!... Ow!

Whatever's the matter?



Blistering barnacles! My beard!



There, now your beard is inside.

Good. You can close my helmet now. Keep an eye on that pumping.



Aha! Now to find the treasure!...



*A few minutes later...*

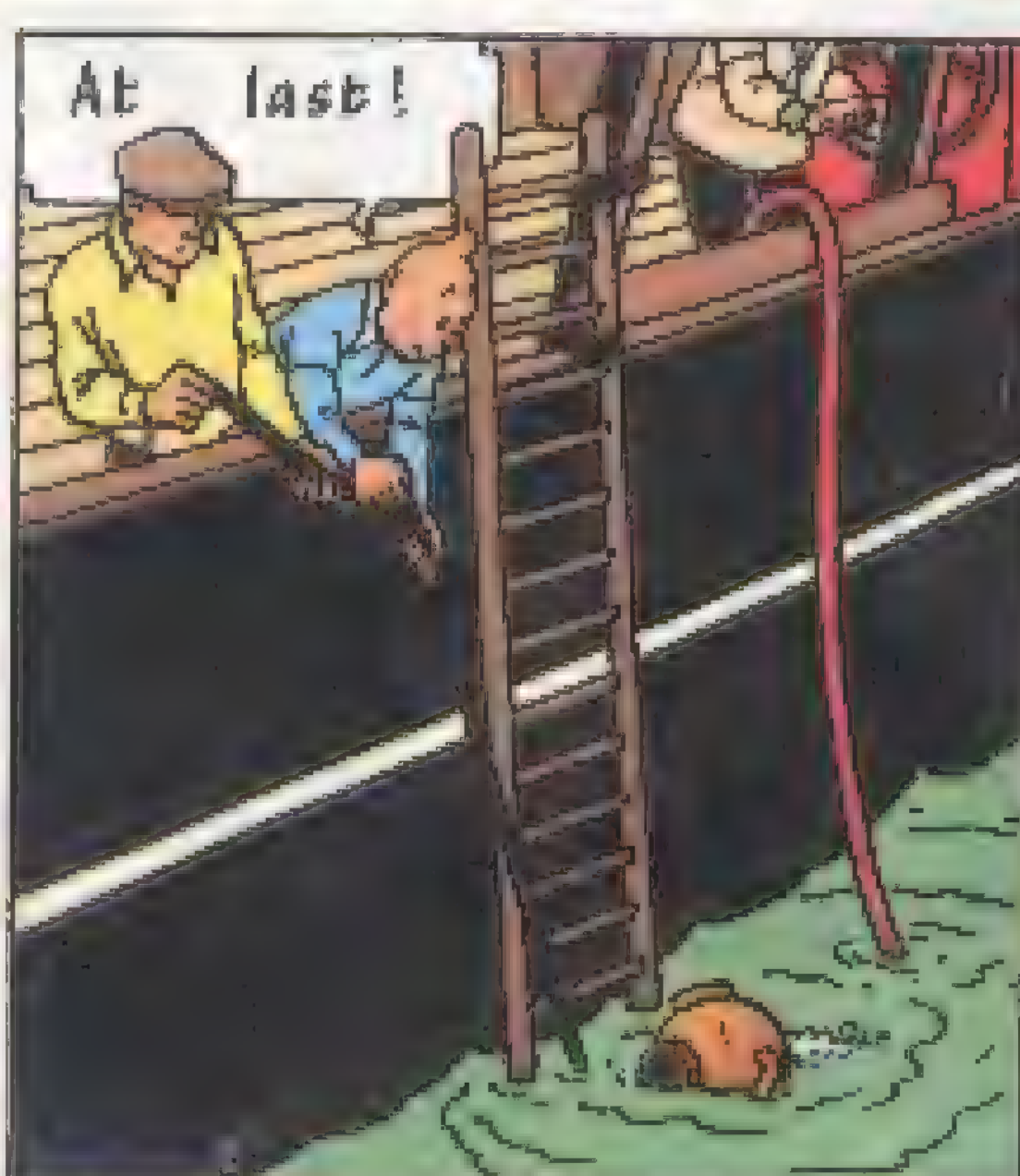
A series of jerks!... The danger signal!...



Hurry! hurry! pull him up! ... Something frightful must have happened!



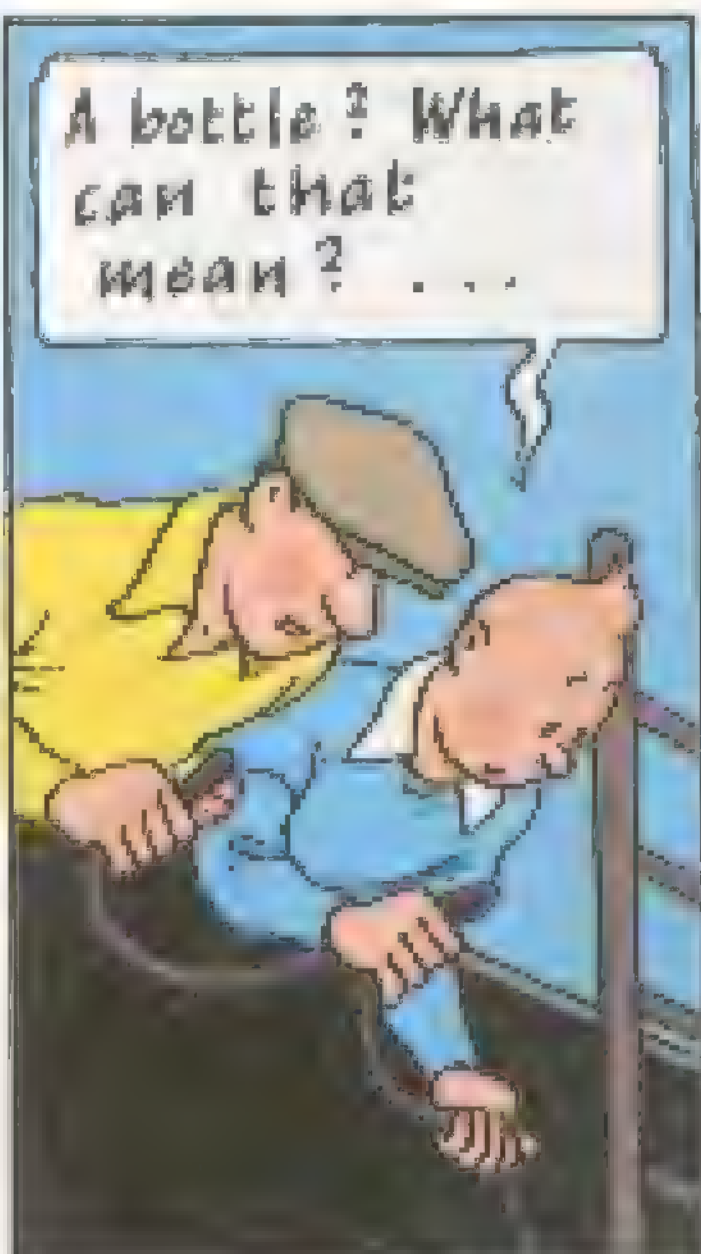
Let's hope that it's not a shark...



At last!







A bottle? What can that mean? ...



A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



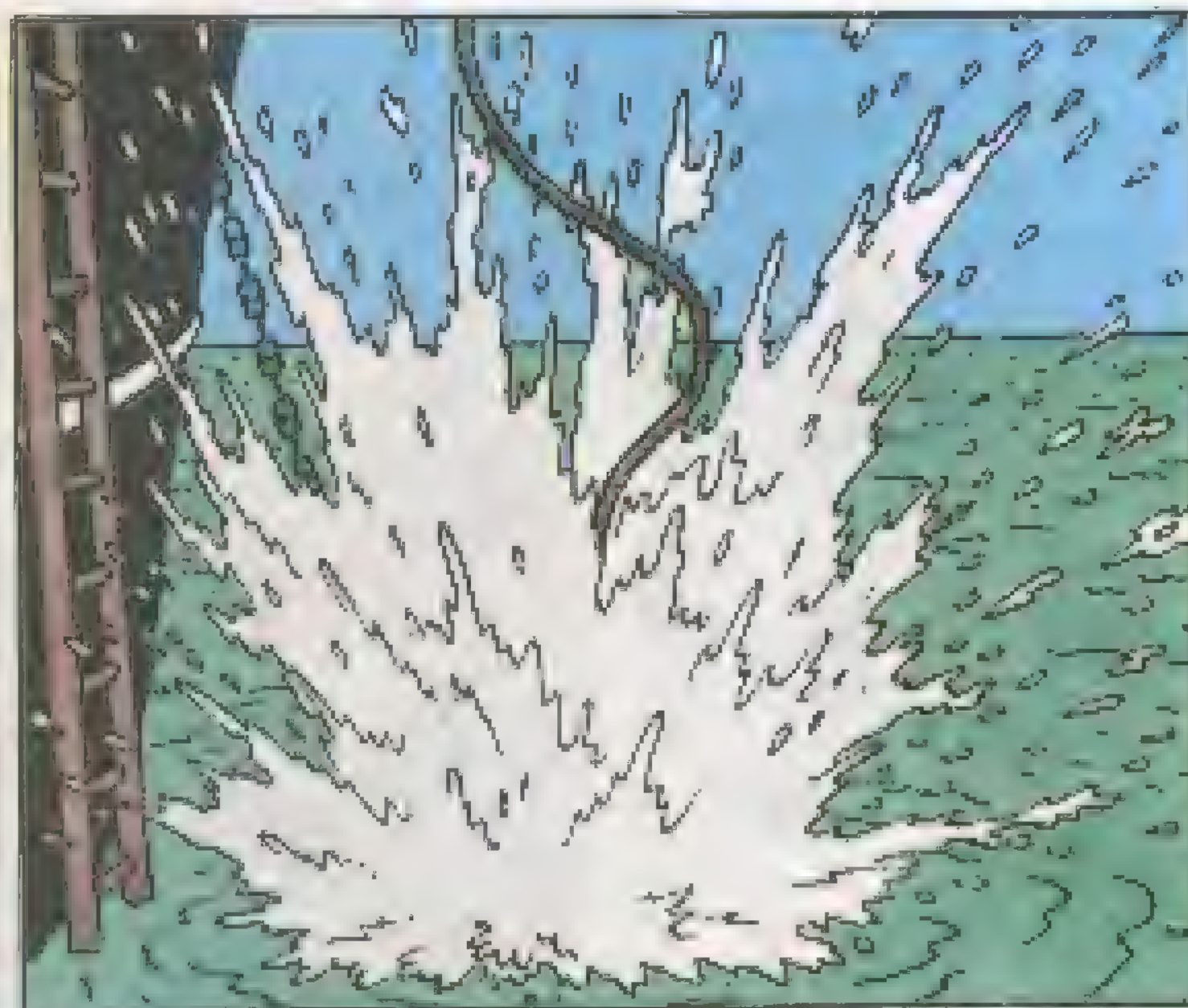
GLUG  
GLUG  
GLUG



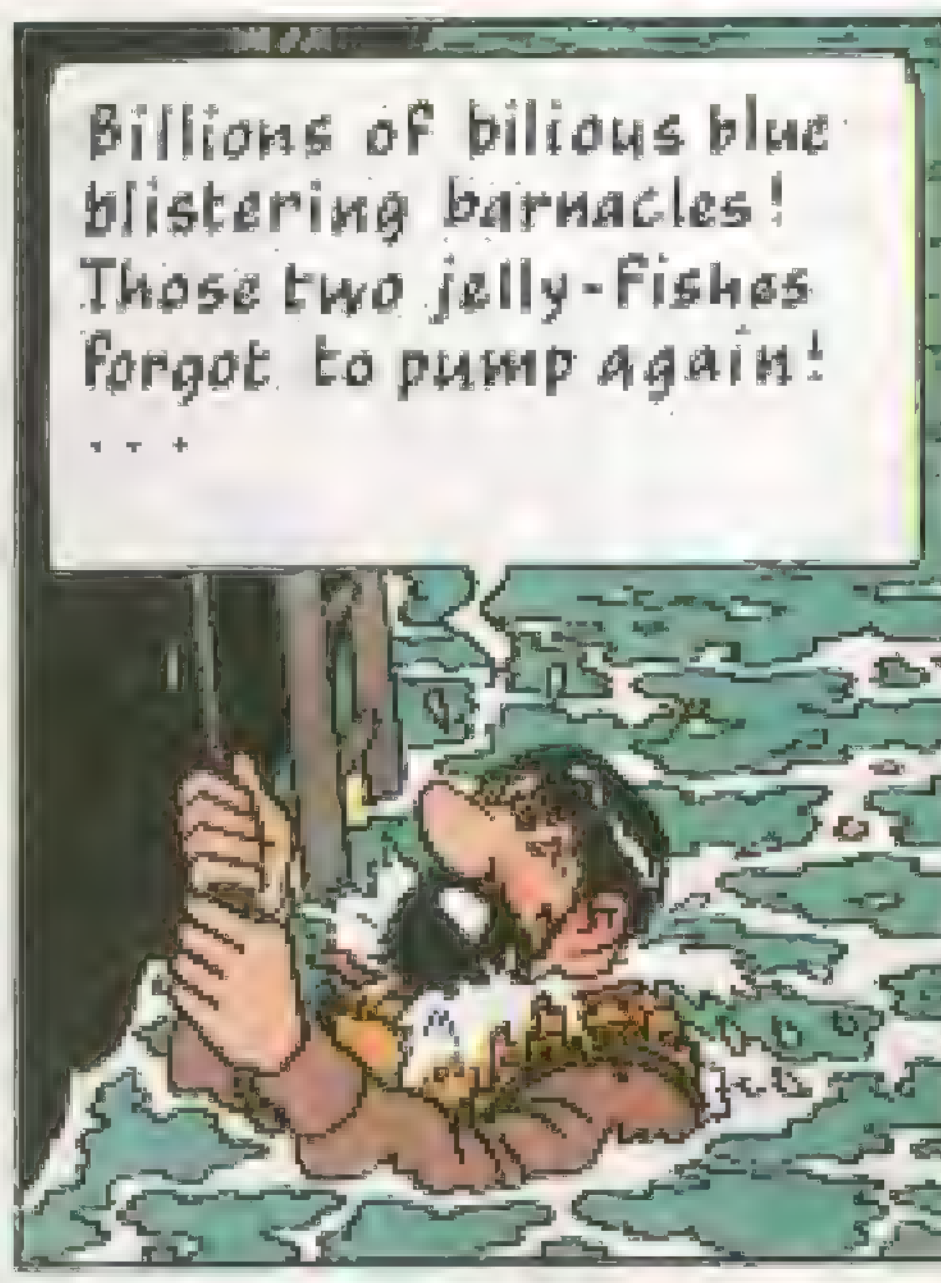
GLUG  
GLUG  
GLUG



Mm! ... It's wonderful! ... It's absolutely w-w-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it! ... Yes, yes, that's f-f-for you! ... I'm g-g-going st-st-straight back to g-get a-a-a-another f-for m-myself...



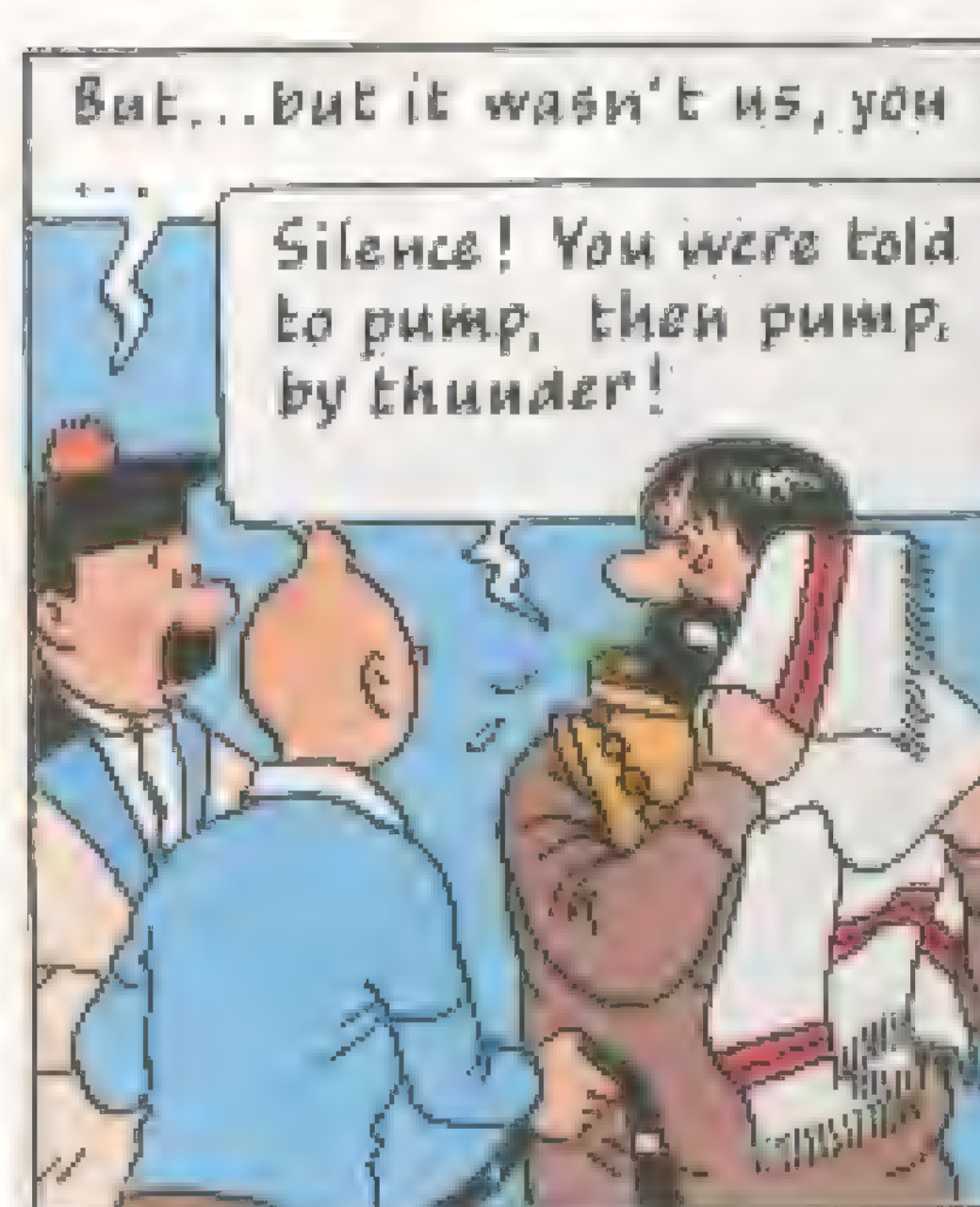
That beats everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Those two jelly-fishes forgot to pump again! ...



Sea-gherkins! ... Freshwater swabs! ... Ectoplasms! ... Bashi-bazouks! ...



But...but it wasn't us, you ...

Silence! You were told to pump, then pump, by thunder!

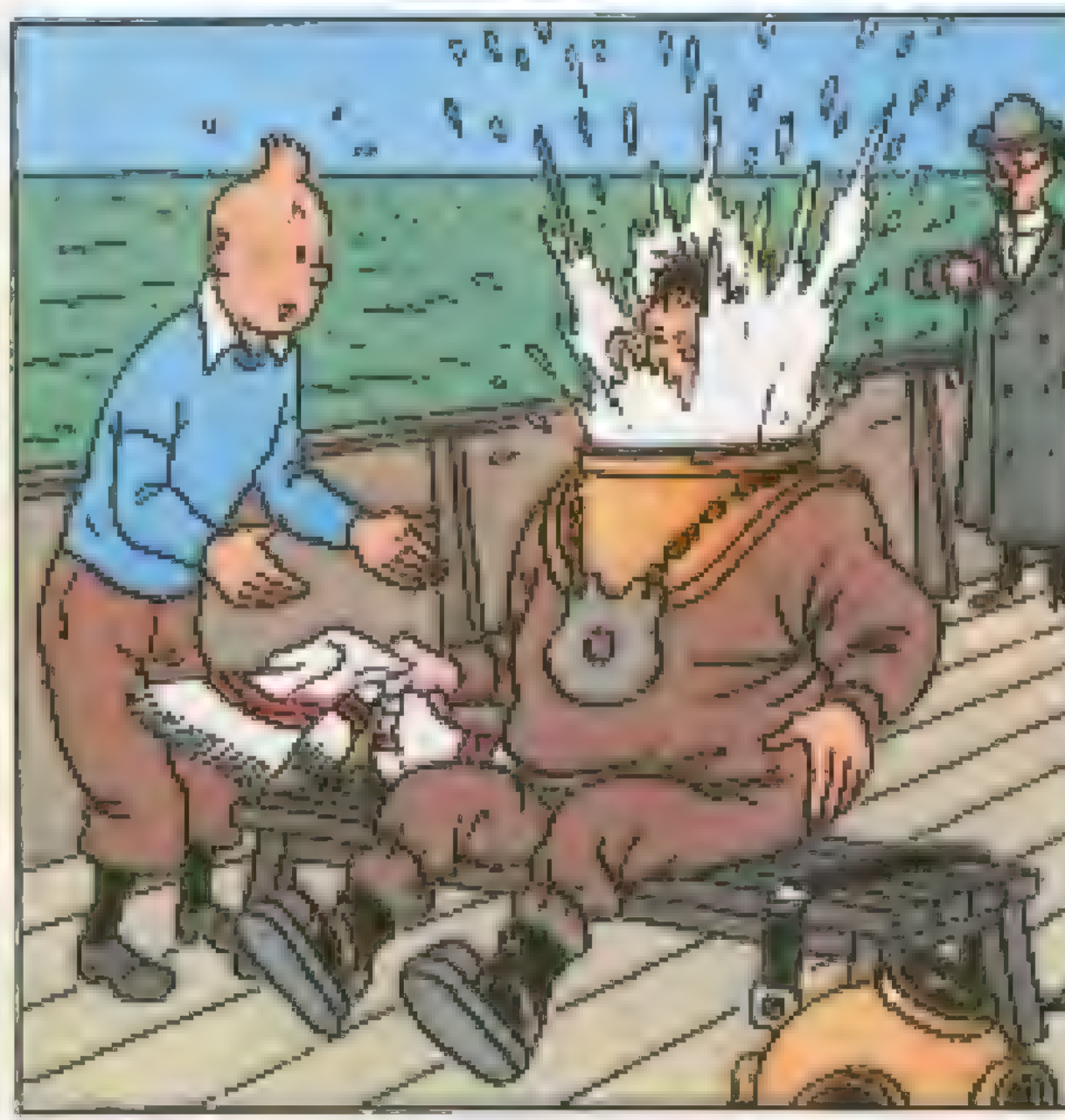


It's no use drying yourself, Captain. You must empty your suit first ... Take it off now.

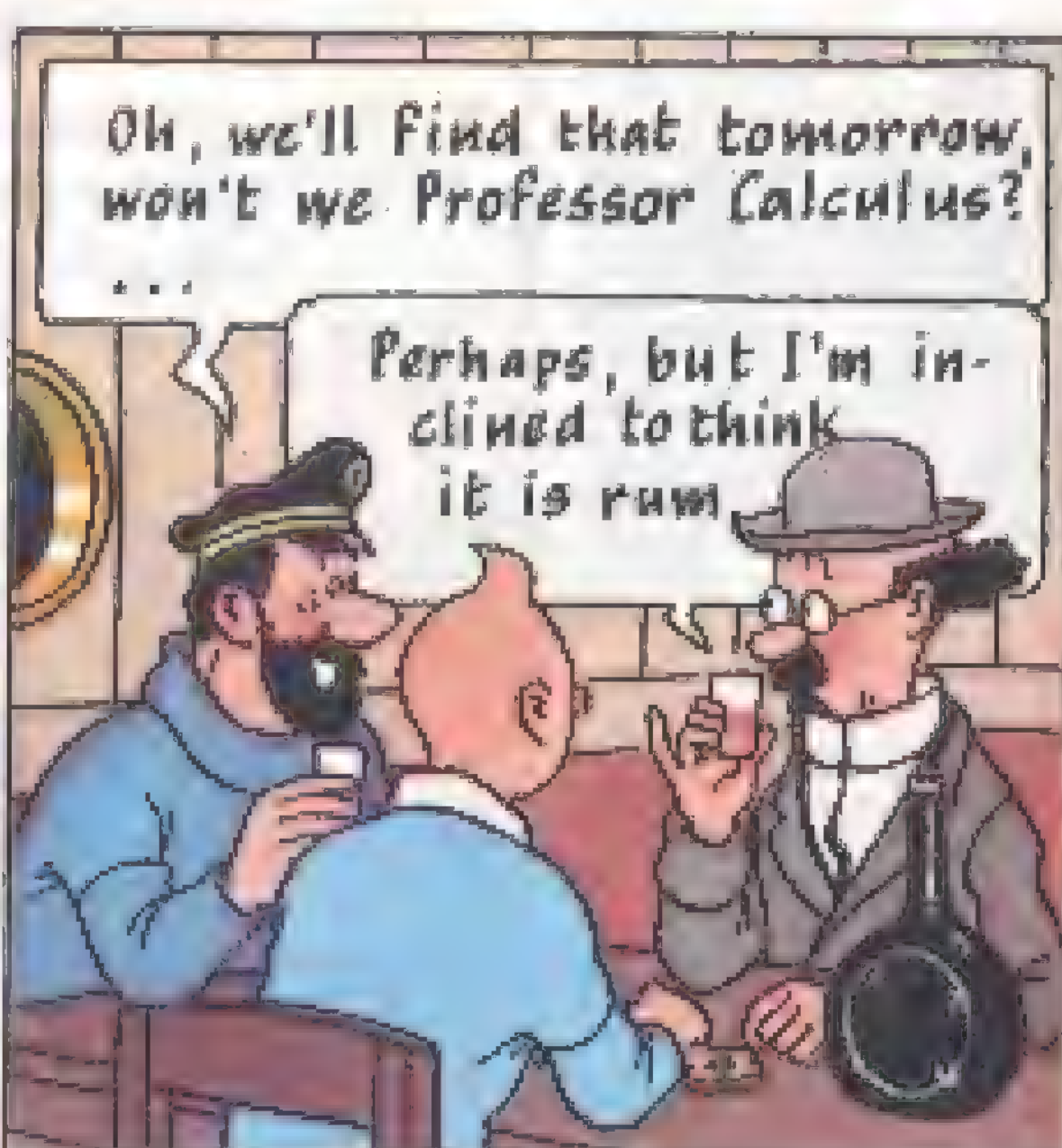
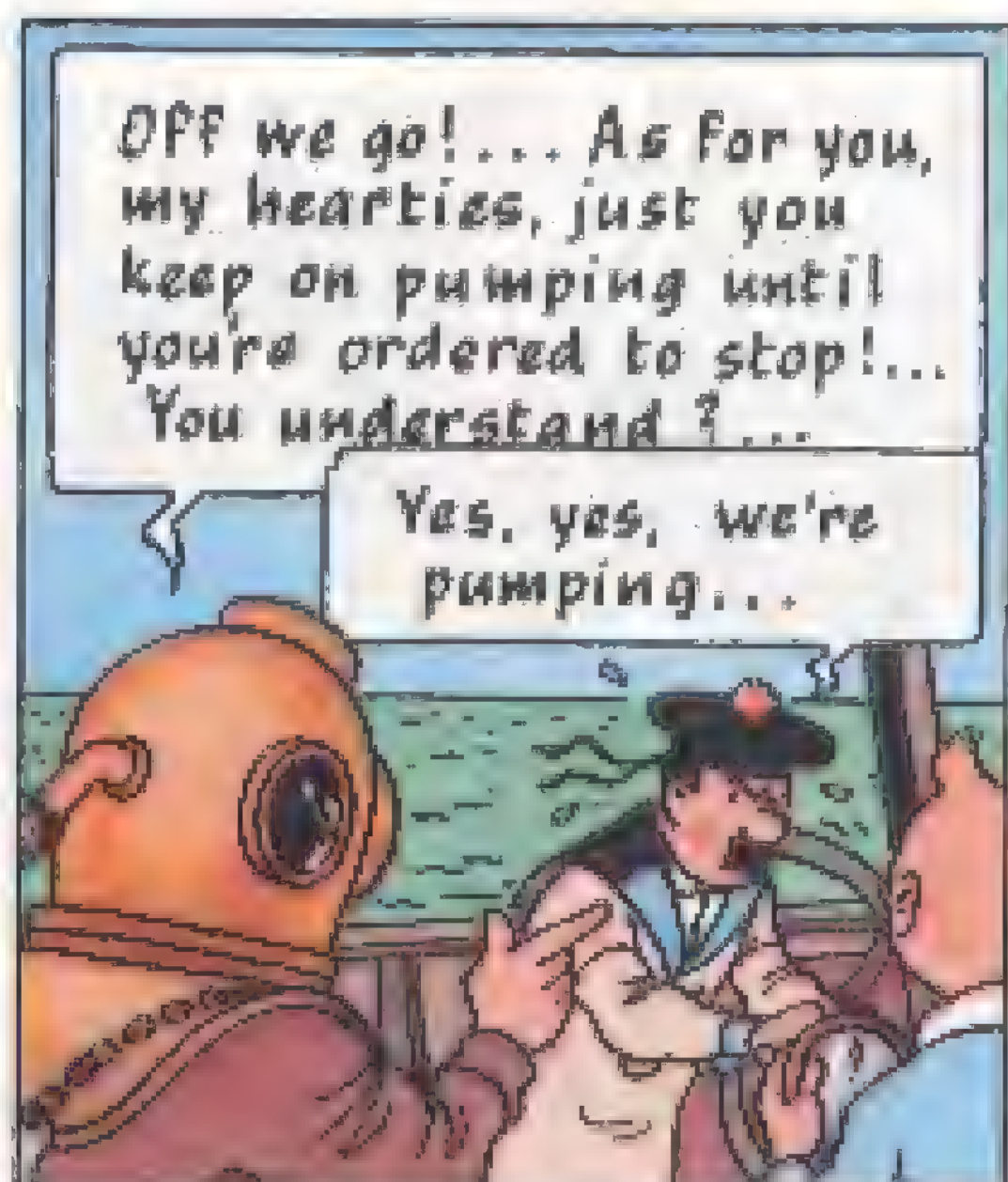
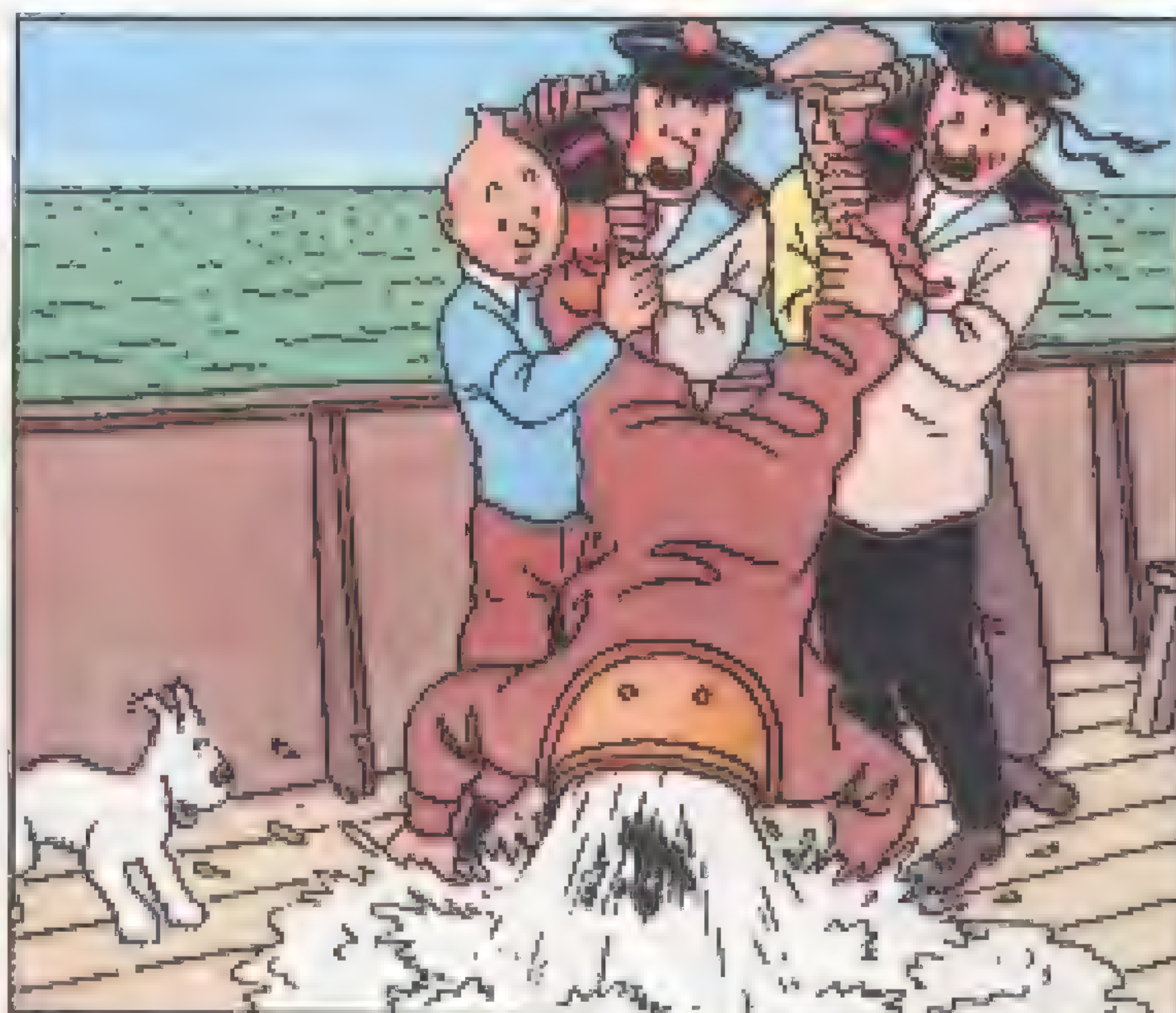
Take it off? ... Never! ... Never! ...



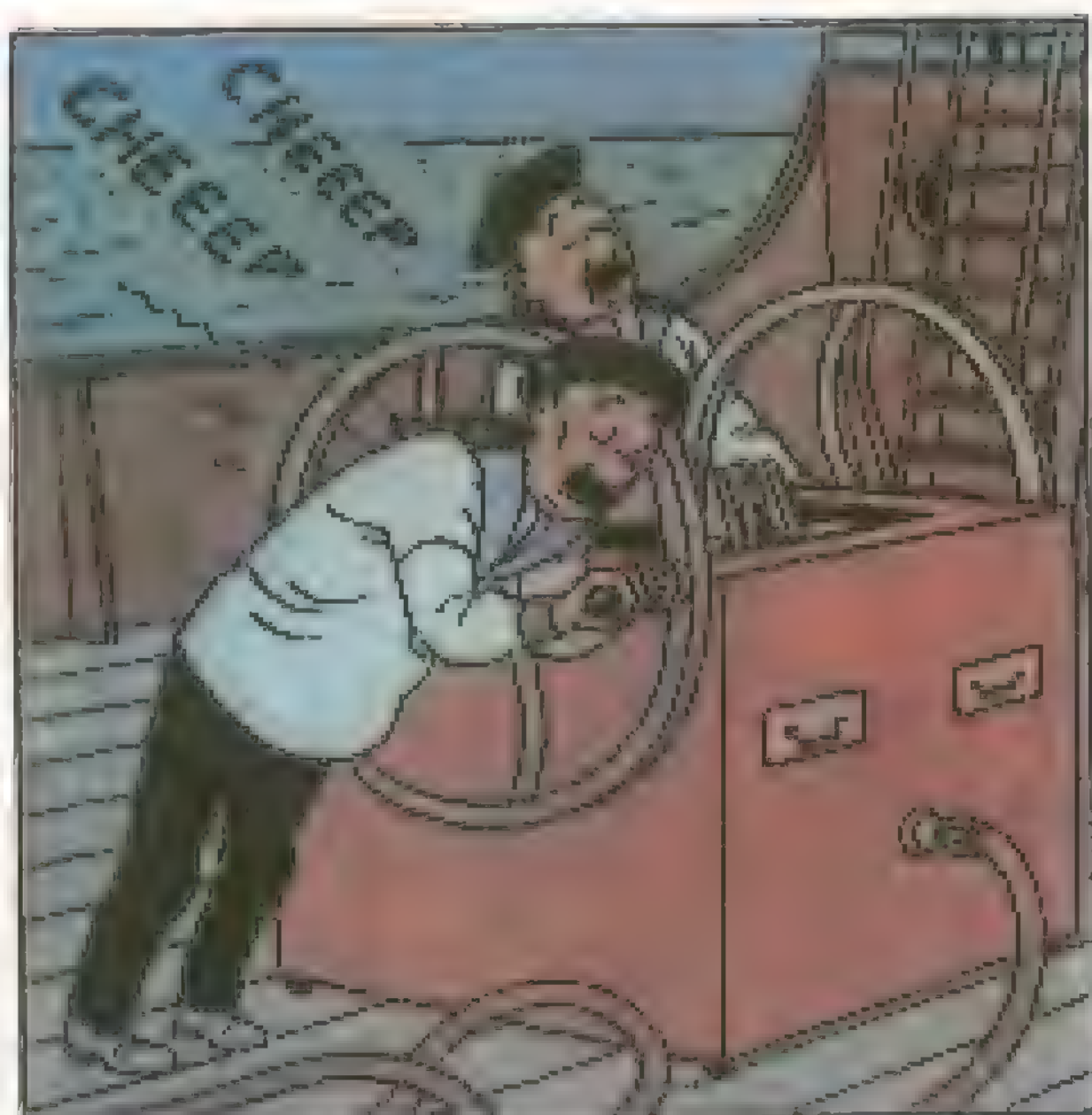
I'll rest a minute, and go down again











What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

To be precise: we're pump- ing.

OFF to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!

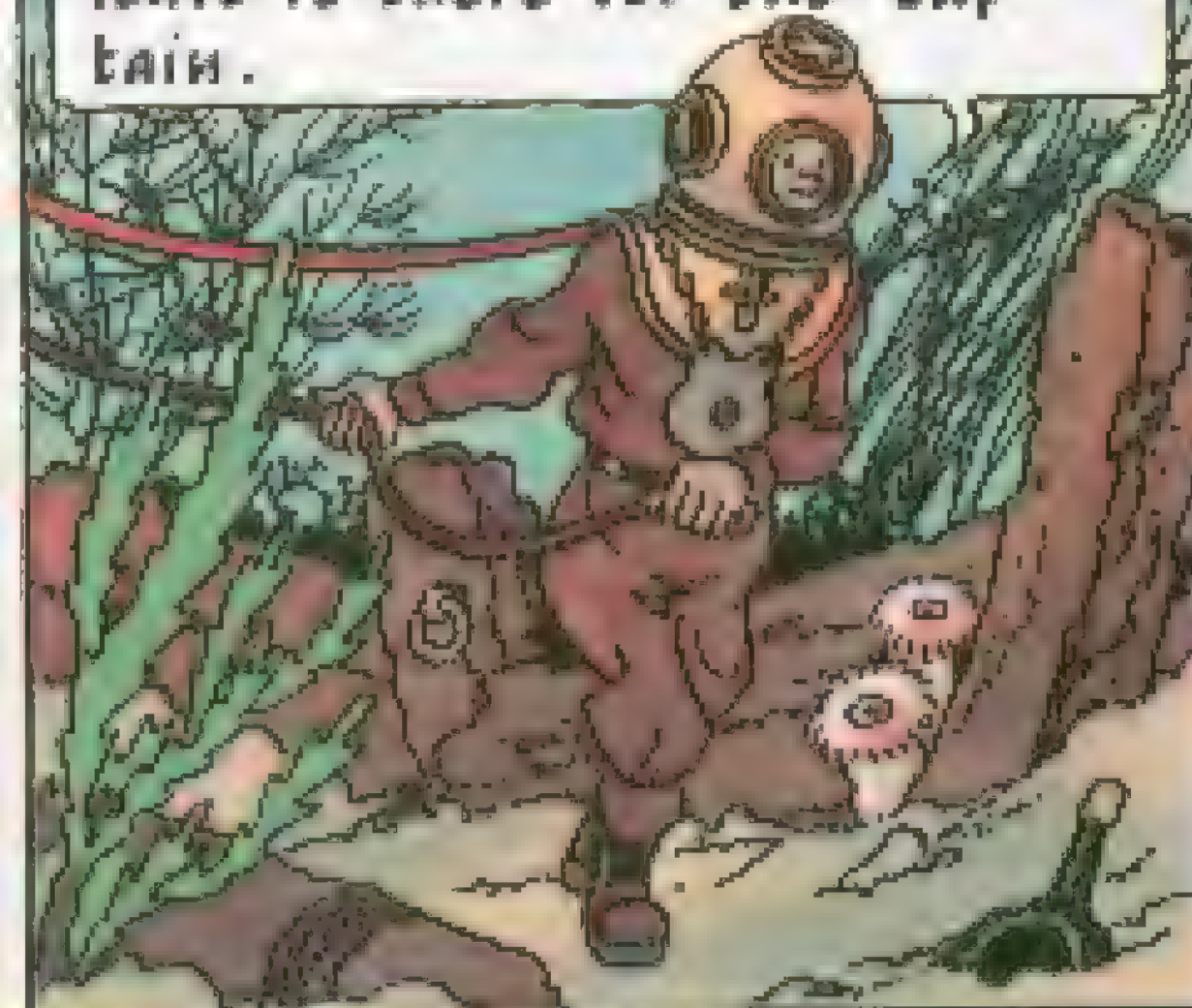


*The next morning...*

Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



Another bottle of rum!... I'll leave it there for the Cap- tain.



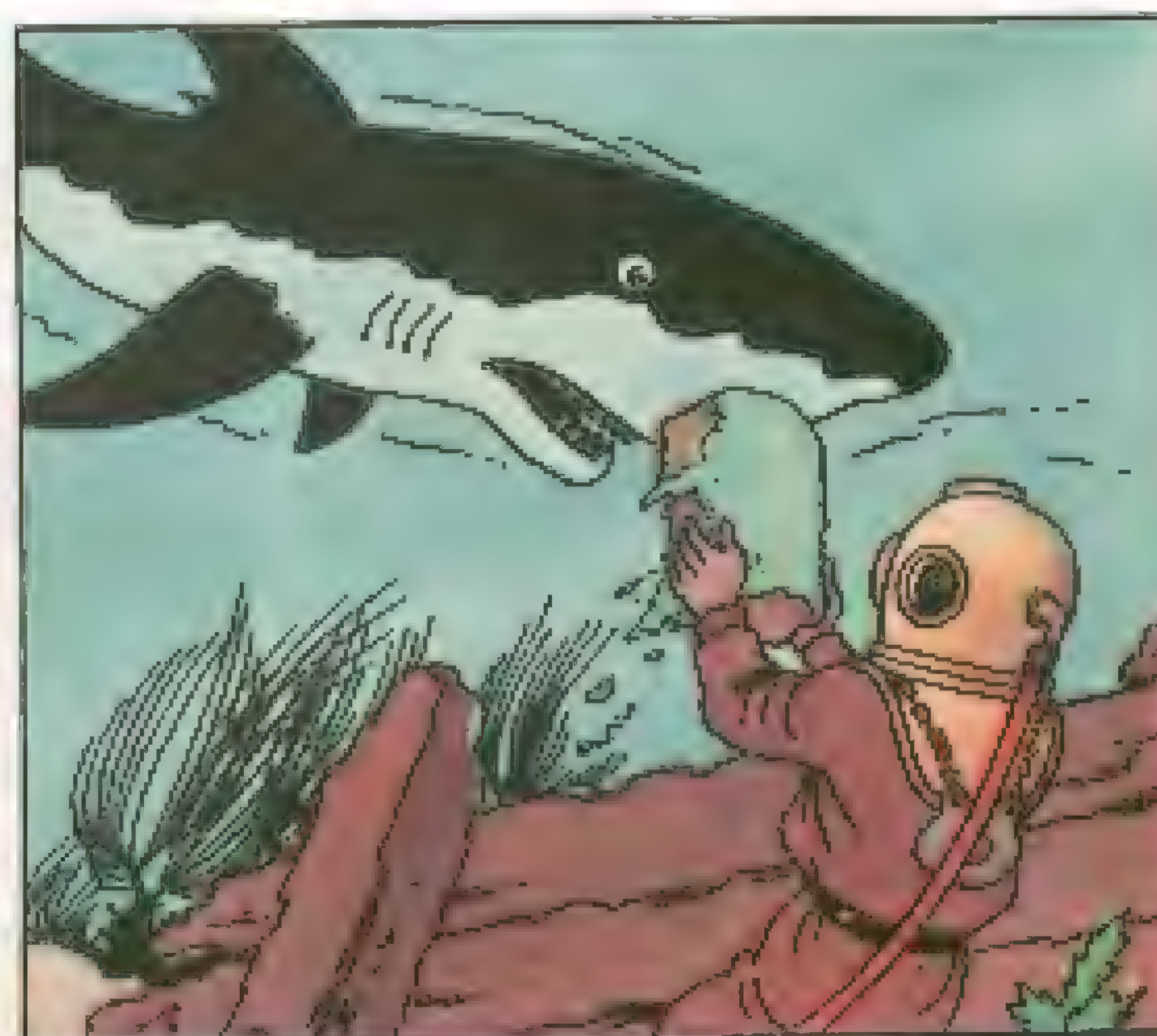
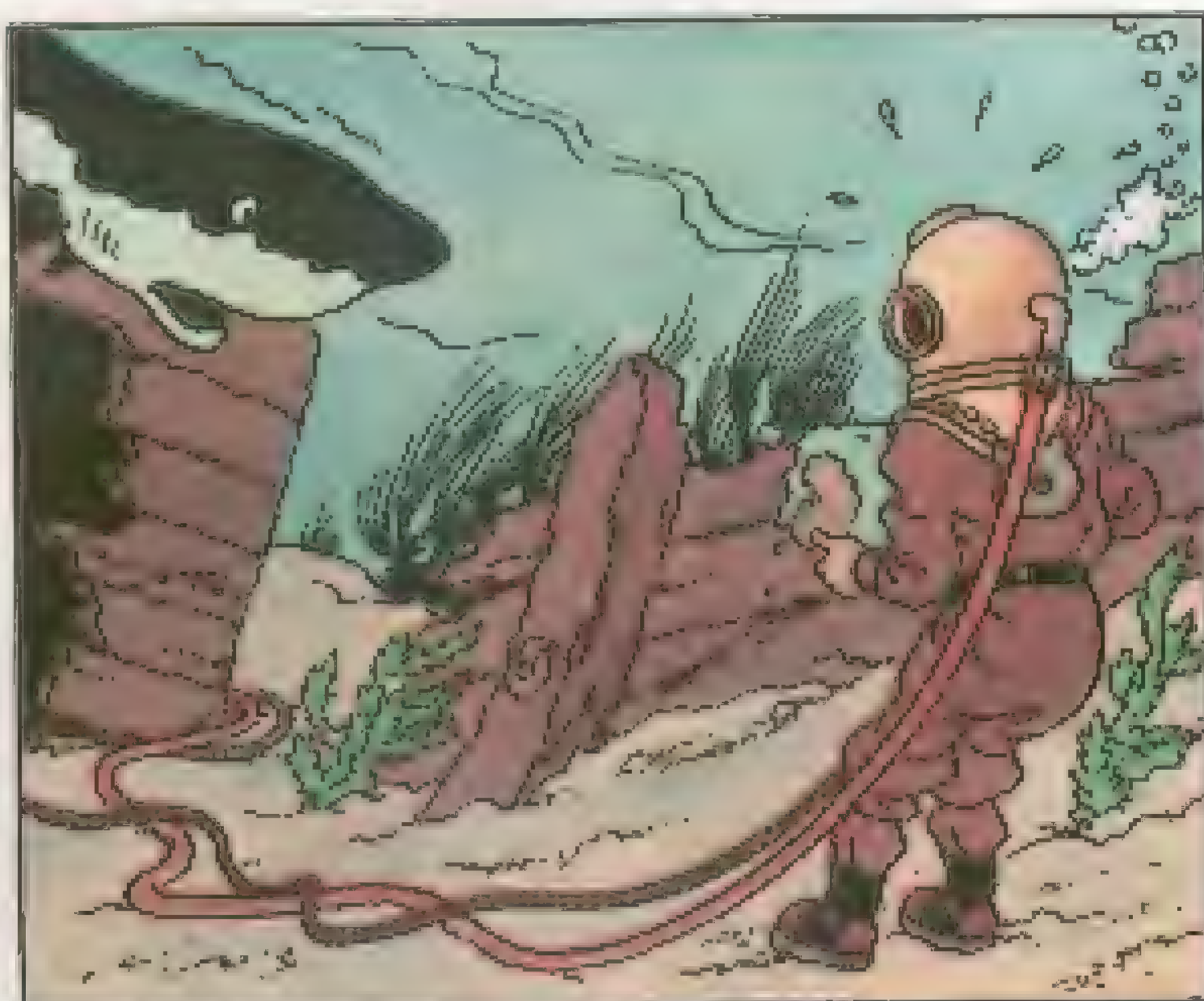
Hello, I wonder what we've got here?



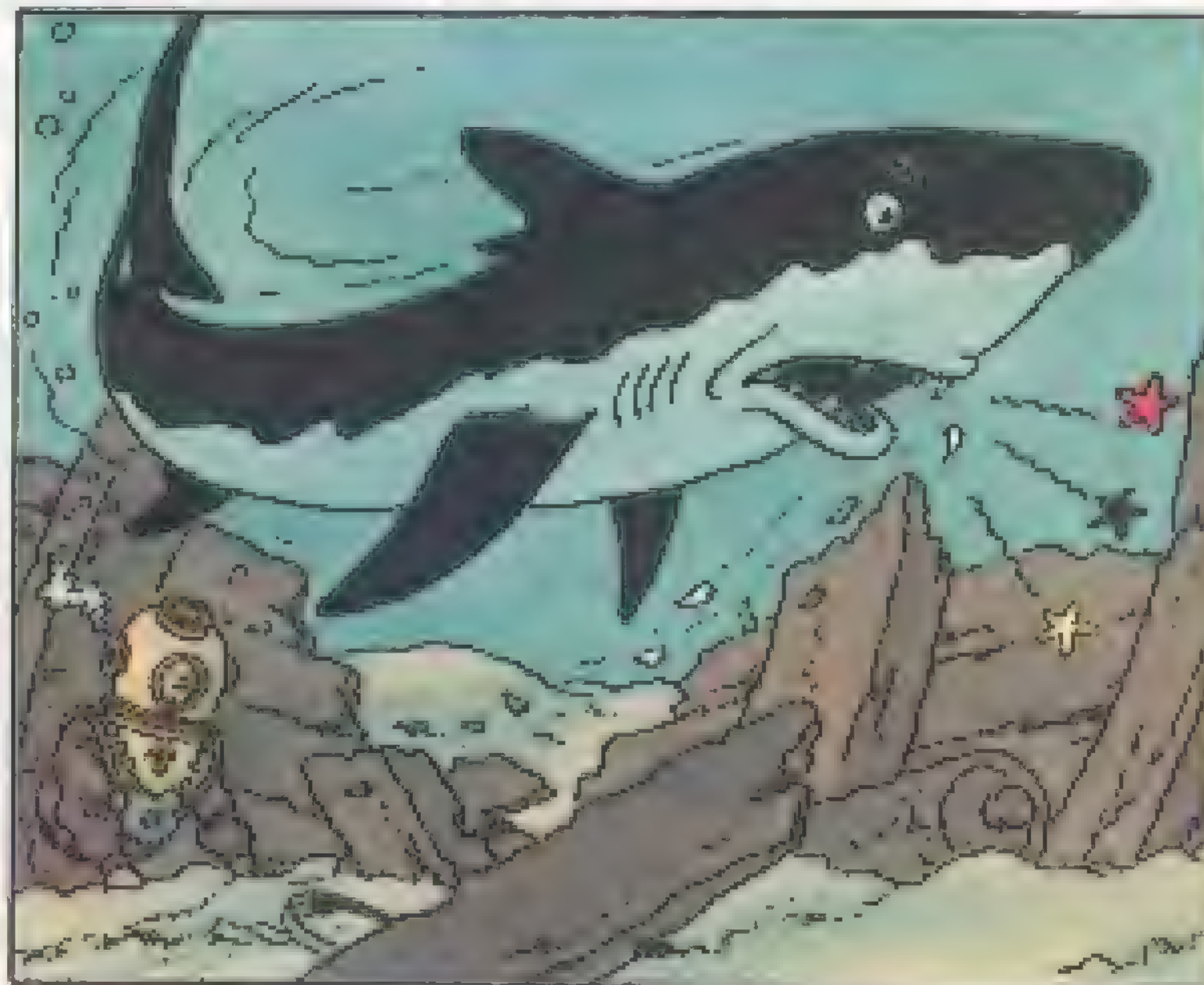
A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rack- ham's treasure?



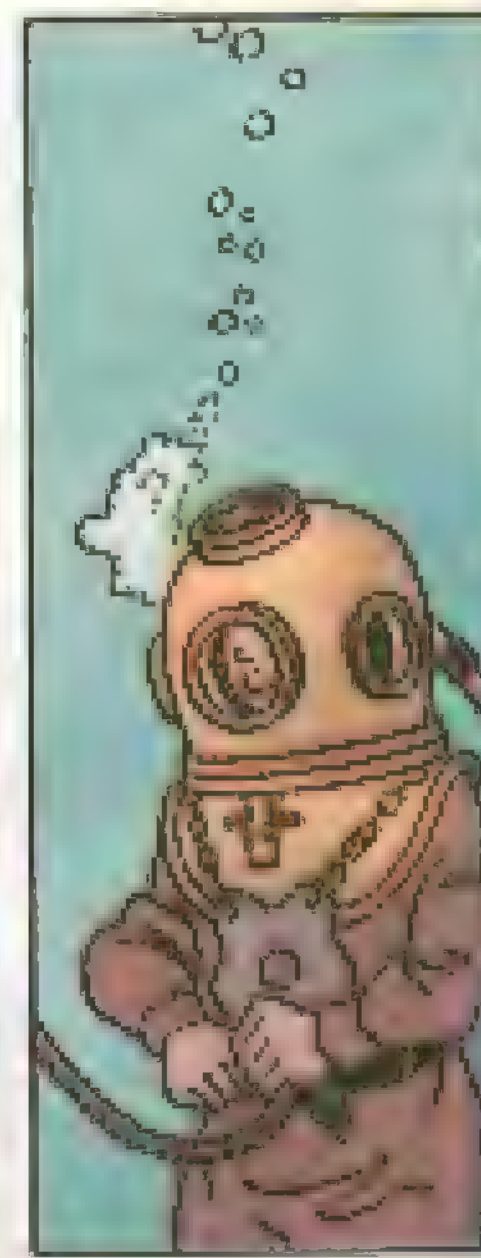
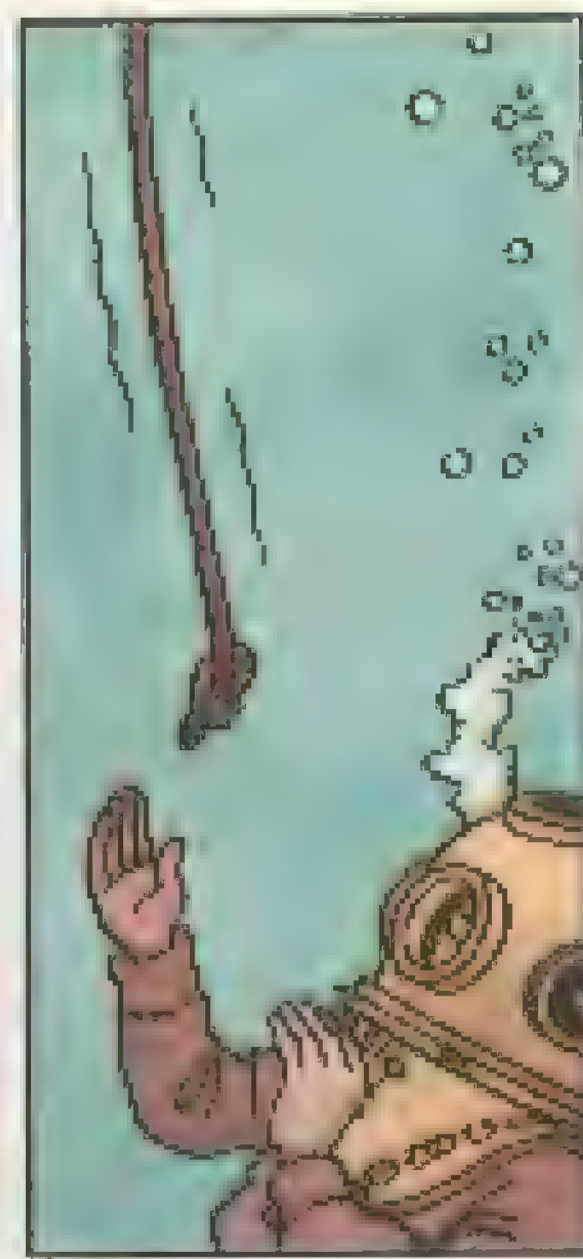
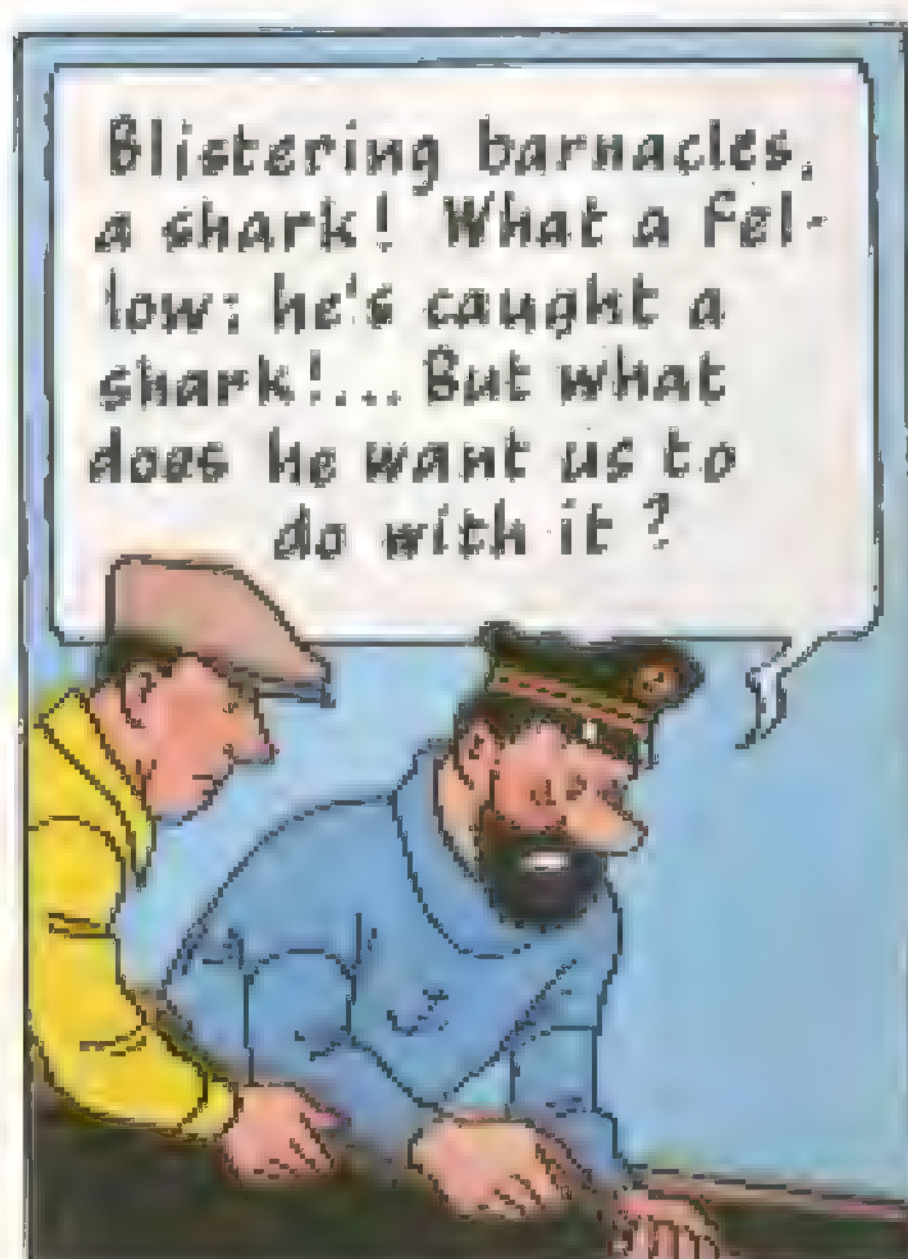
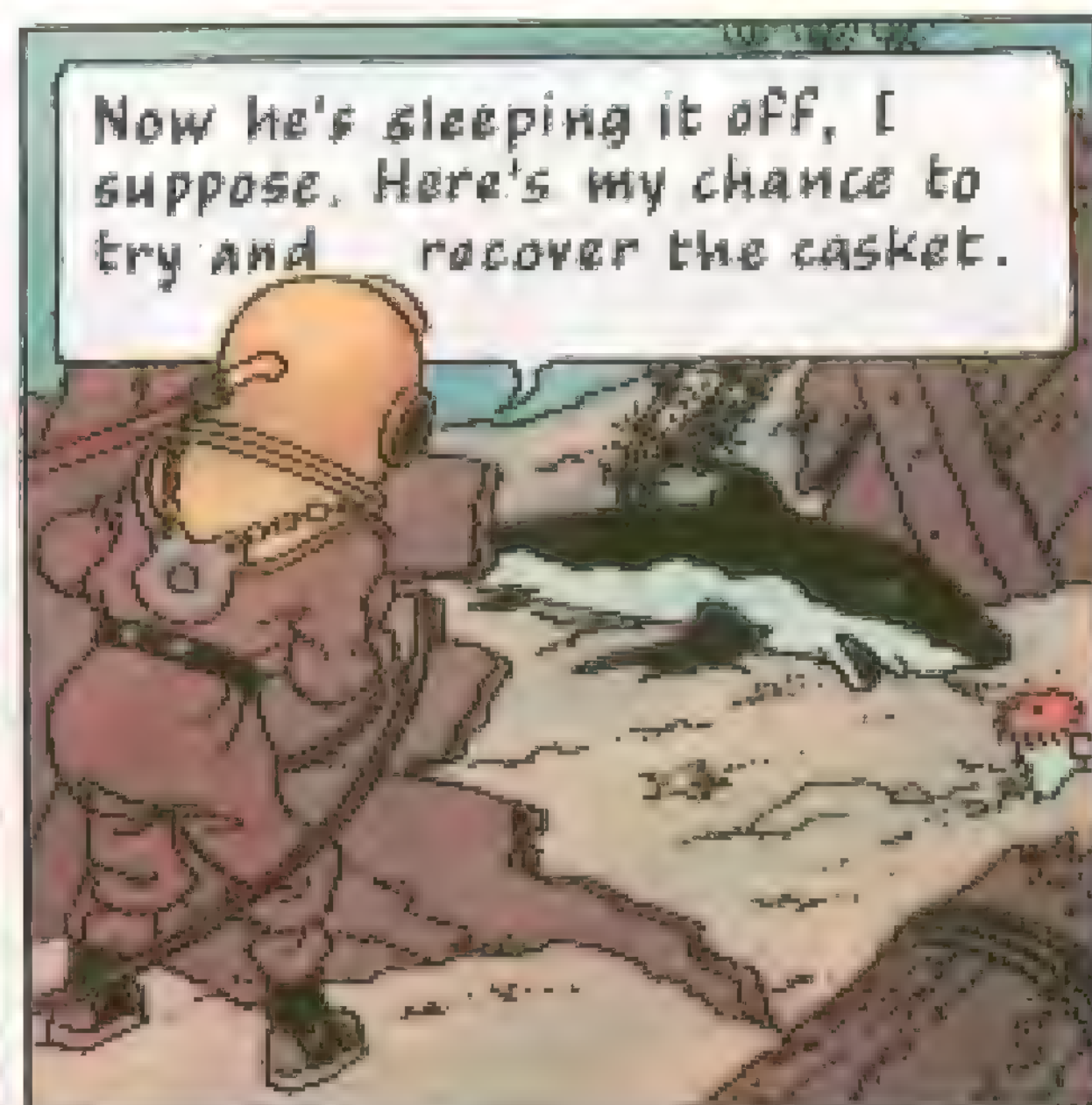
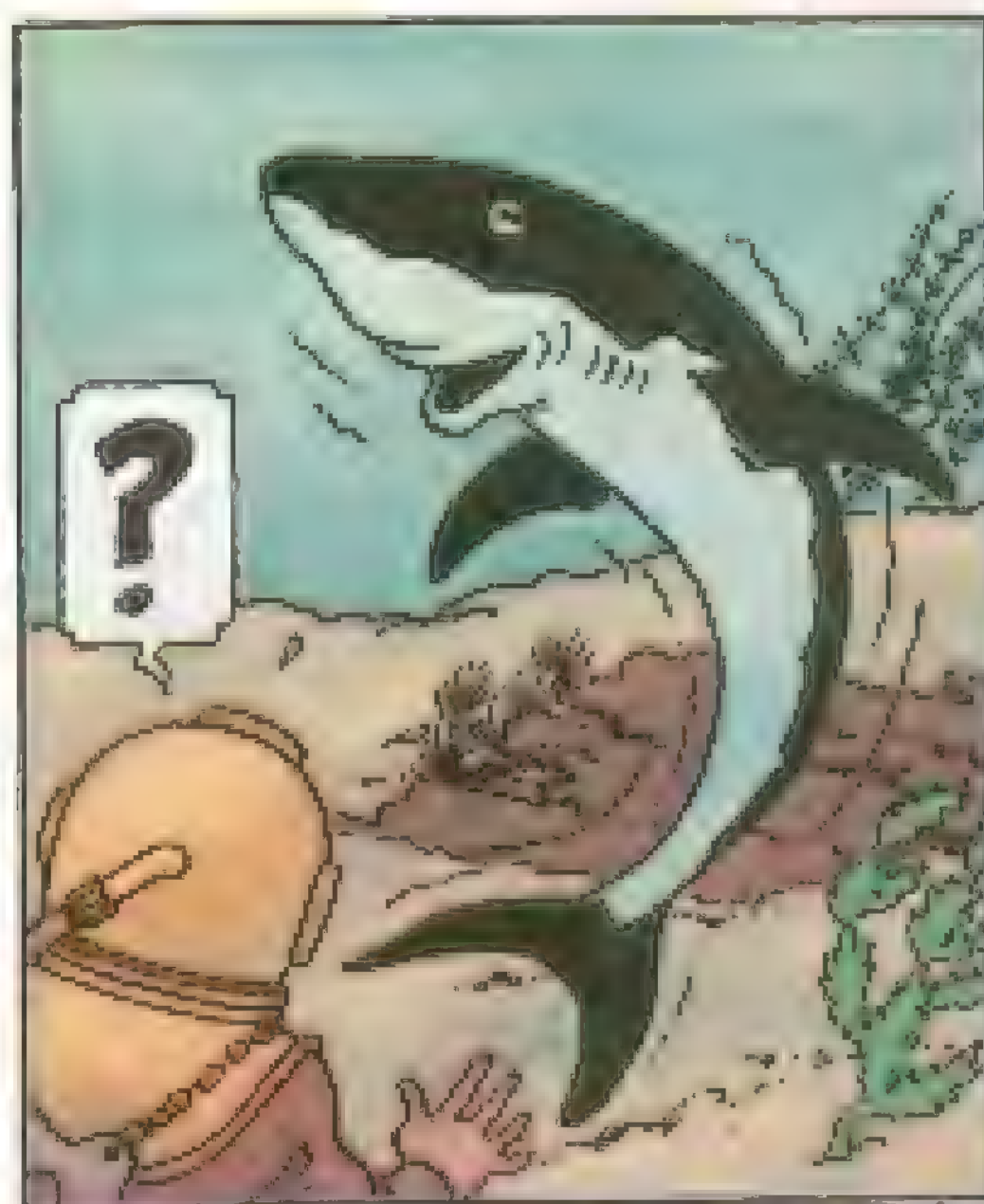
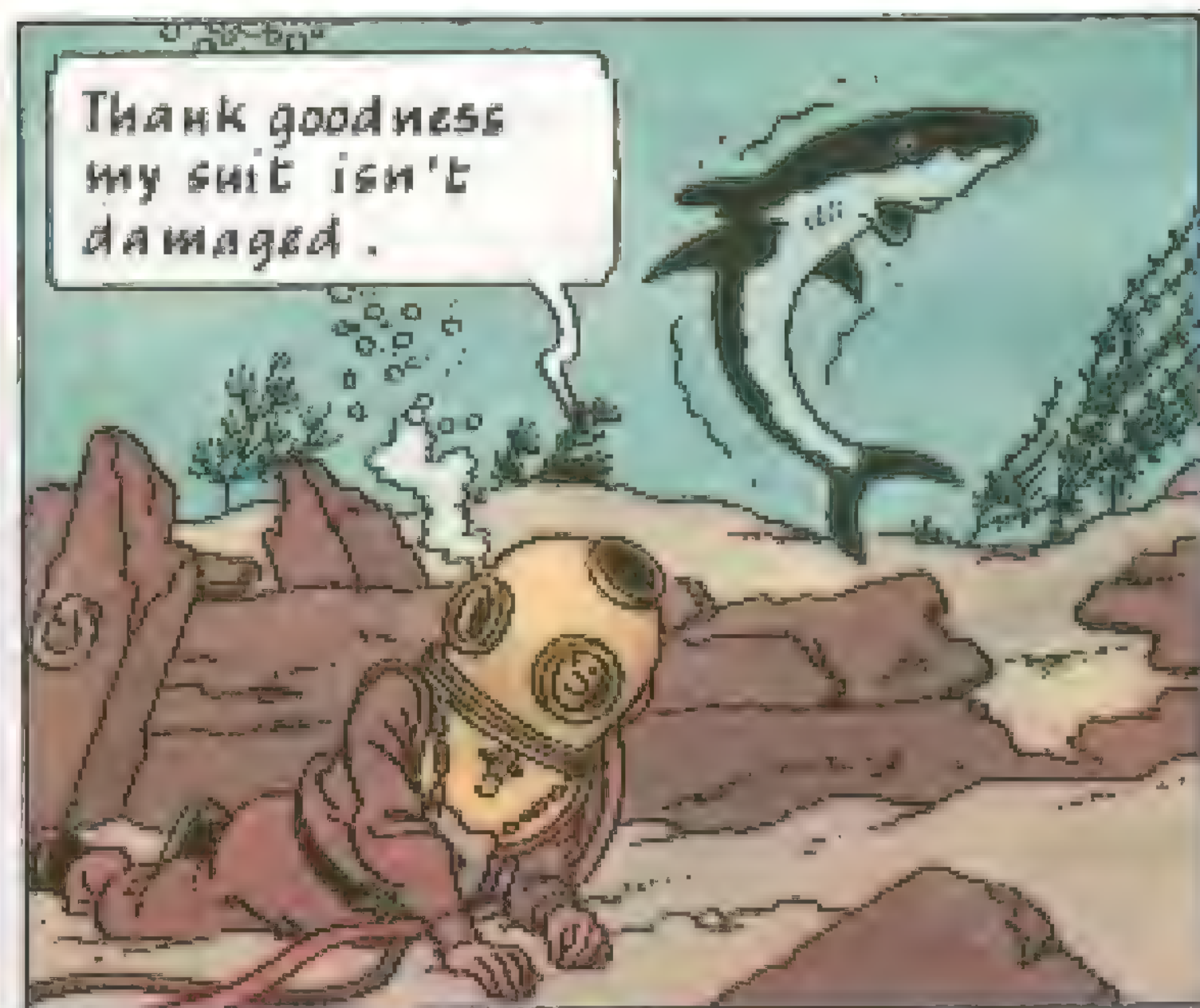
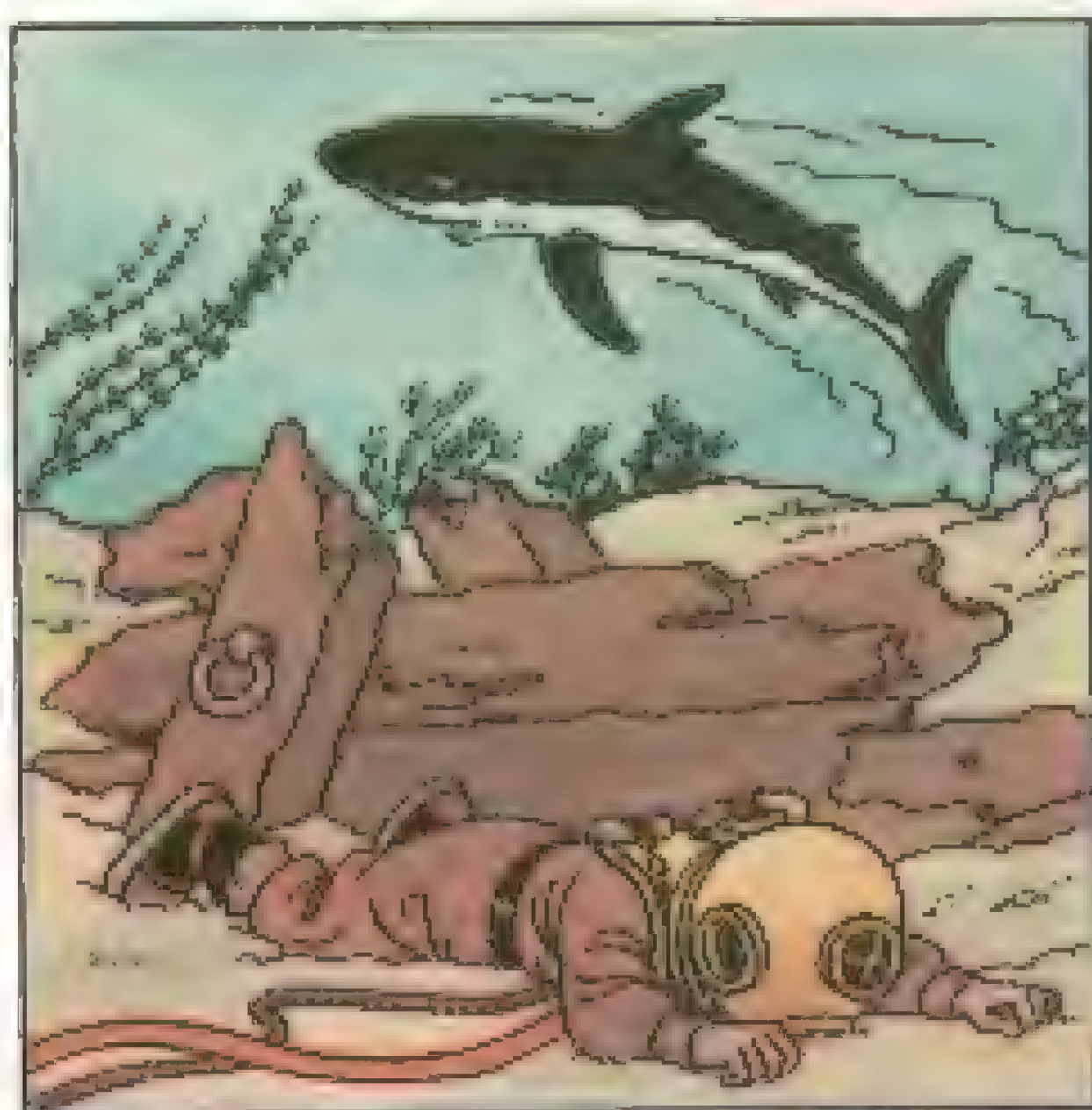
I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!











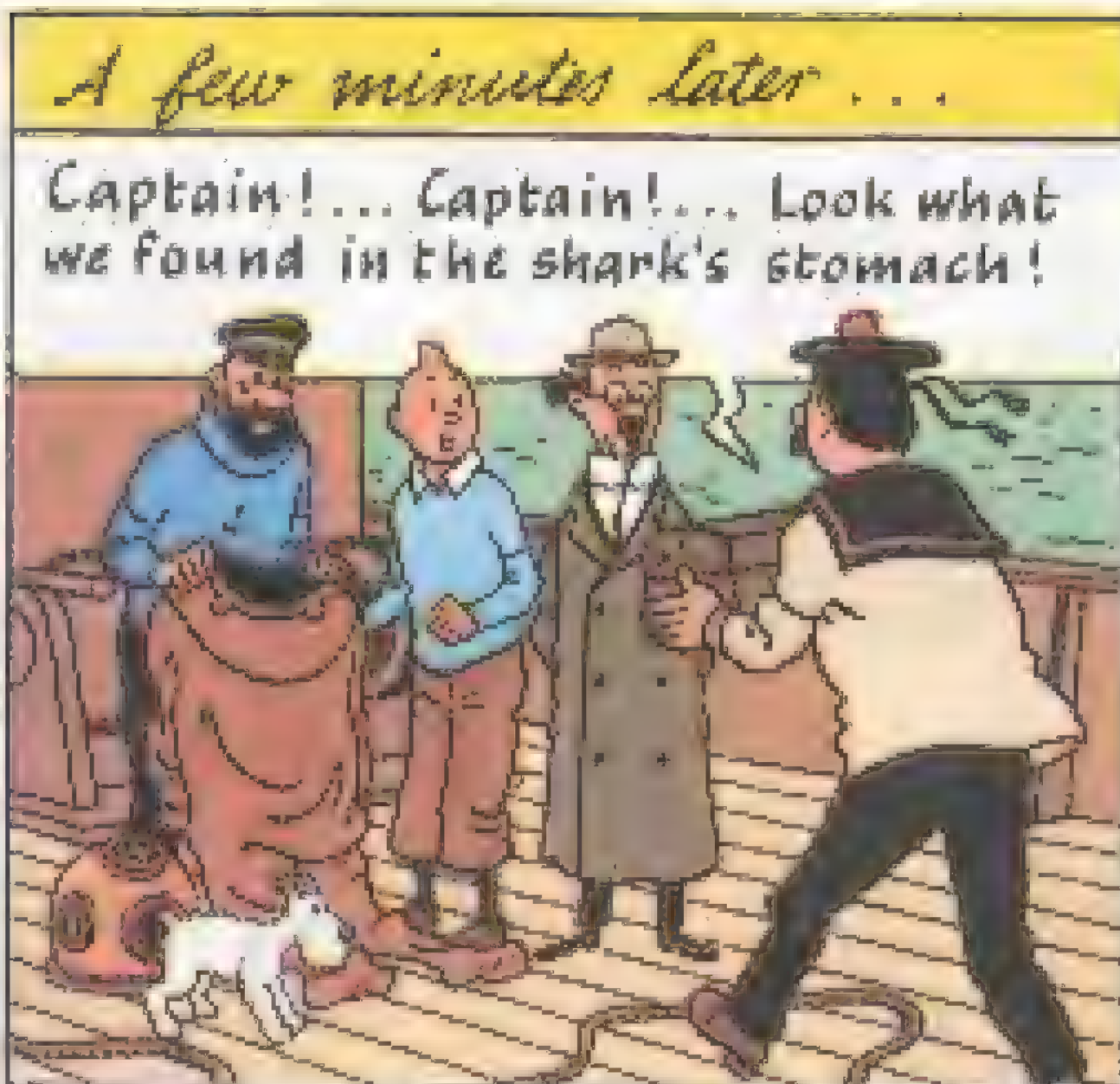




Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke? ... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...



*A few minutes later...*

Captain! ... Captain! ... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!



A casket! ... A casket! ... Red Rackham's treasure! ... Red Rackham's treasure! ... Here it is at last!



Quick, into my cabin!



Hm! ... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.



It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.



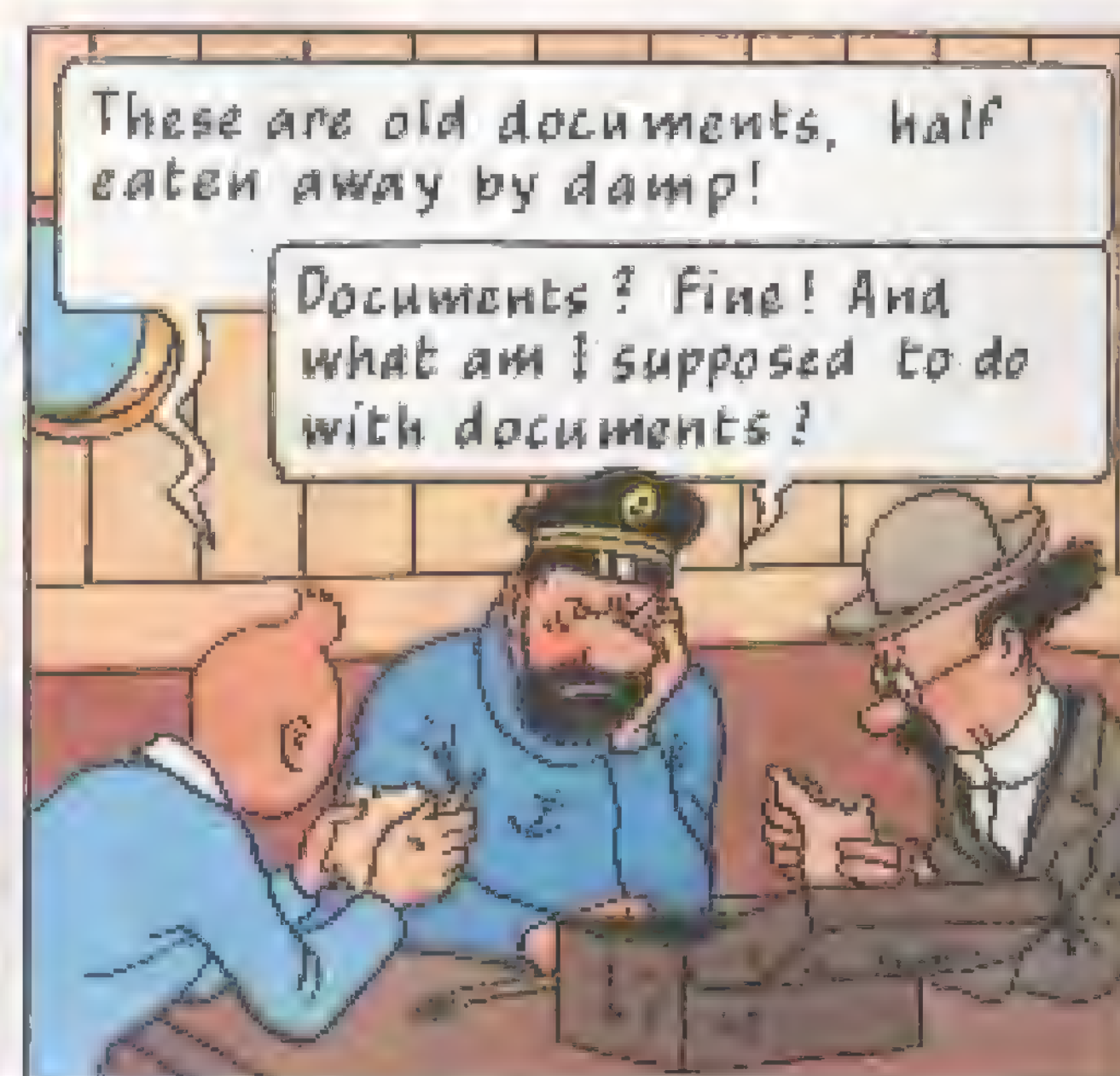
Go on! Go on: don't worry, we're holding it...



Got it! ...



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! ... It's not the treasure!



These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?



Come now, Captain, don't lose heart! ... We'll continue our search.

What's the use!





That's it!... I've got it!



These are old documents!... Definitely!... Old documents!



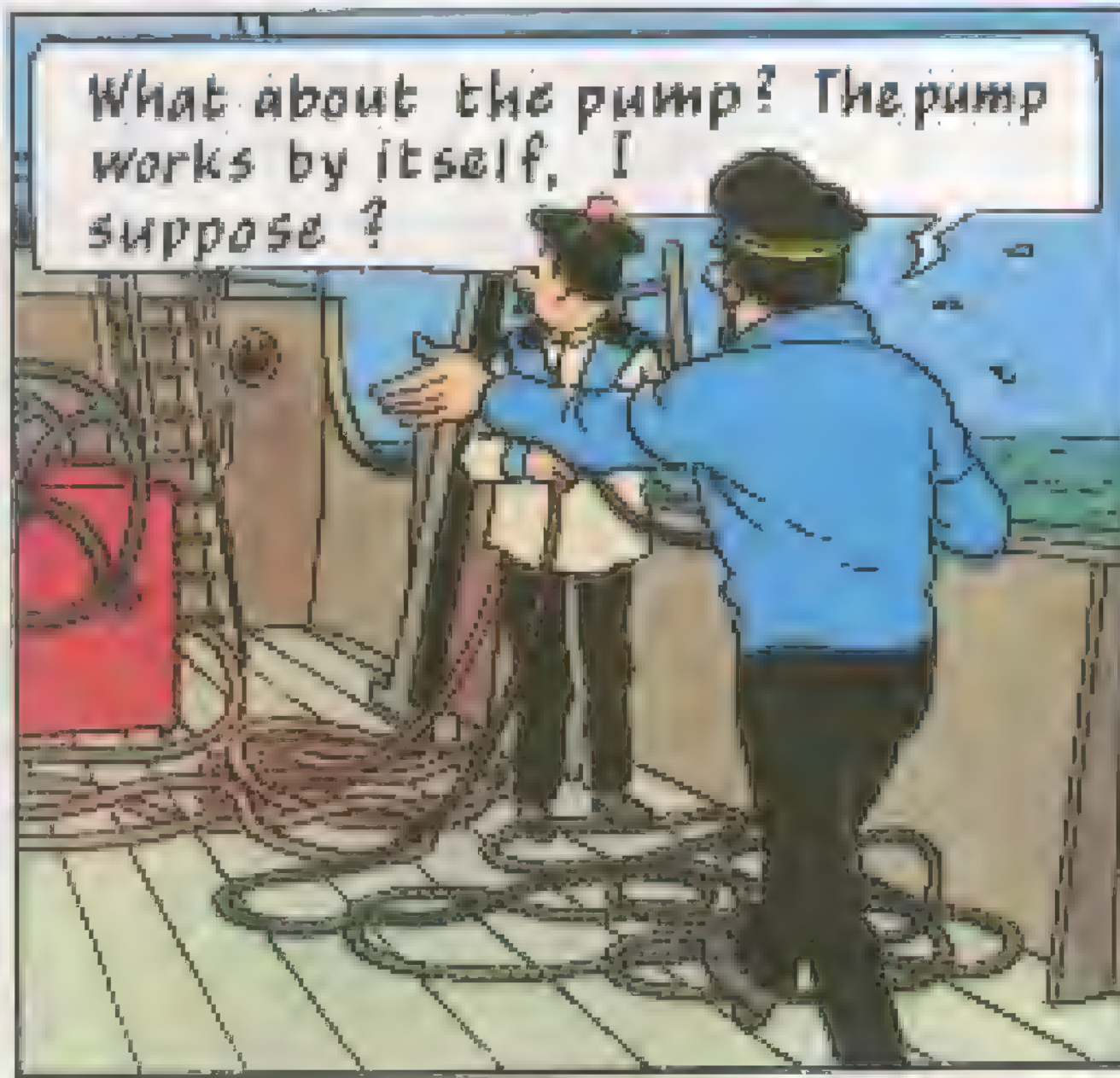
That chap will drive me crazy!



And you there! Thundering typhoons, what are you doing?



Me? ... You can see - I'm helping my colleague to go down ... Oh, don't worry. I've watched carefully how you do it ...



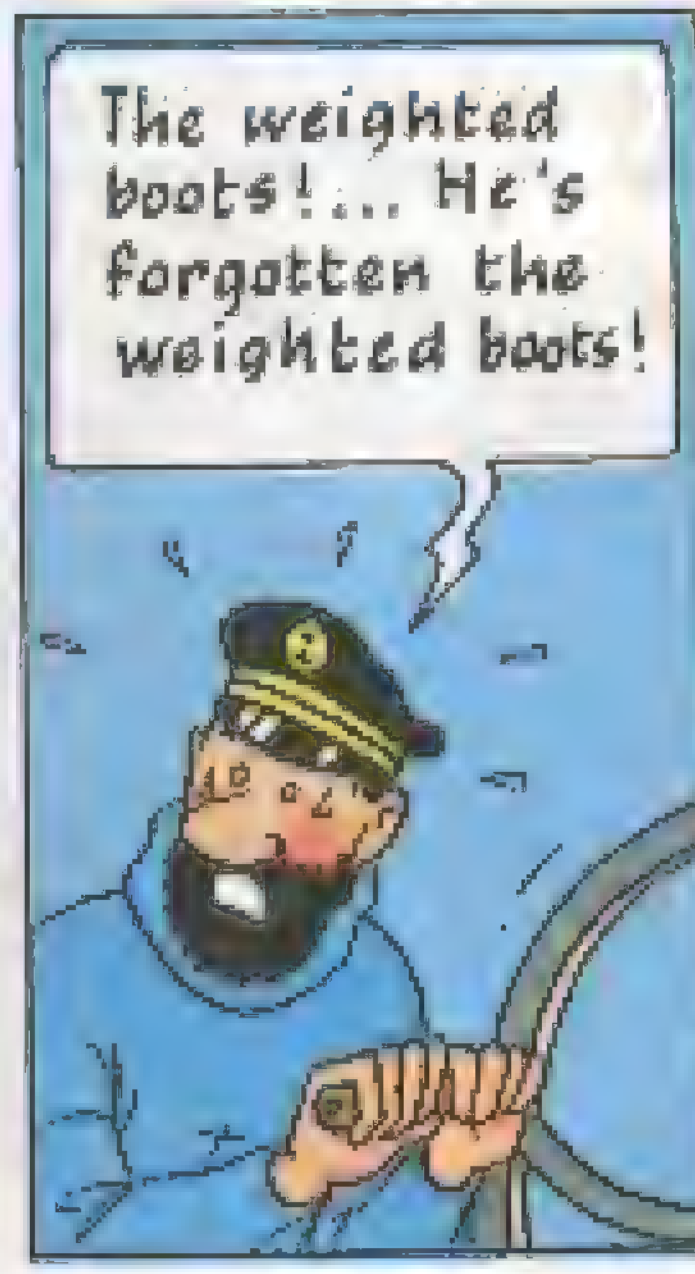
What about the pump? The pump works by itself, I suppose?



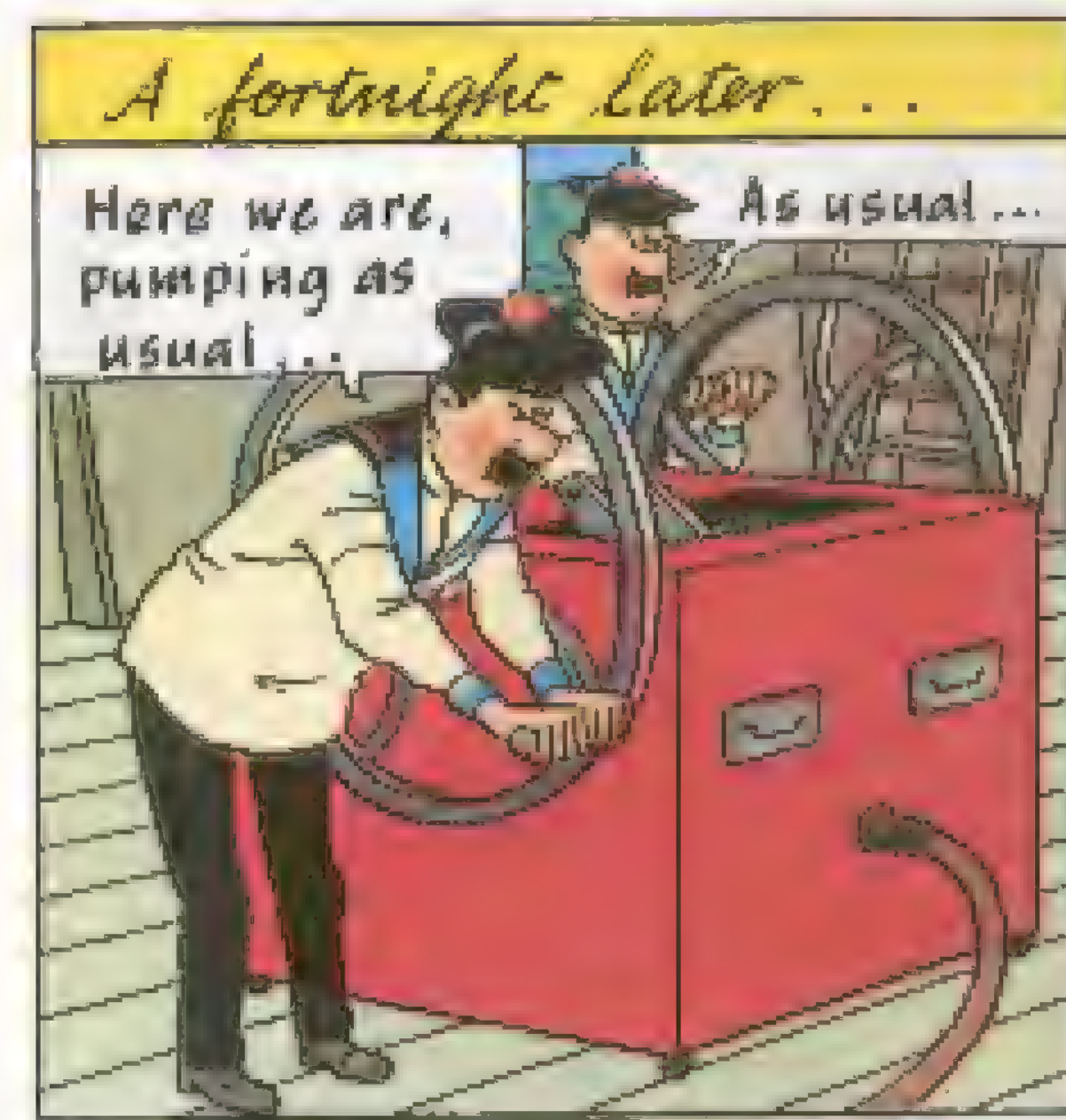
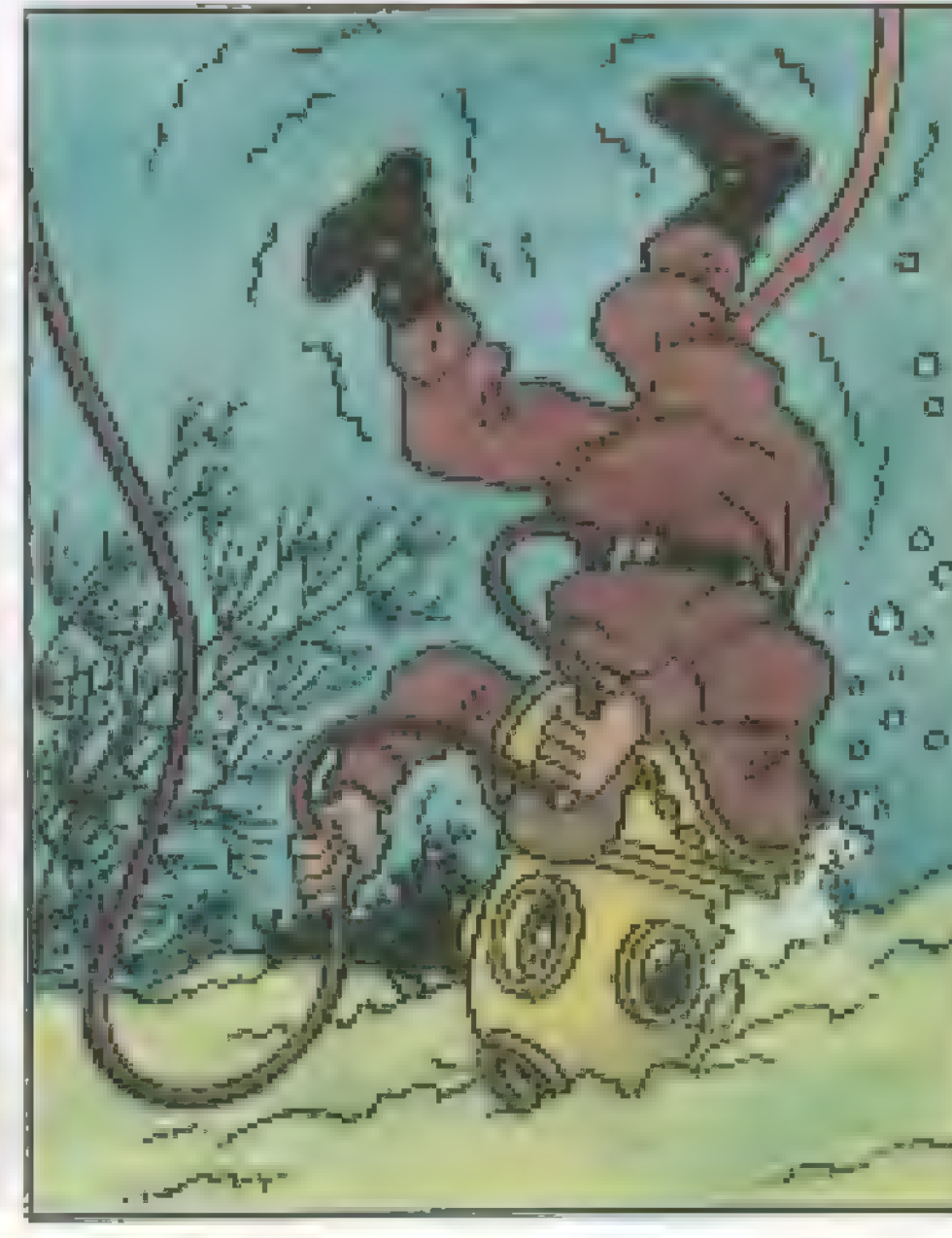
I'll work the pump, nincom-poop! ... Then at least I'll know he's safe.



Thundering typhoons! What's that over there, on the deck?



The weighted boots!... He's forgotten the weighted boots!



*A fortnight later...*

Here we are, pumping as usual ...

As usual ...



Blistering barnacles! You can stop pumping! Can't you see that Tintin's come up?



Well?

Nothing... Nothing at all! I've been carefully through all that's left of the poop ...



It's just as I said: we aren't going to find it.

Come on, Captain, you ...



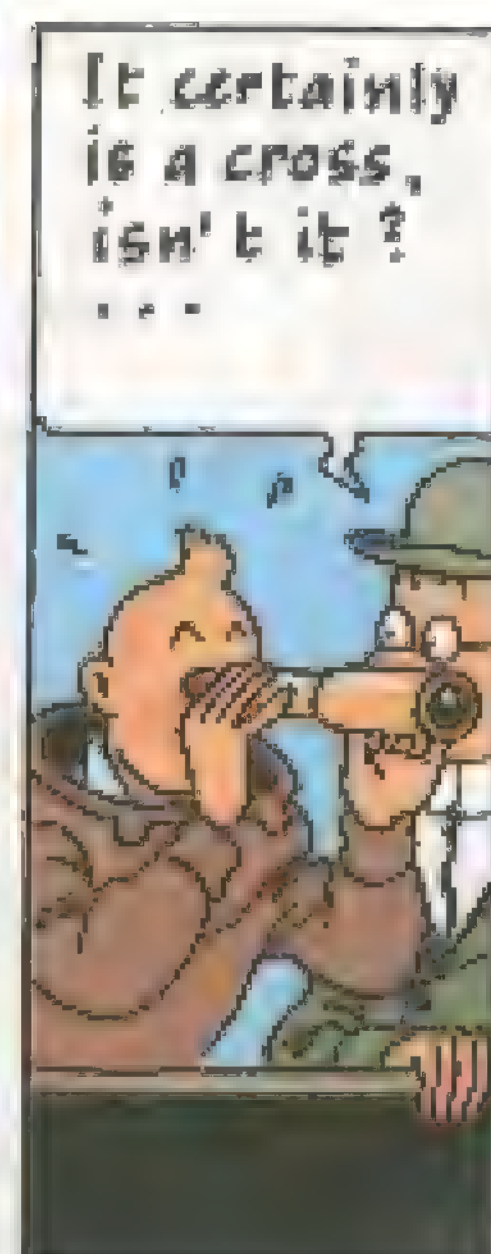


Tell me, what is that cross over there?



A cross? Where can you see a cross?

No, a cross... that cross over there on the is-land.



It certainly is a cross, isn't it?



I say, Captain, Professor Calculus is right! There is a cross, over on the tip of the island!

A cross?

You think so?



Thundering typhoons! It is indeed a cross!

Really? I'd have sworn it was a cross!



Hooray!... Hip-hip-hip-hooray!... I've got it!

?



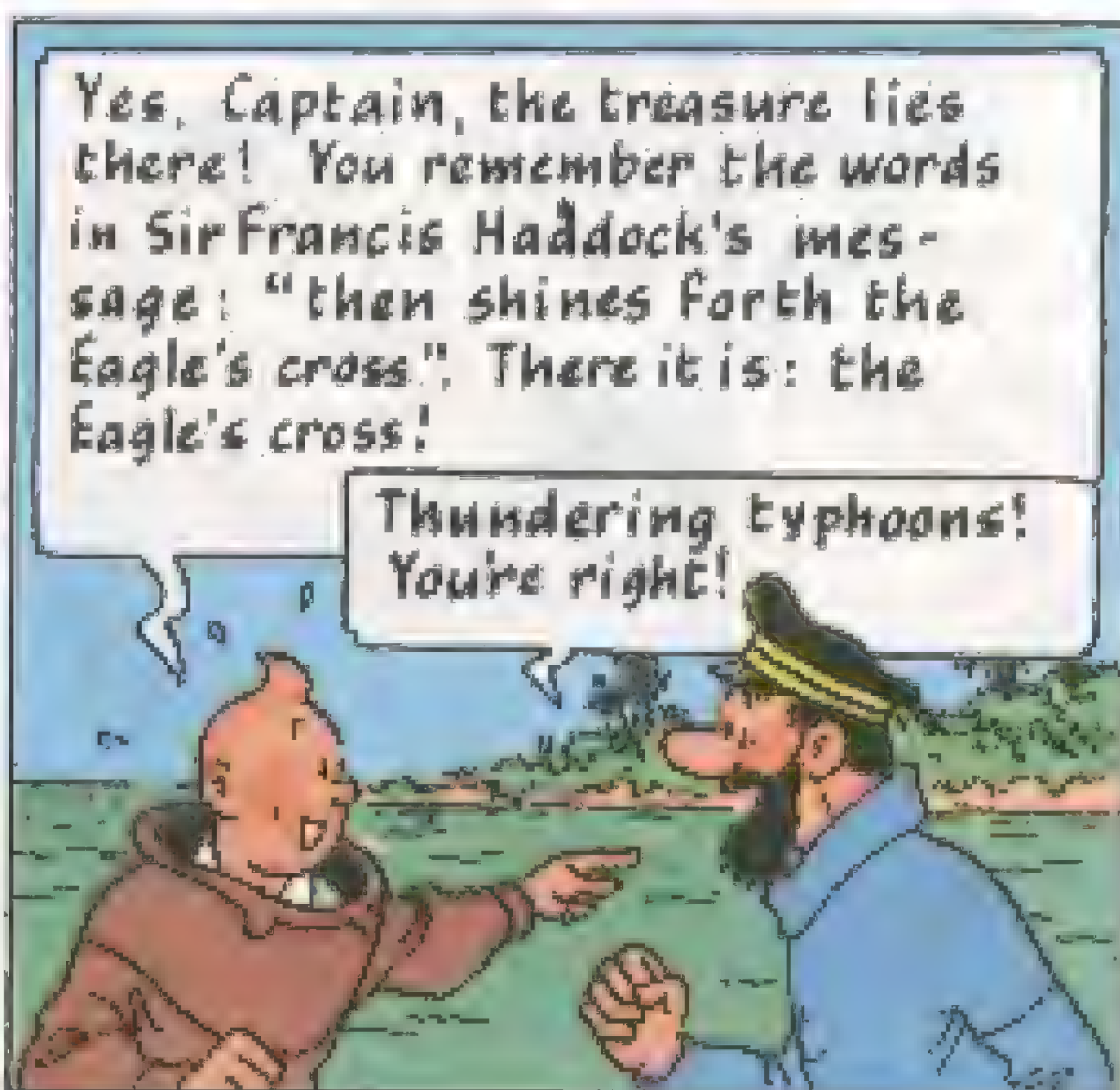
Professor Calculus, Professor Calculus, you've saved us!



Let me waltz with you, The whole night through



Quickly, Captain!... Picks!... Shovels!... We're going back to the island.

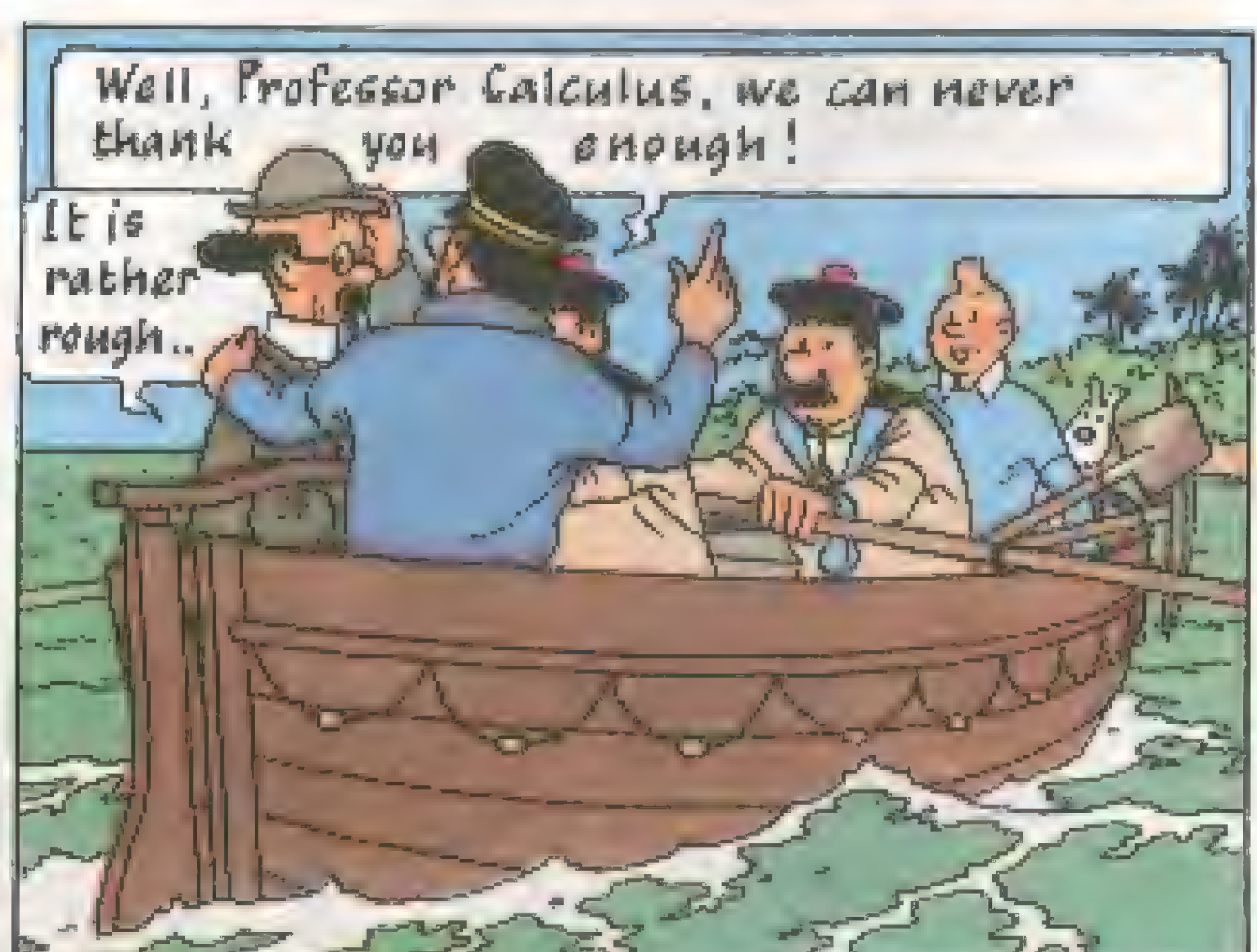


Yes, Captain, the treasure lies there! You remember the words in Sir Francis Haddock's message: "then shines forth the Eagle's cross". There it is: the Eagle's cross!

Thundering typhoons! You're right!



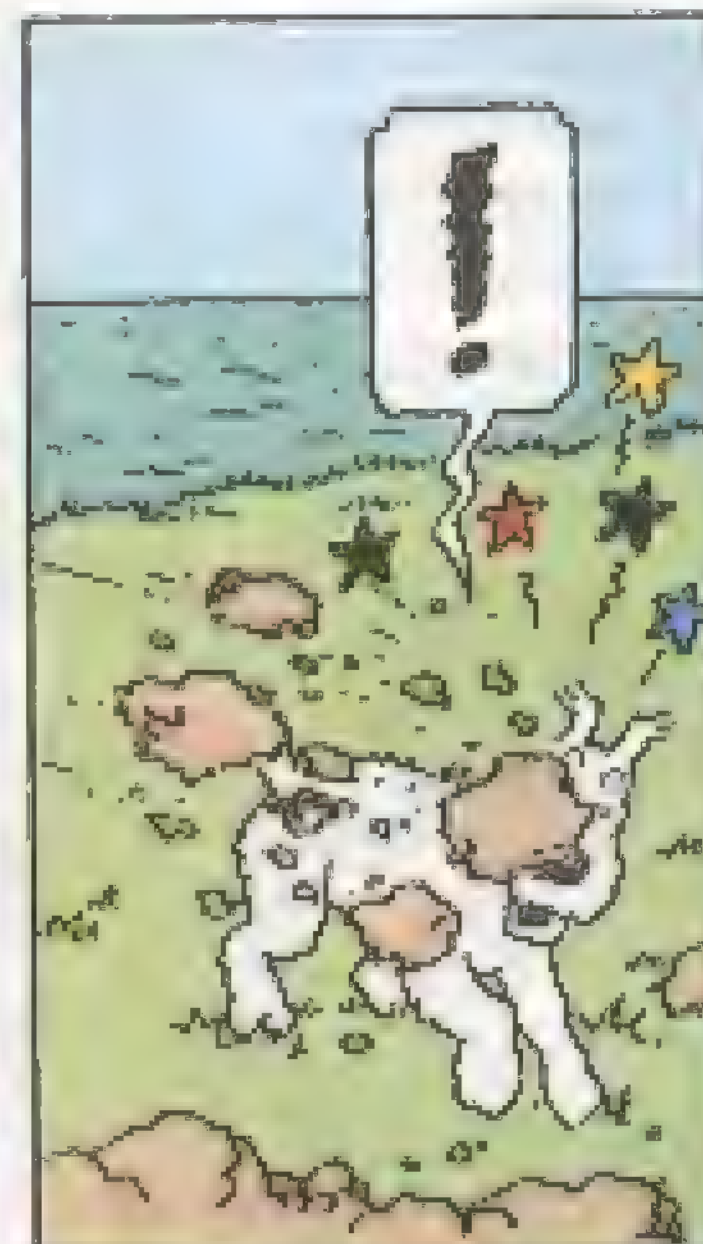
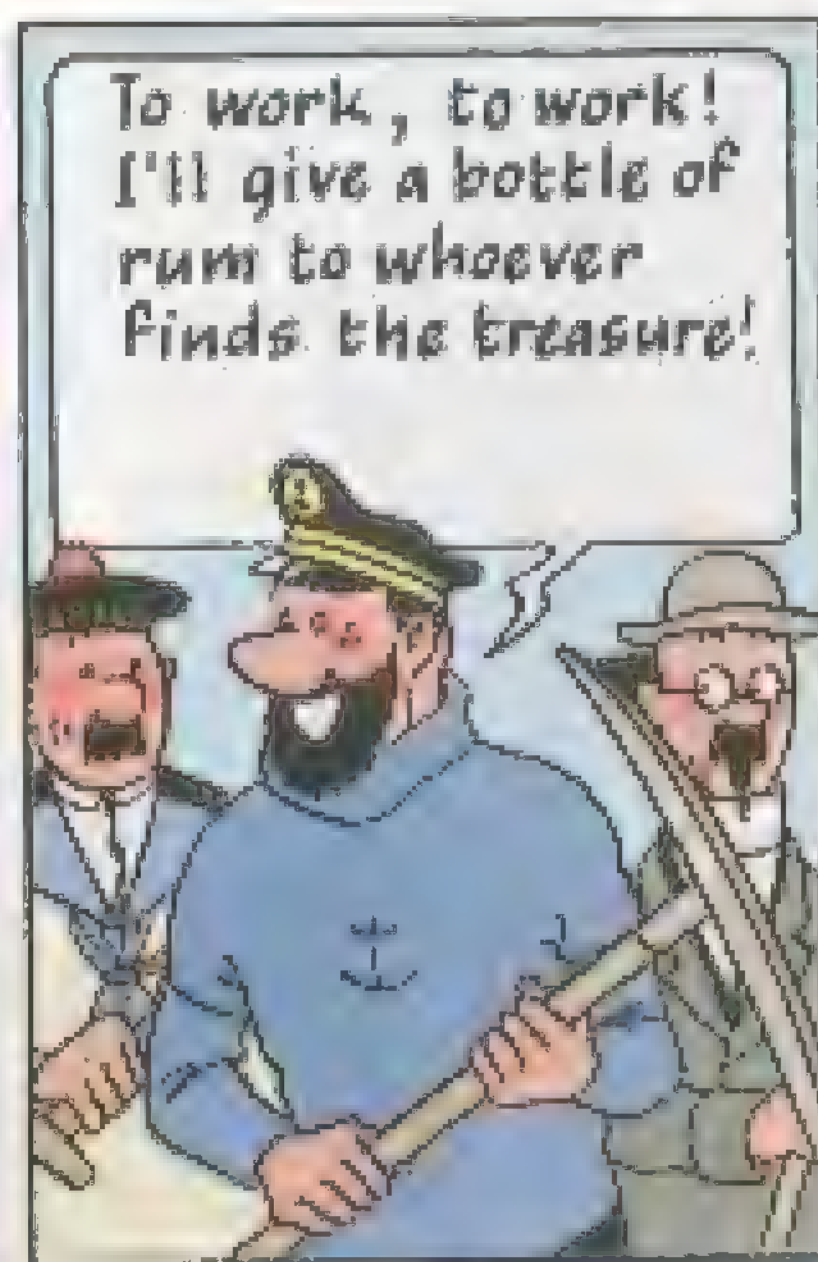
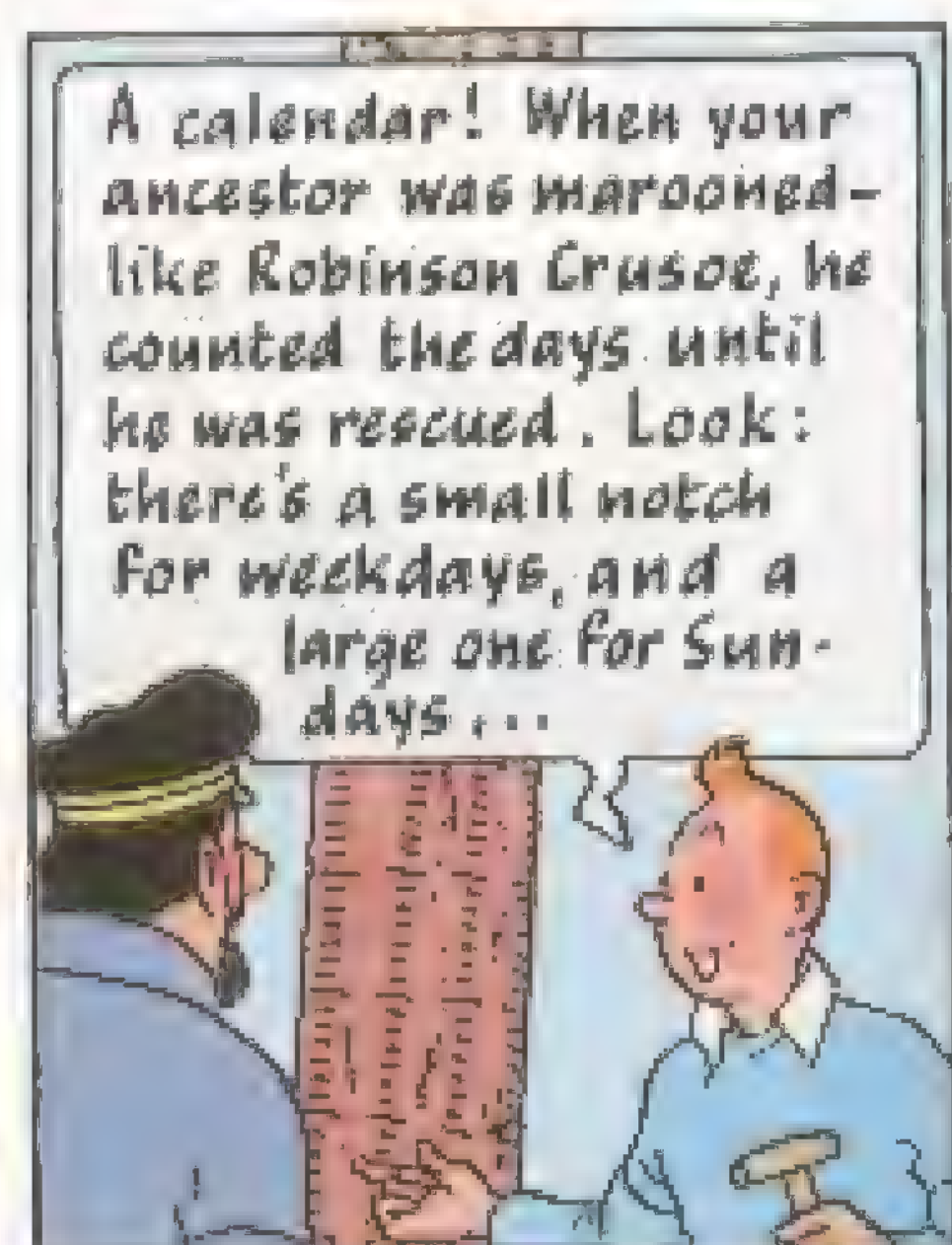
Hooray! Thomeon!... Thompson!... Fetch the picks and shovels! Hurry up!... Into the dinghy!



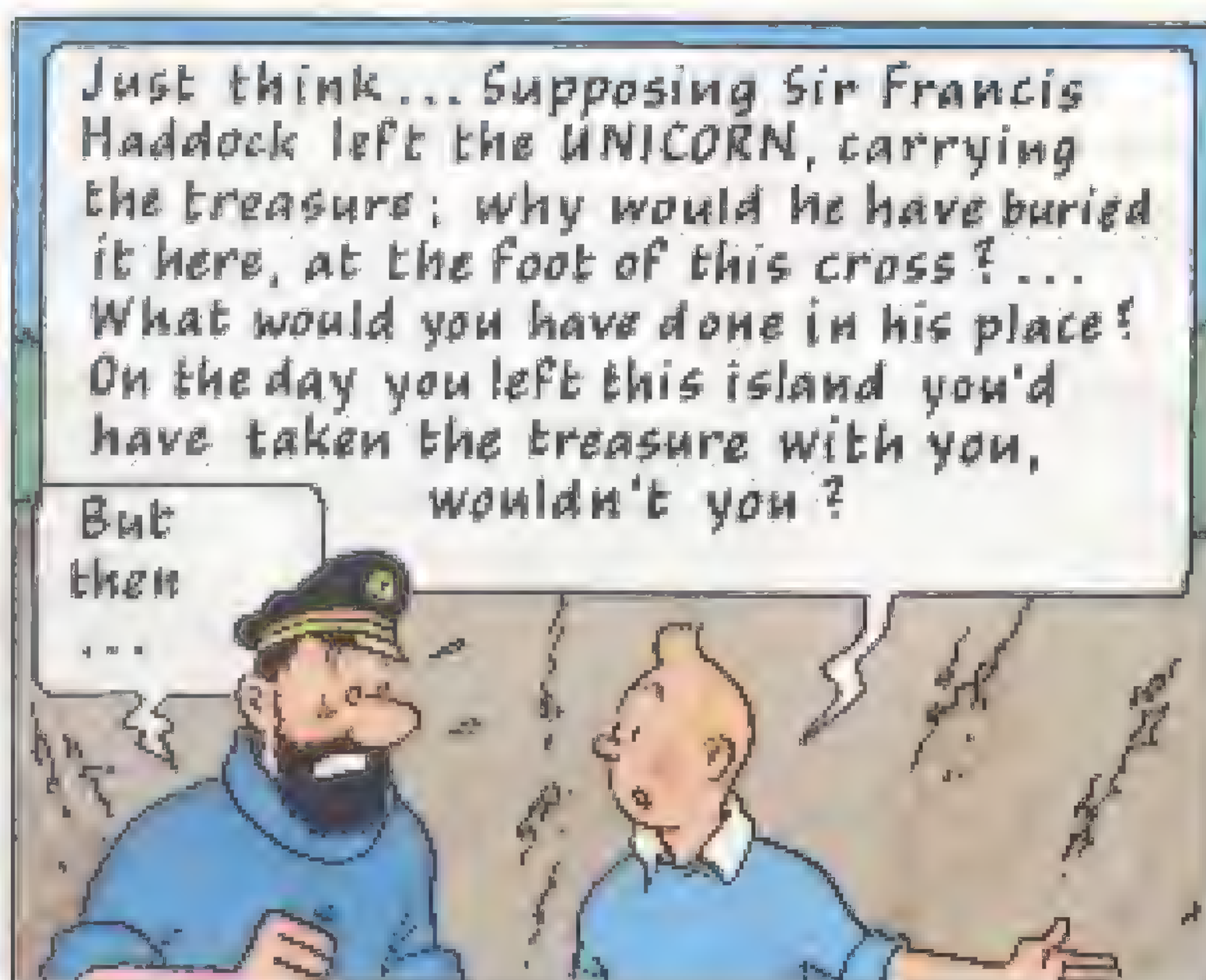
Well, Professor Calculus, we can never thank you enough!

It is rather rough..

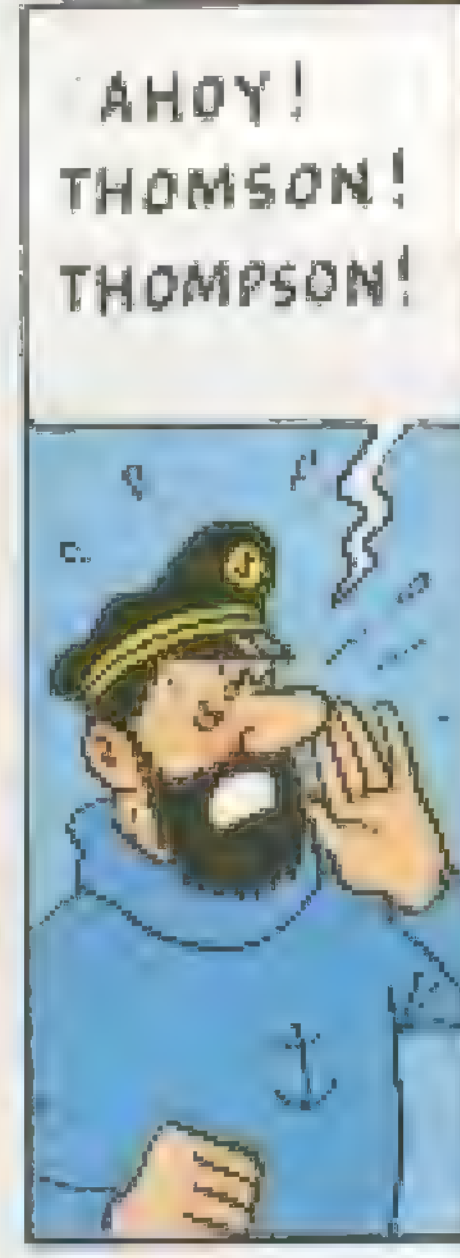
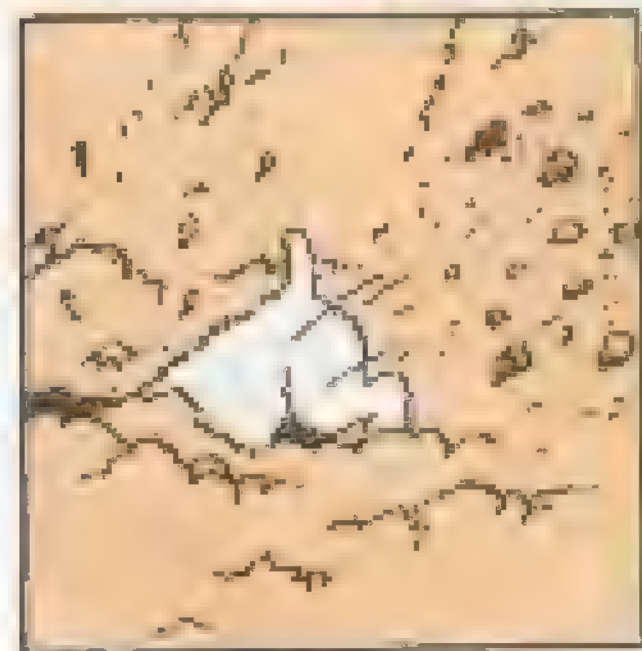
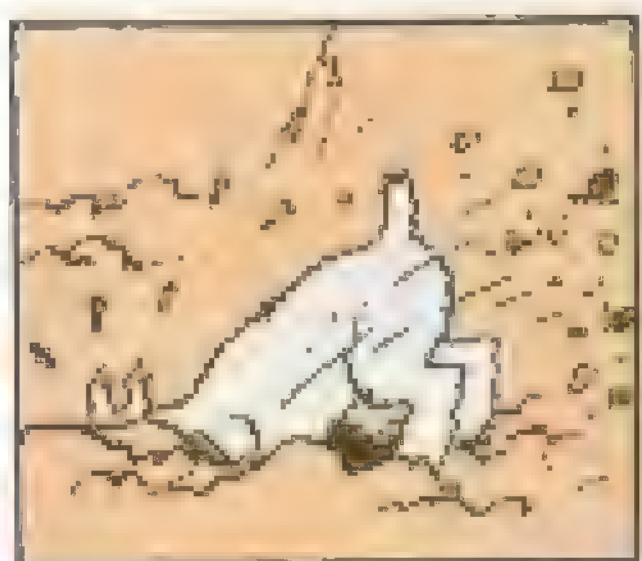




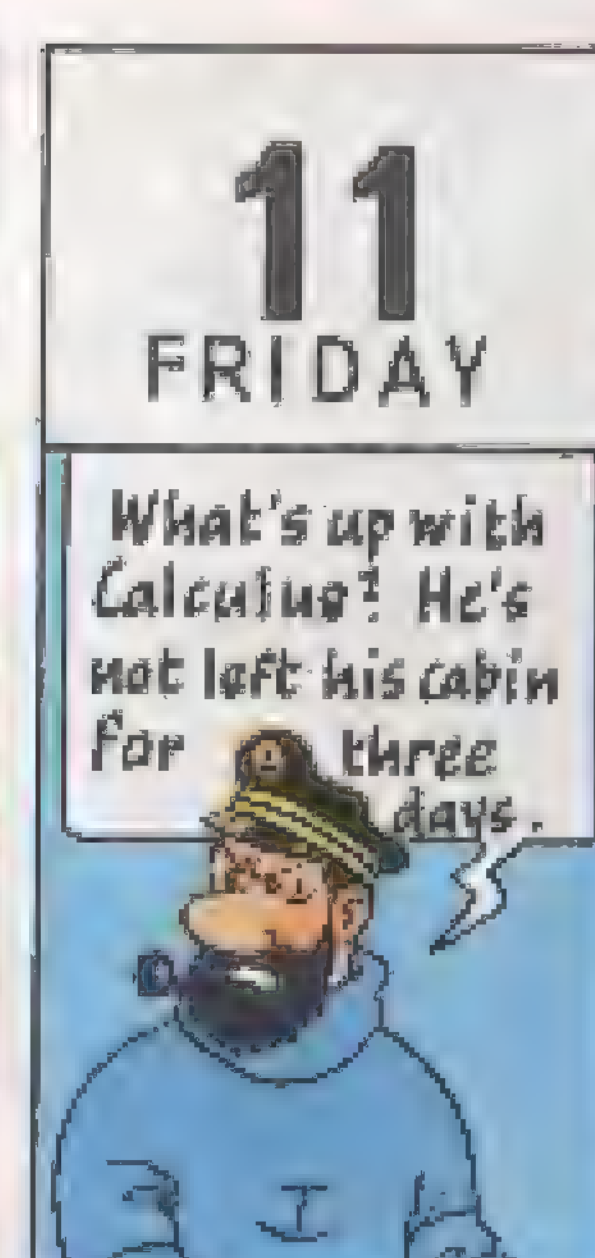
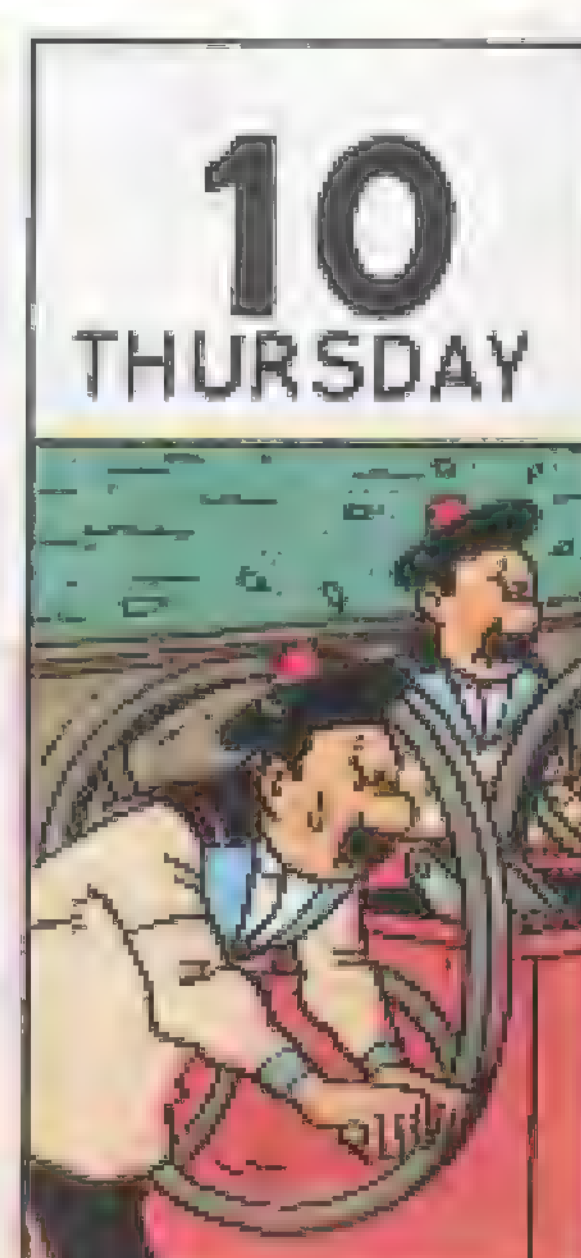














13

SUNDAY

Still no luck, Captain...



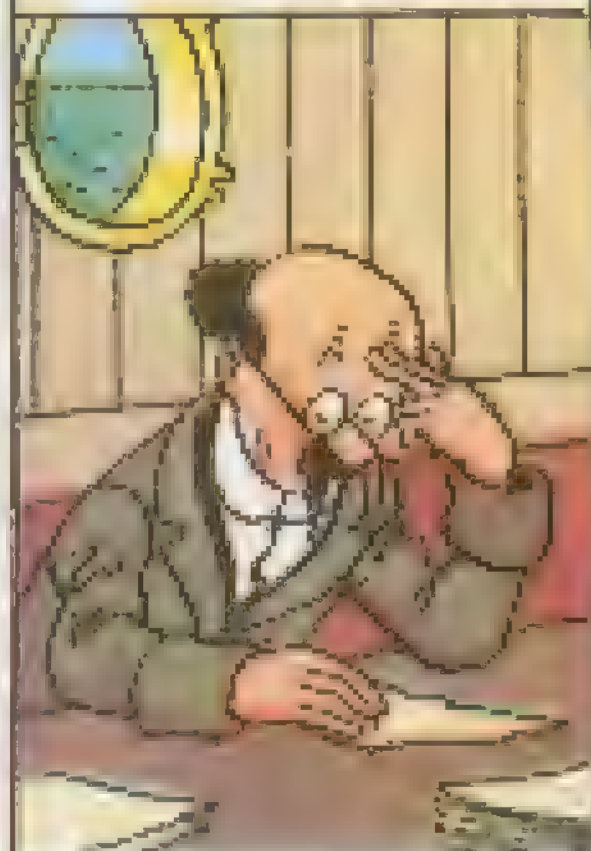
14

MONDAY



15

TUESDAY



?



What... What's happening?... It looks as if...



Oh dear, I'm right! ... I must warn the Captain!



Come on, Captain, don't let this upset you. It's bad luck, I know, but you must make the best of it...



Captain!... Captain!... The ship is sailing!

Well, what would you like it to do? Dance a jig?



Ah, I see now. At last you have realised that the UNICORN is not where you were looking; you are steering westwards. I understand..



I've had enough! Come with me!



You see that, eh? I suppose it's the Figure-head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn! But what about my pendulum, which swung to the west?... How extraordinary...



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

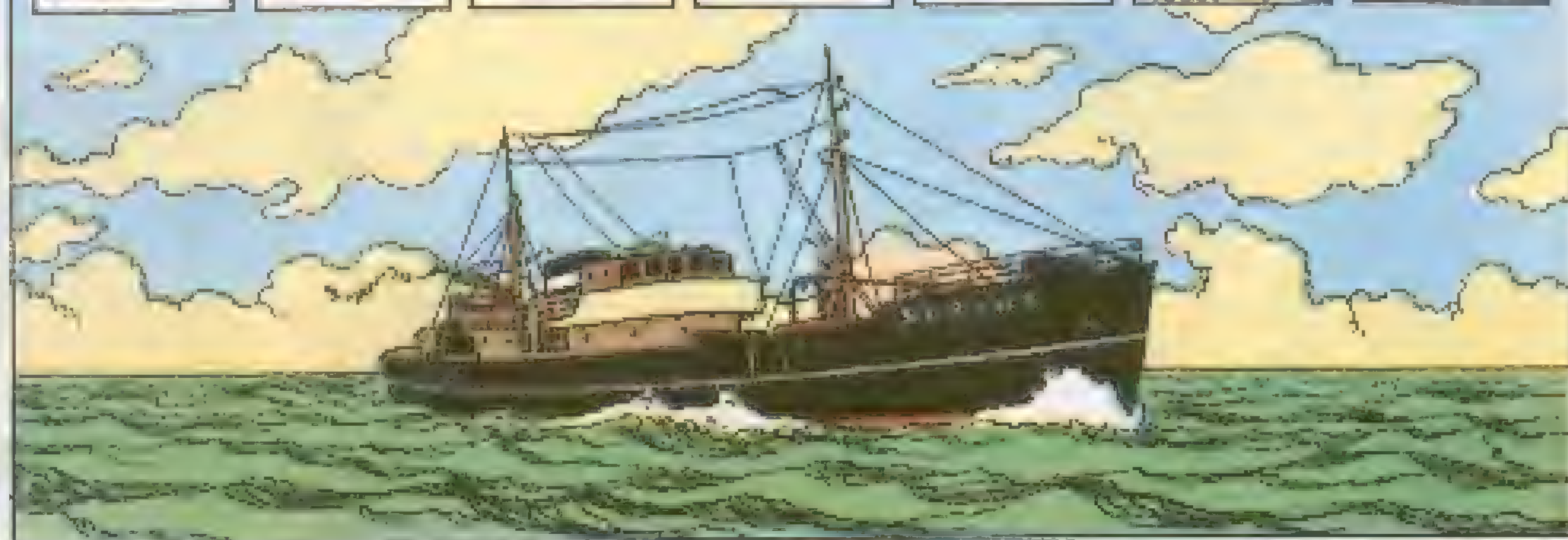
SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY







Hello. Yes...  
"Daily Reporter"  
...Yes...What?  
The SIRIUS has  
docked?...Are  
you sure?...  
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you  
Rogers?... Go to the  
docks at once. The  
SIRIUS has just come  
in... I want a good  
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you  
now. I'll have my submarine collected  
tomorrow morning.



All right. Good.

Now, please let me thank  
you, Captain. You have  
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to  
you, I shall always have unfor-  
gettable memories of my stay  
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I  
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce  
myself: Ken Rogers  
of the "Daily Reporter"

"Daily Reporter"?  
Wasn't yours the  
paper that gave  
the news of our  
departure?



It was!... And we  
would like to publish  
a sensational article  
about your trip. May  
I ask you a few  
questions?

Of course...



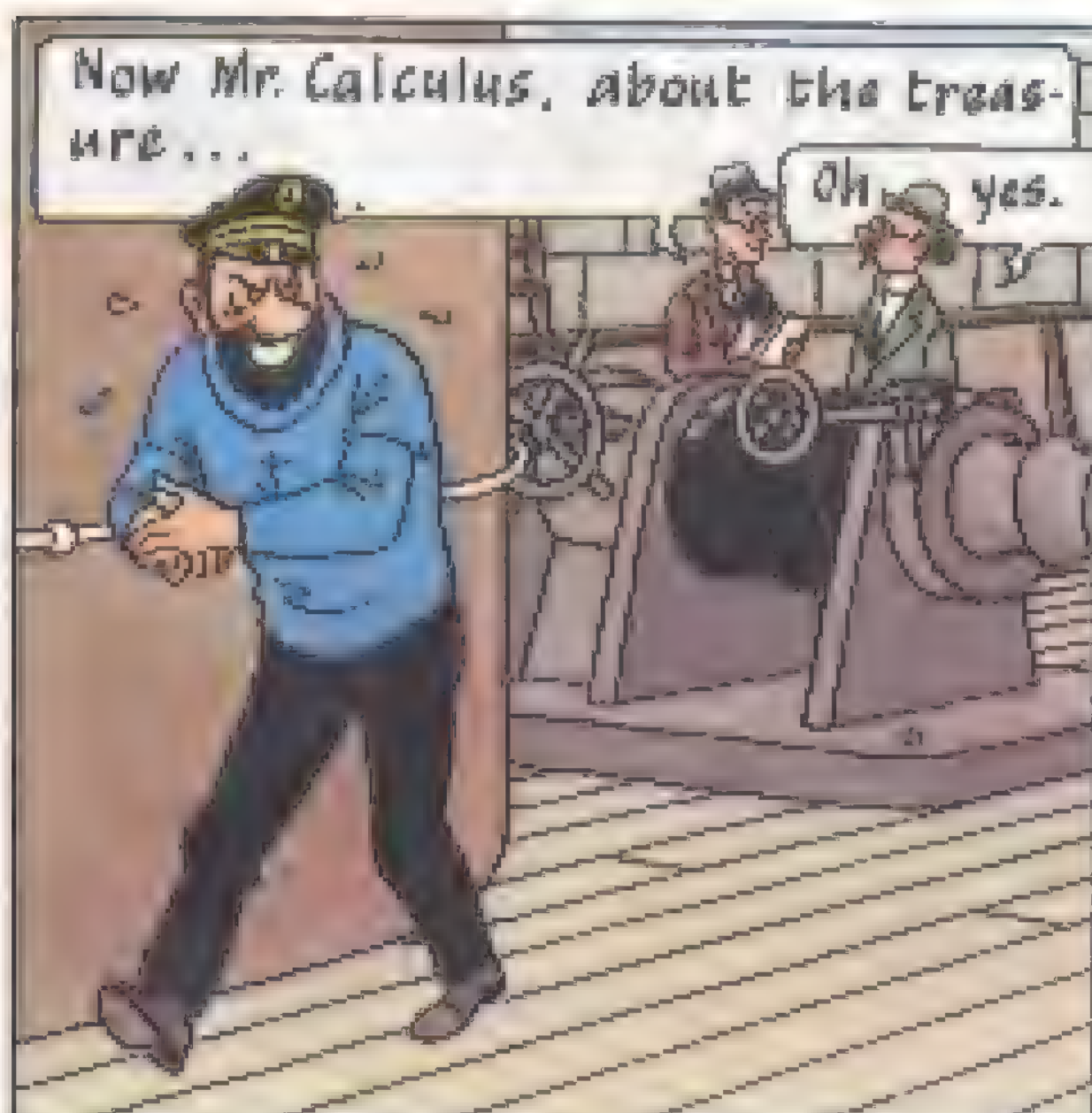
I'm rather busy myself. This  
is my secretary, Mr. Calcul-  
us; he will be happy to  
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the treas-  
ure...

Oh, yes.



I'm sure you have it  
there, in that suit-  
case...

Thank you,  
I'll carry it  
myself.



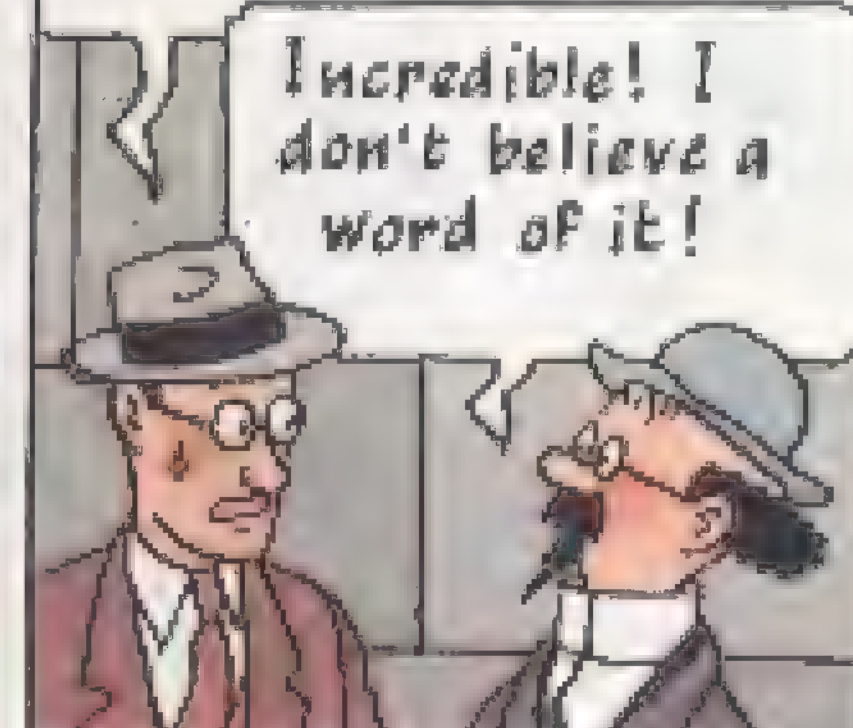
I can understand  
that!... Now tell me,  
what does the treasure  
consist of?

No?... Not  
really?...

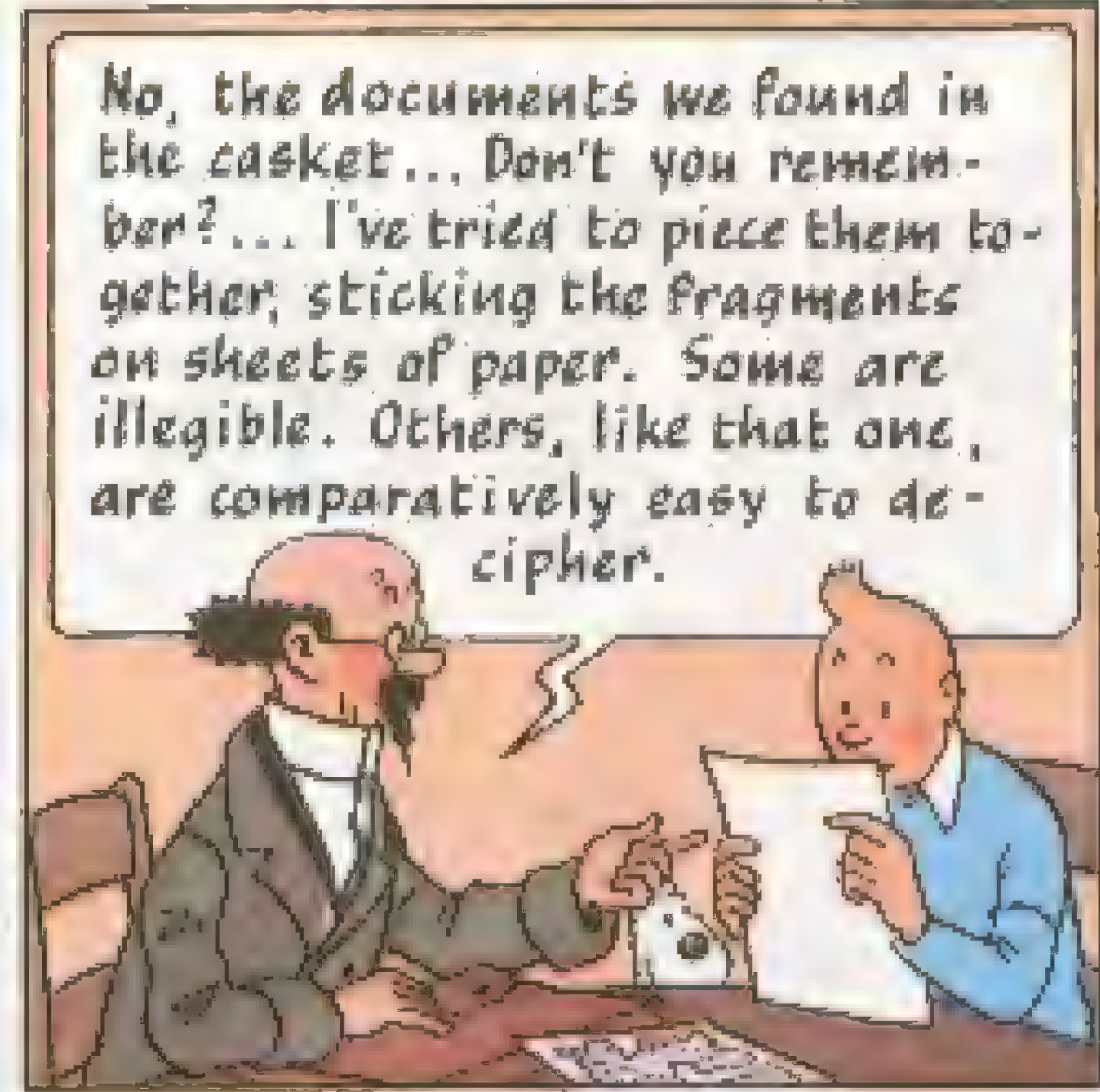
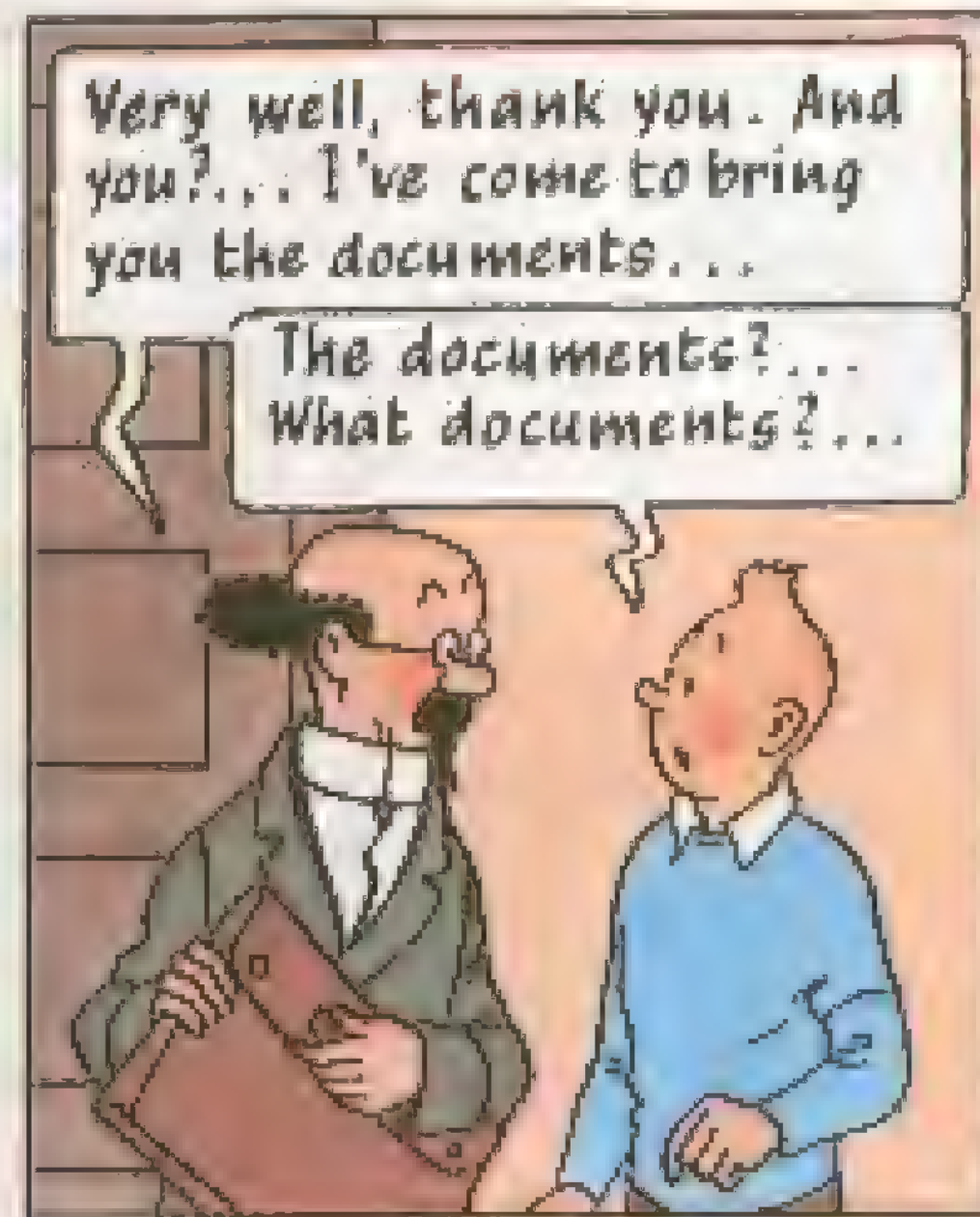
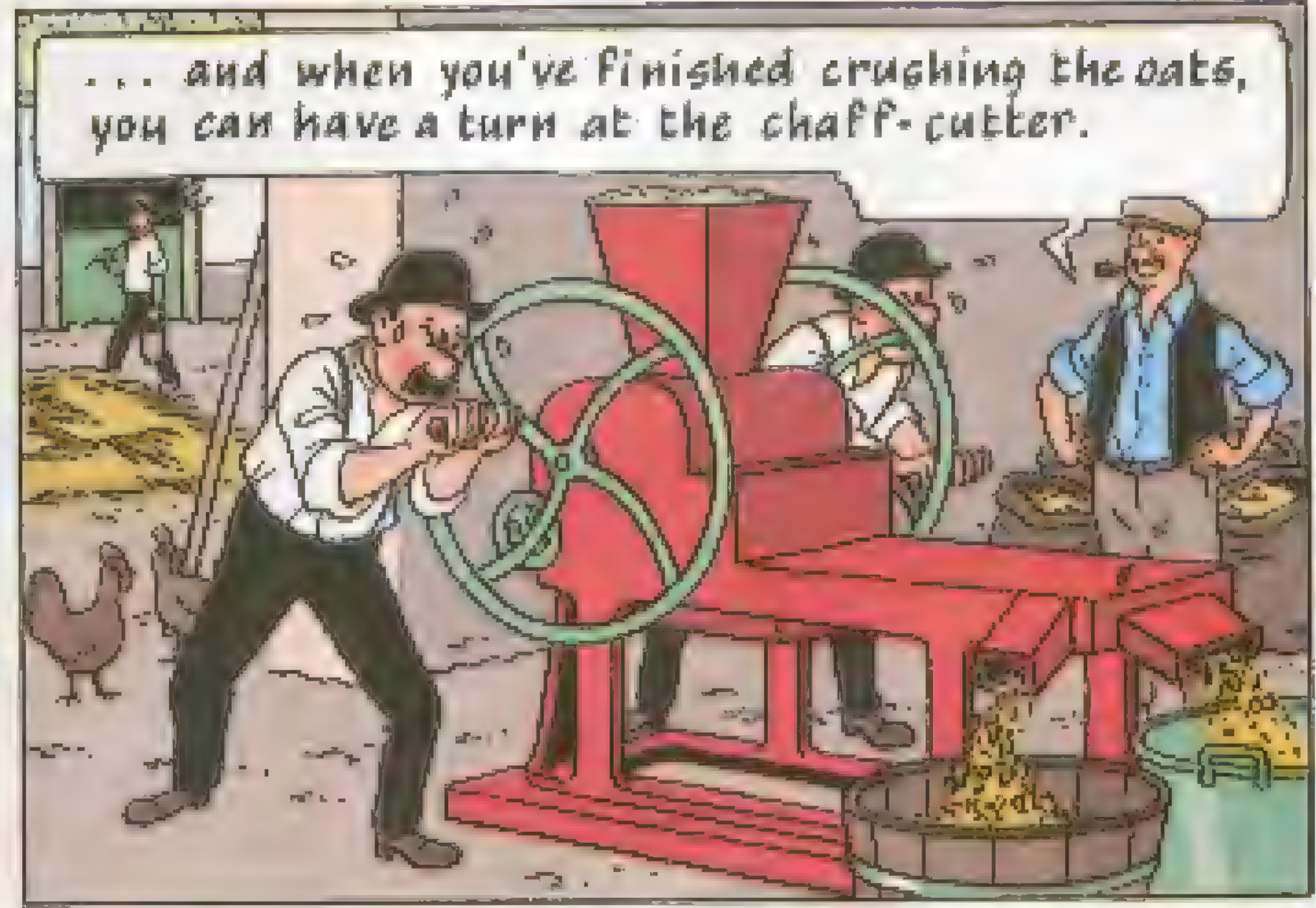


No, I asked you what  
was in the treasure  
you found. Was it  
gold?... Pearls?...  
Diamonds?

Incredible! I  
don't believe a  
word of it!









The rest! Read  
the rest!

Char the Second by ye Grace  
ing to reward Our trusty and entie  
wee Knight Francis Haddocke Esq  
Our Navy for his devoted ser  
weby grant and bestow Our  
our Honor of Marlinos  
Messenges and commendments, as  
foresaid. Given and delivered  
and this fifteenth day of July  
seventh year of

Thundering ty-  
phoons! Am I  
dreaming! It's Mar-  
linspike Hall!...  
Marlinspike, my  
family estate! It's  
Fantas- -tic!

But you don't know the latest!  
Wait, you'll see...

Here... read this!

Well, what about that?

What about it? ... Well, Captain, it's quite simple. Your family estate is for sale? ... You must buy it back!

Buy it back?  
With what?

That's true... We need some money.

Heigh-ho!... If only we'd found that wretched treasure, there'd be no question.

May I please have  
a look too?

of course.

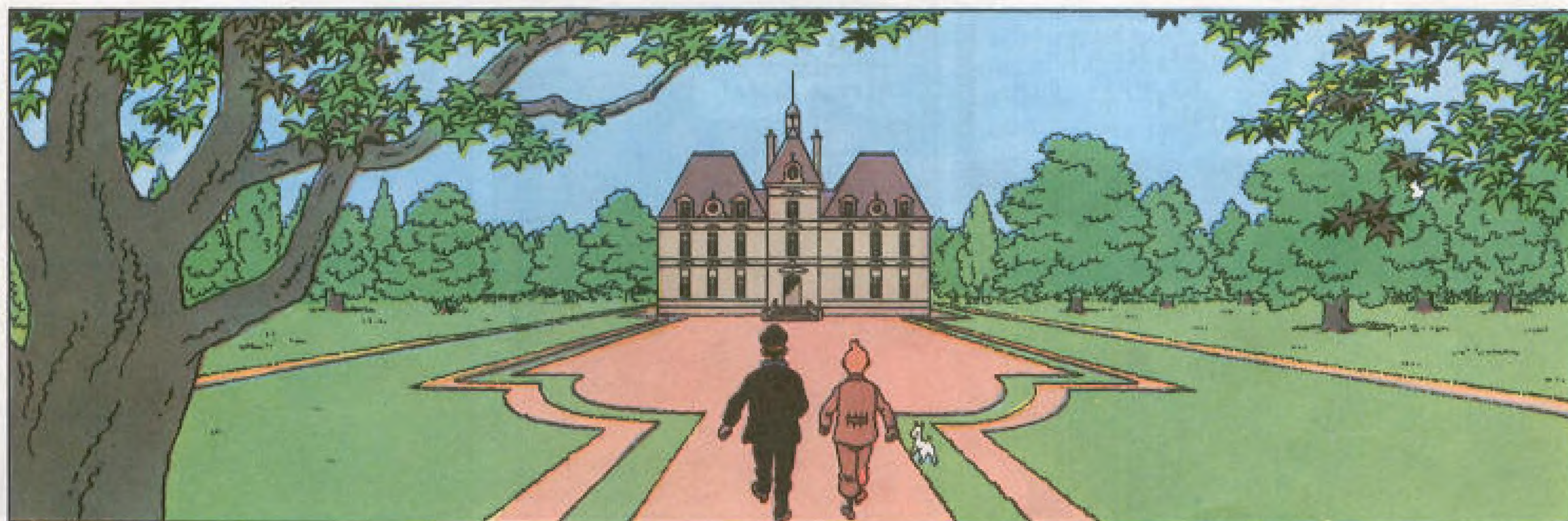
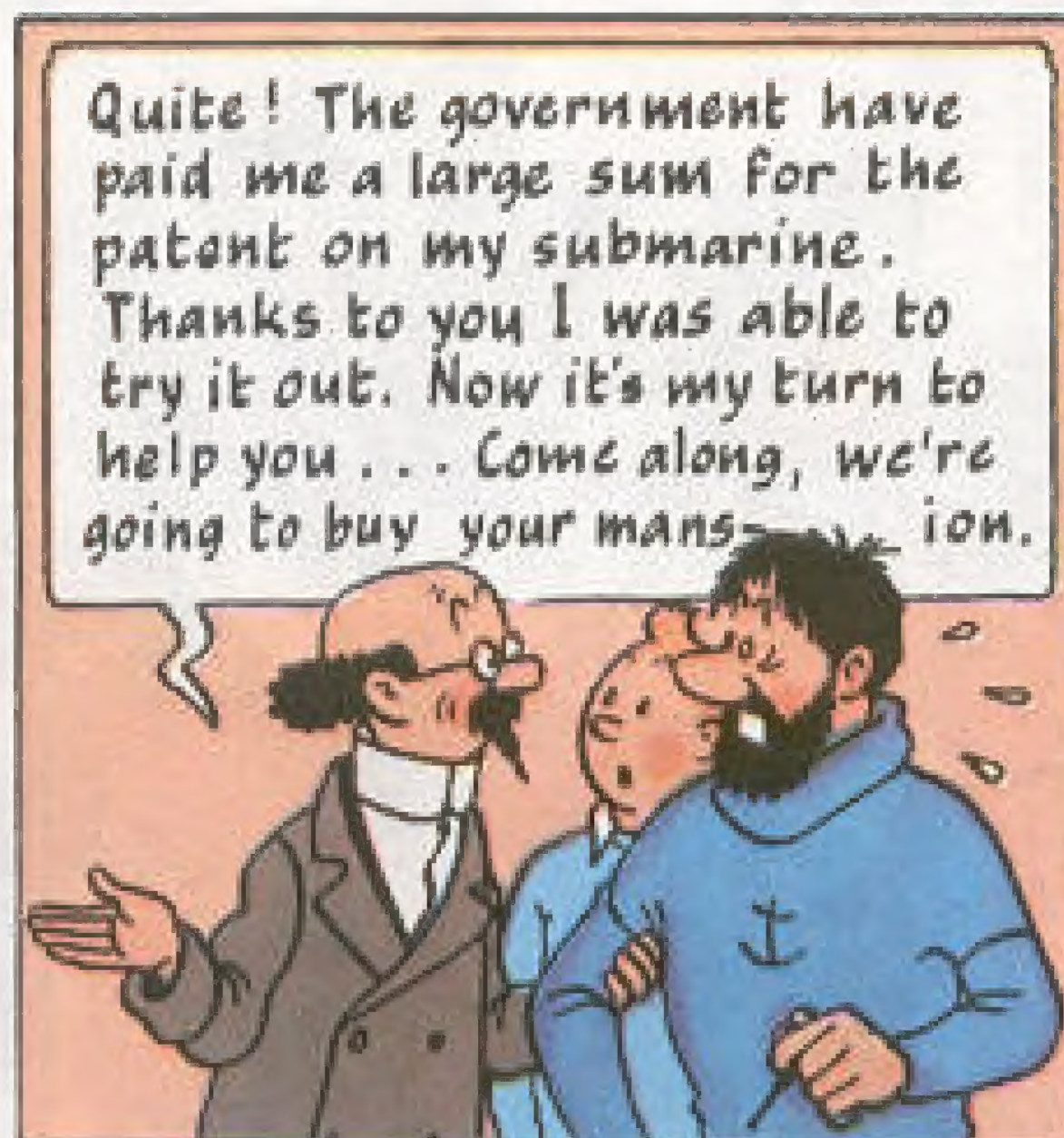
Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for sale! ... Look! We must buy it back!

OK,  
yes?

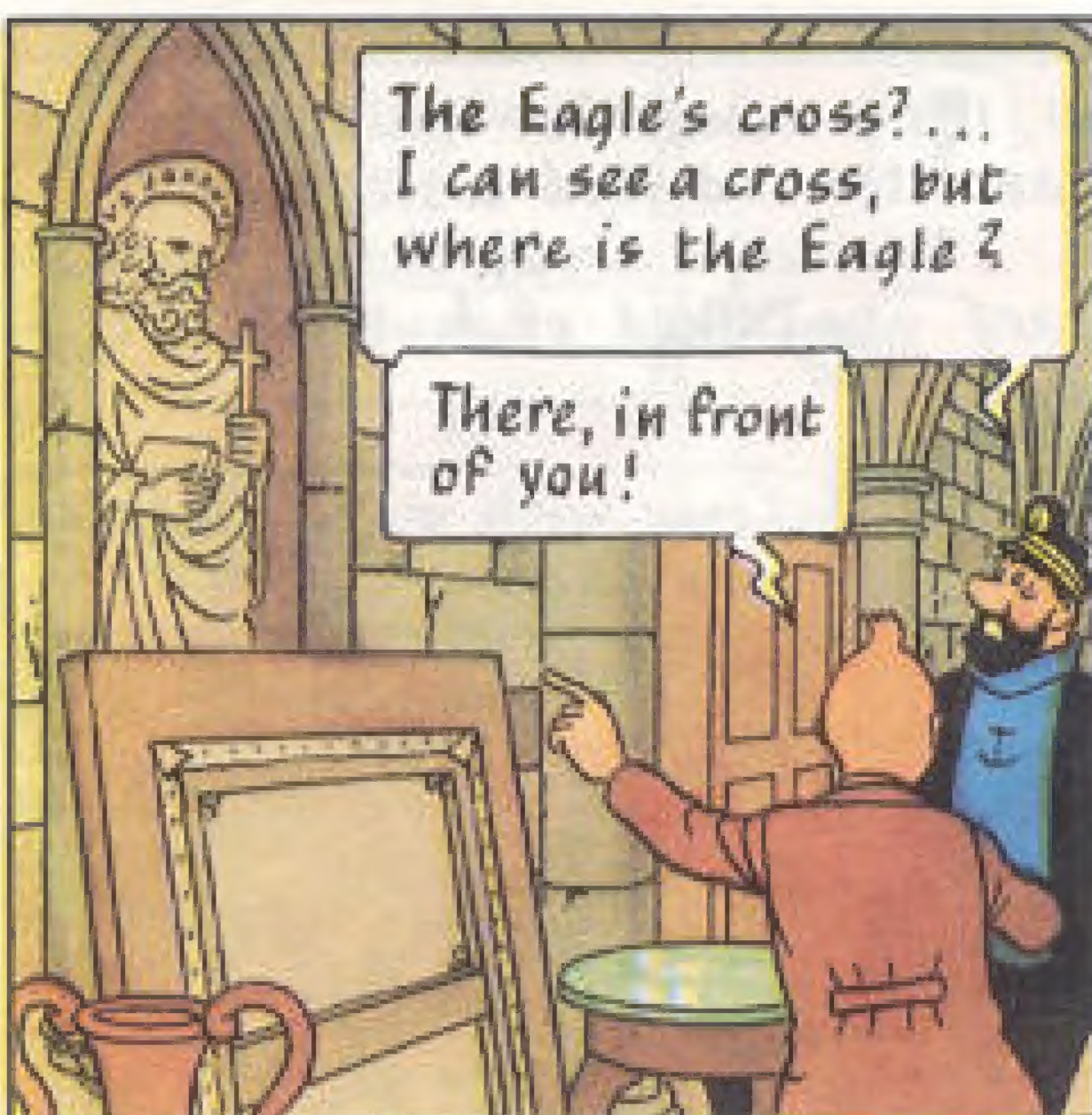
Buy it back? ... That's easy, eh? ... What about the money? I suppose you've got the money, eh?

Oh, yes, money! ...  
That doesn't matter!

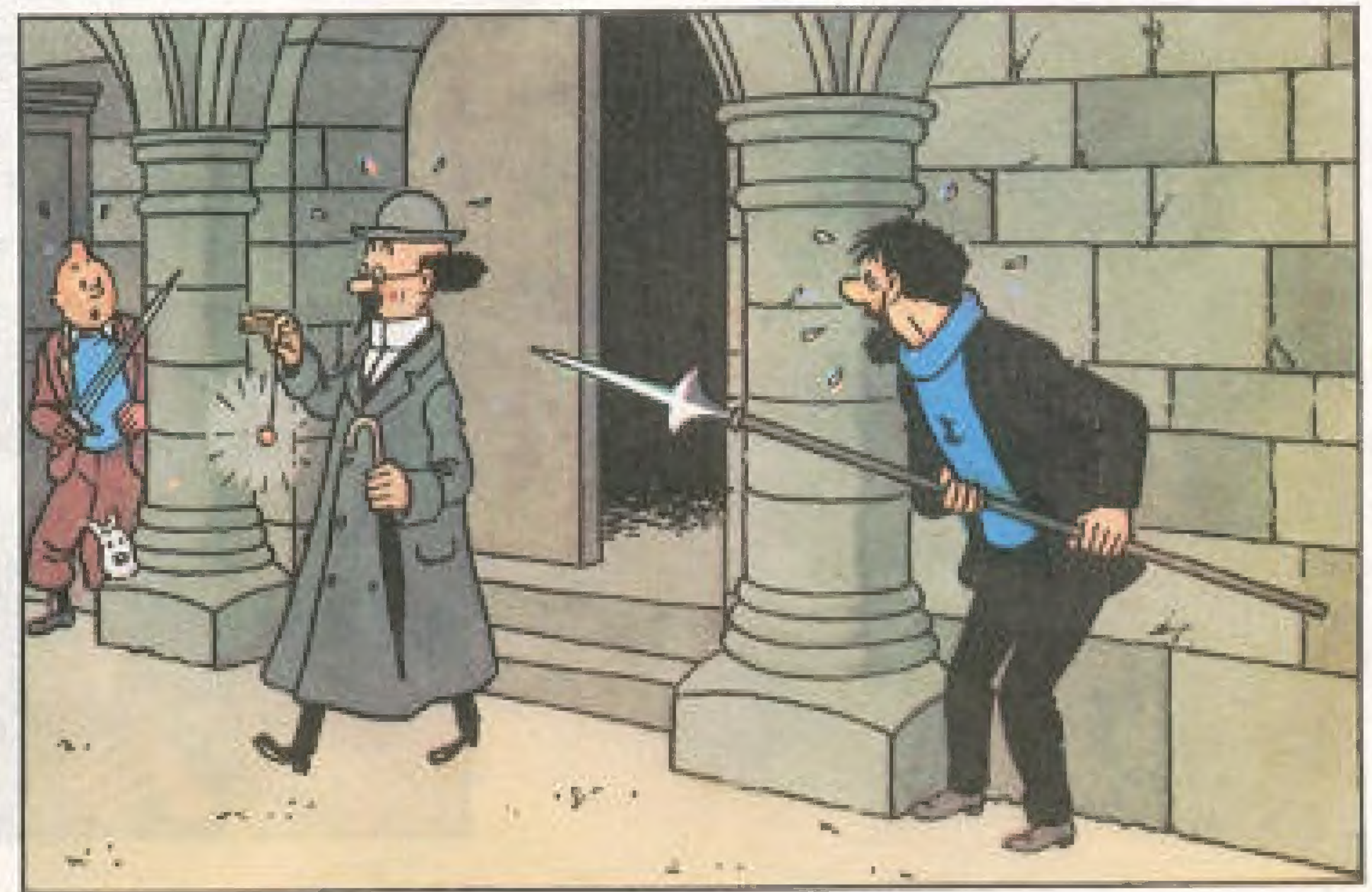
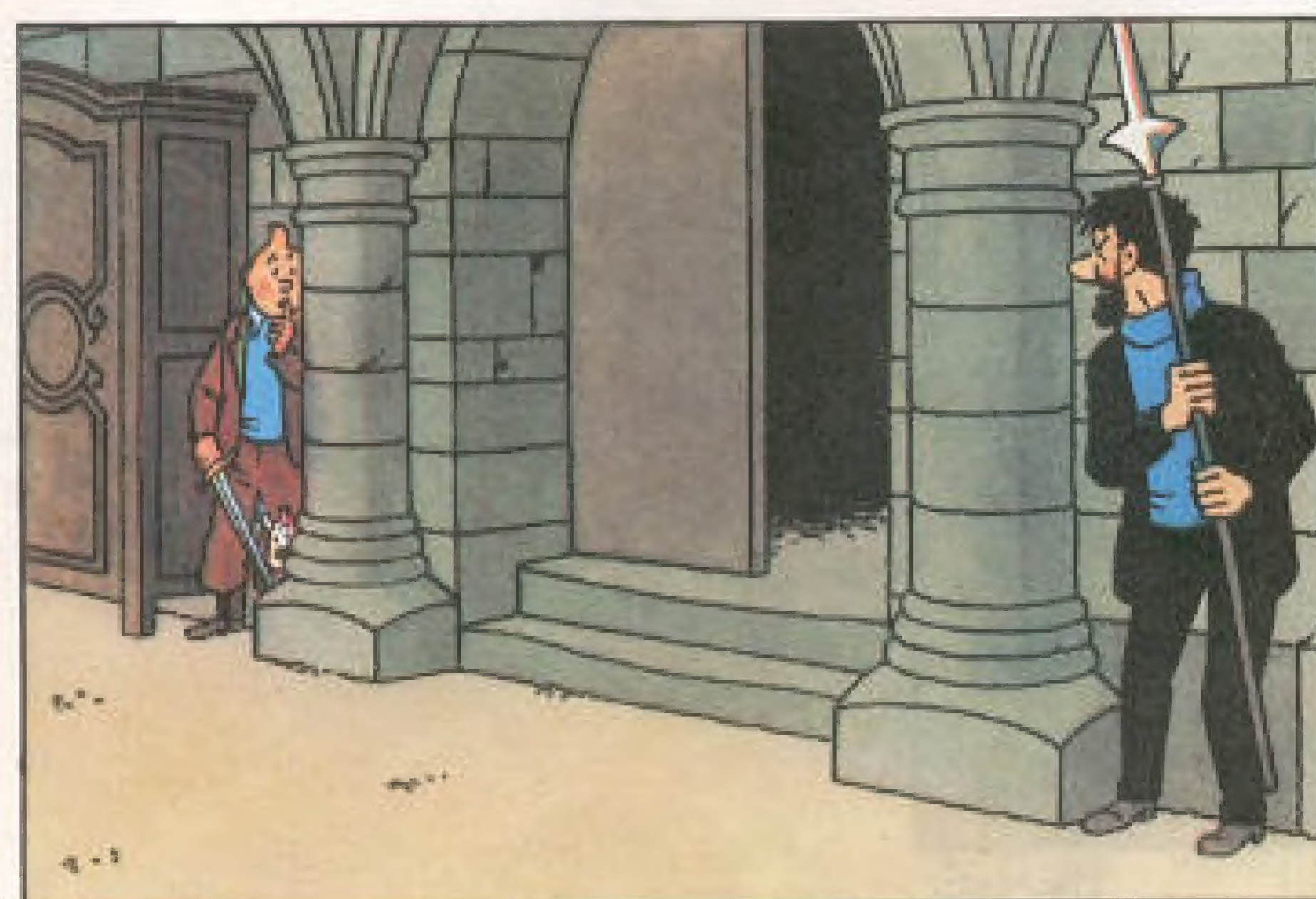
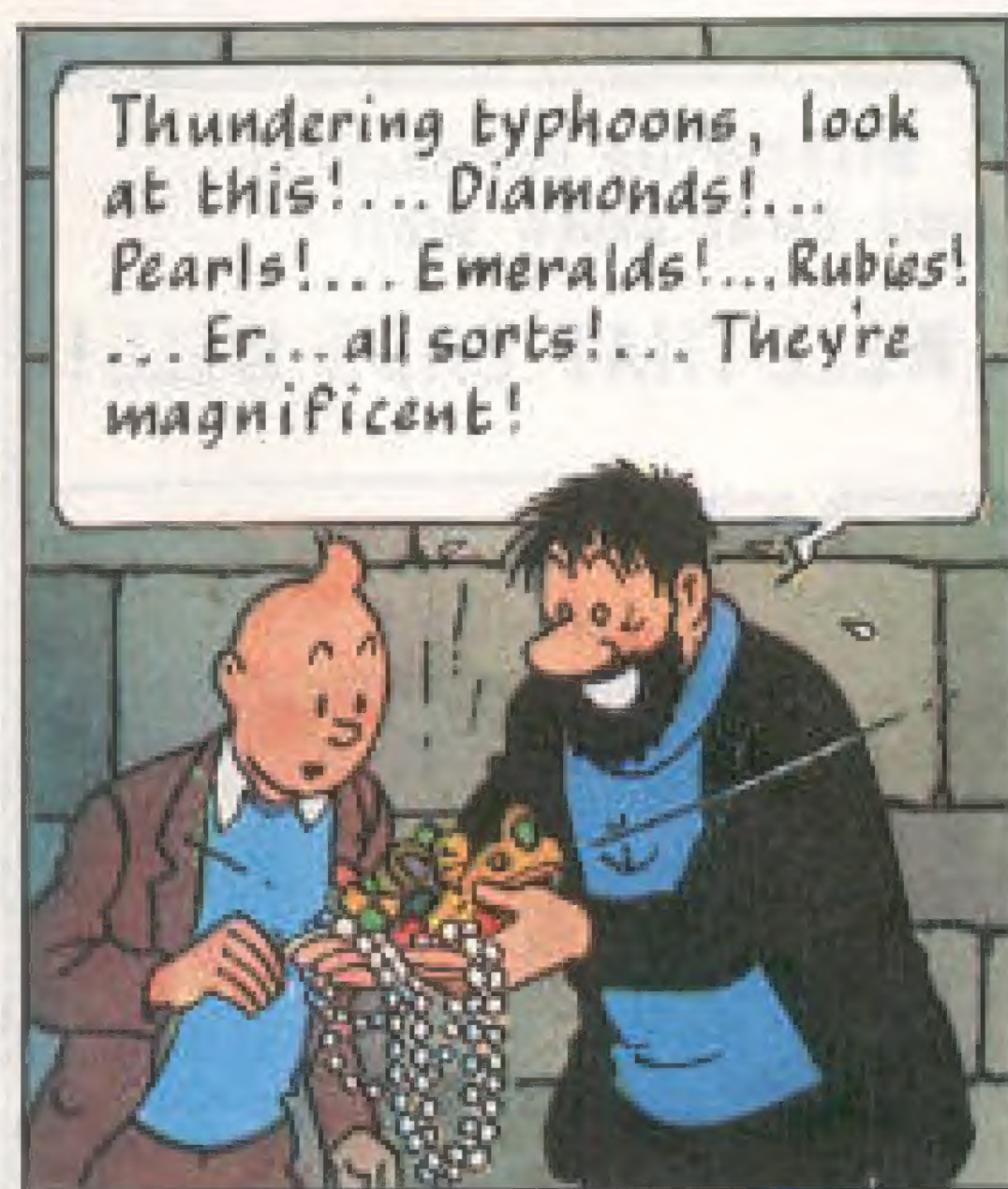
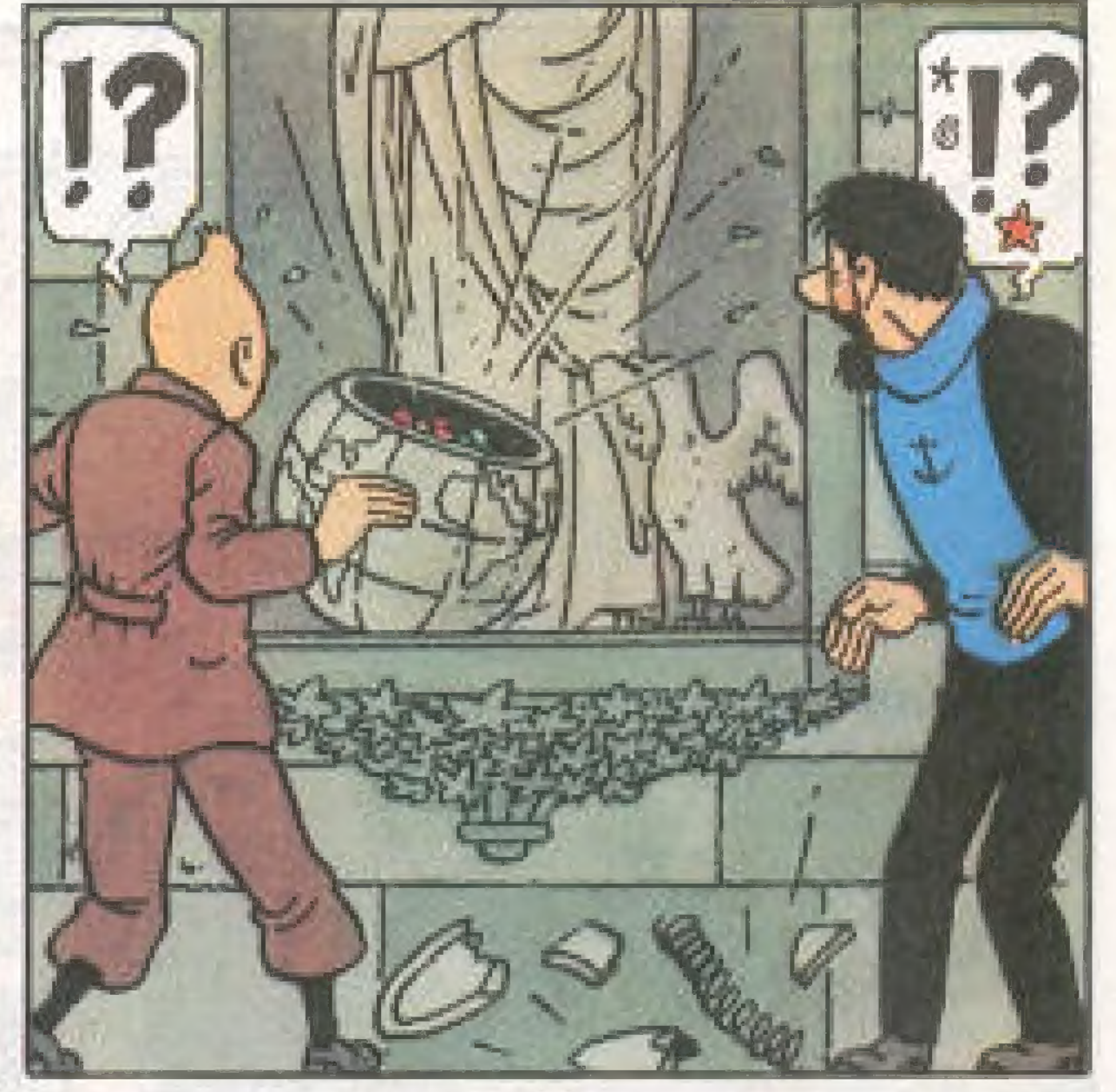
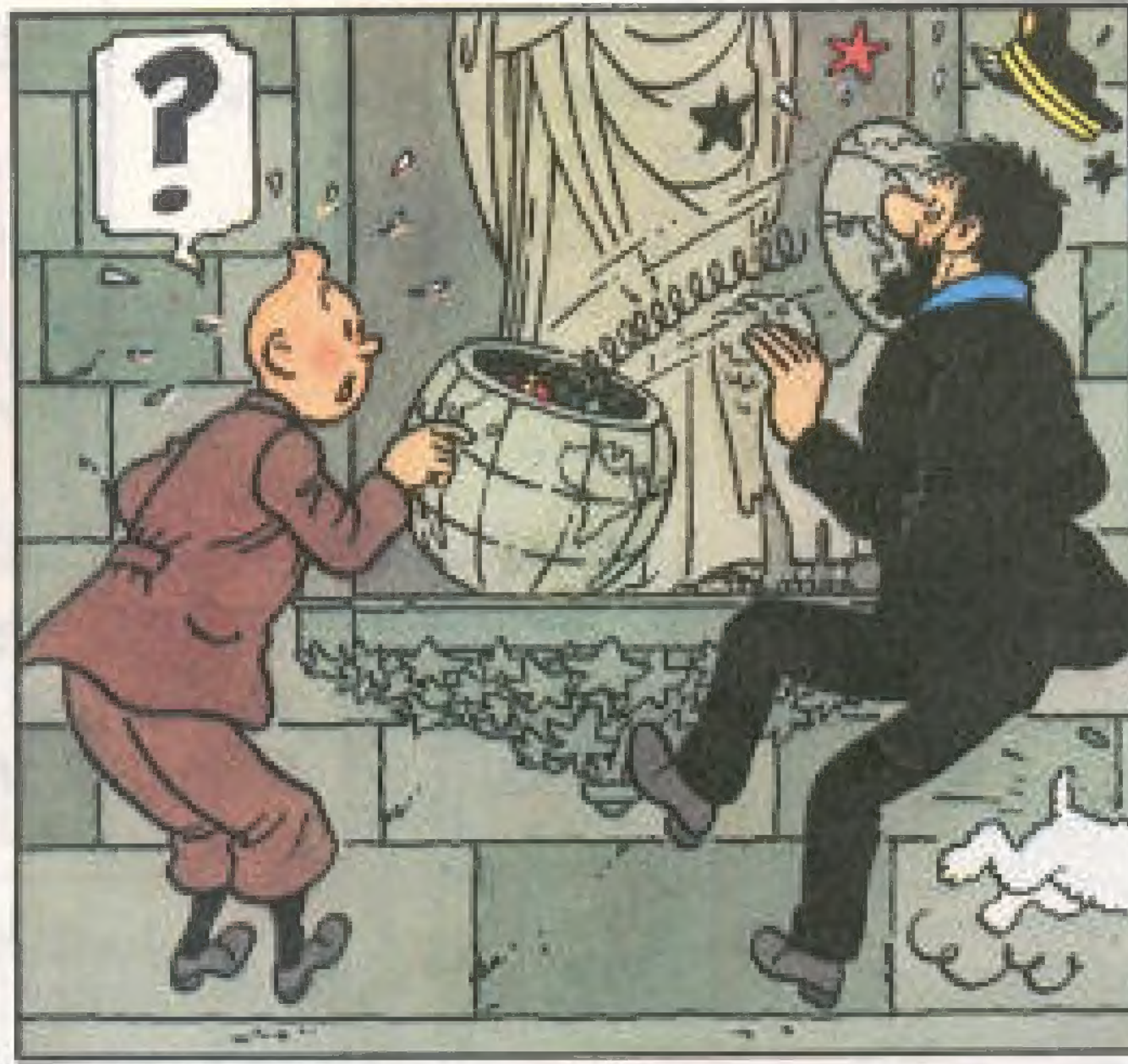








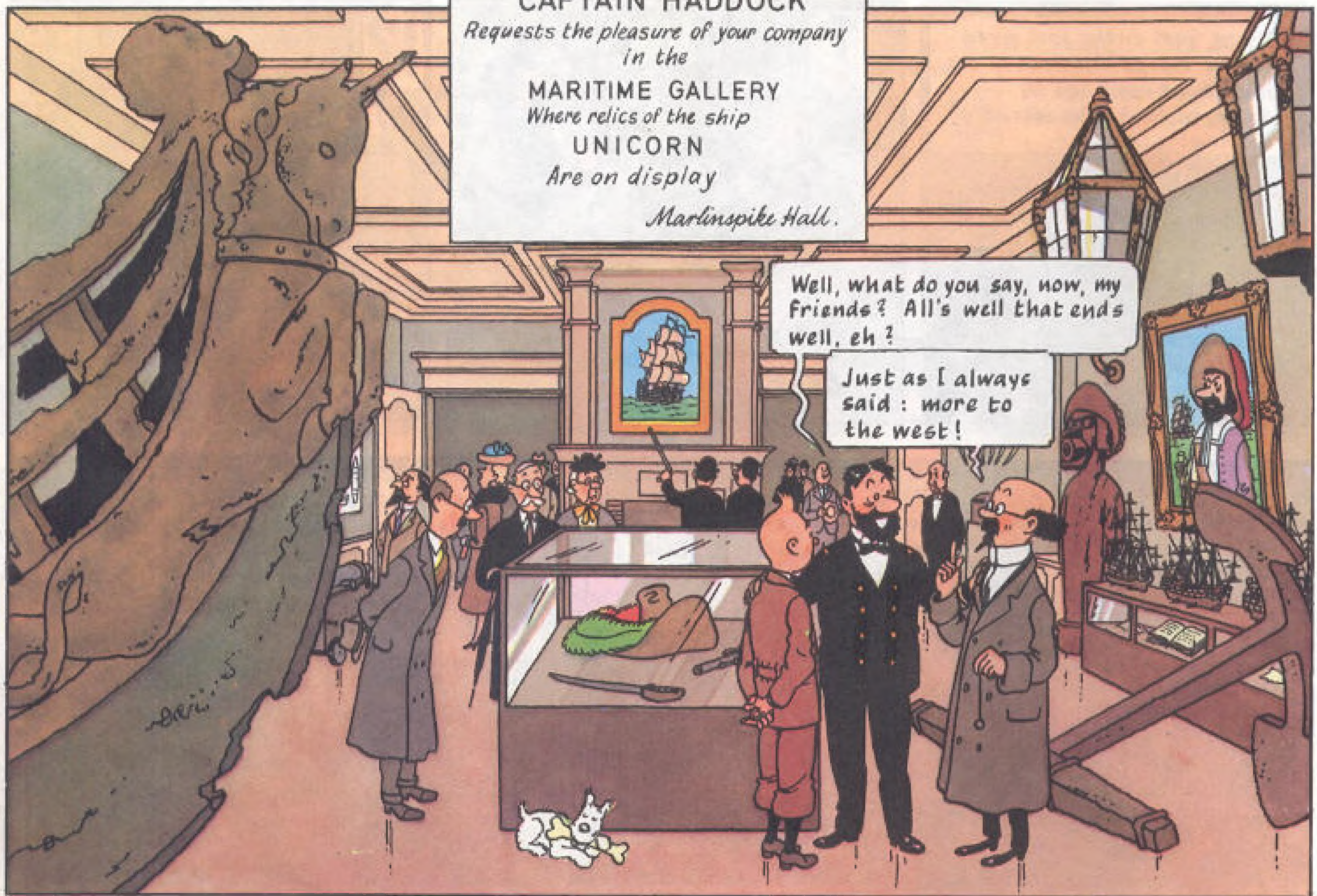






# CAPTAIN HADDOCK

*Requests the pleasure of your company  
in the  
MARITIME GALLERY  
Where relics of the ship  
UNICORN  
Are on display  
Marlinspike Hall.*



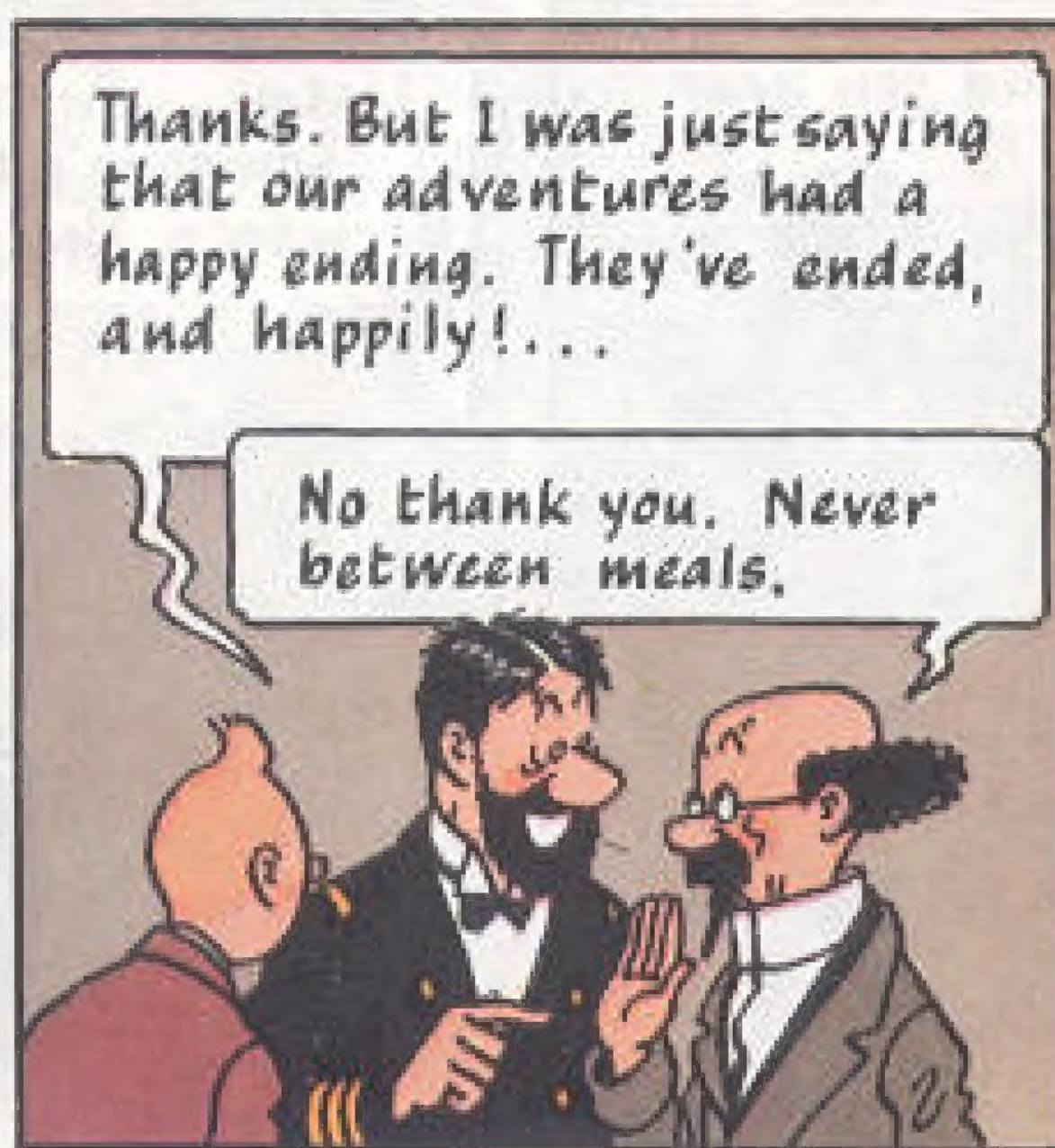
Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

Your maritime gallery? ... I think it is very successful!



Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

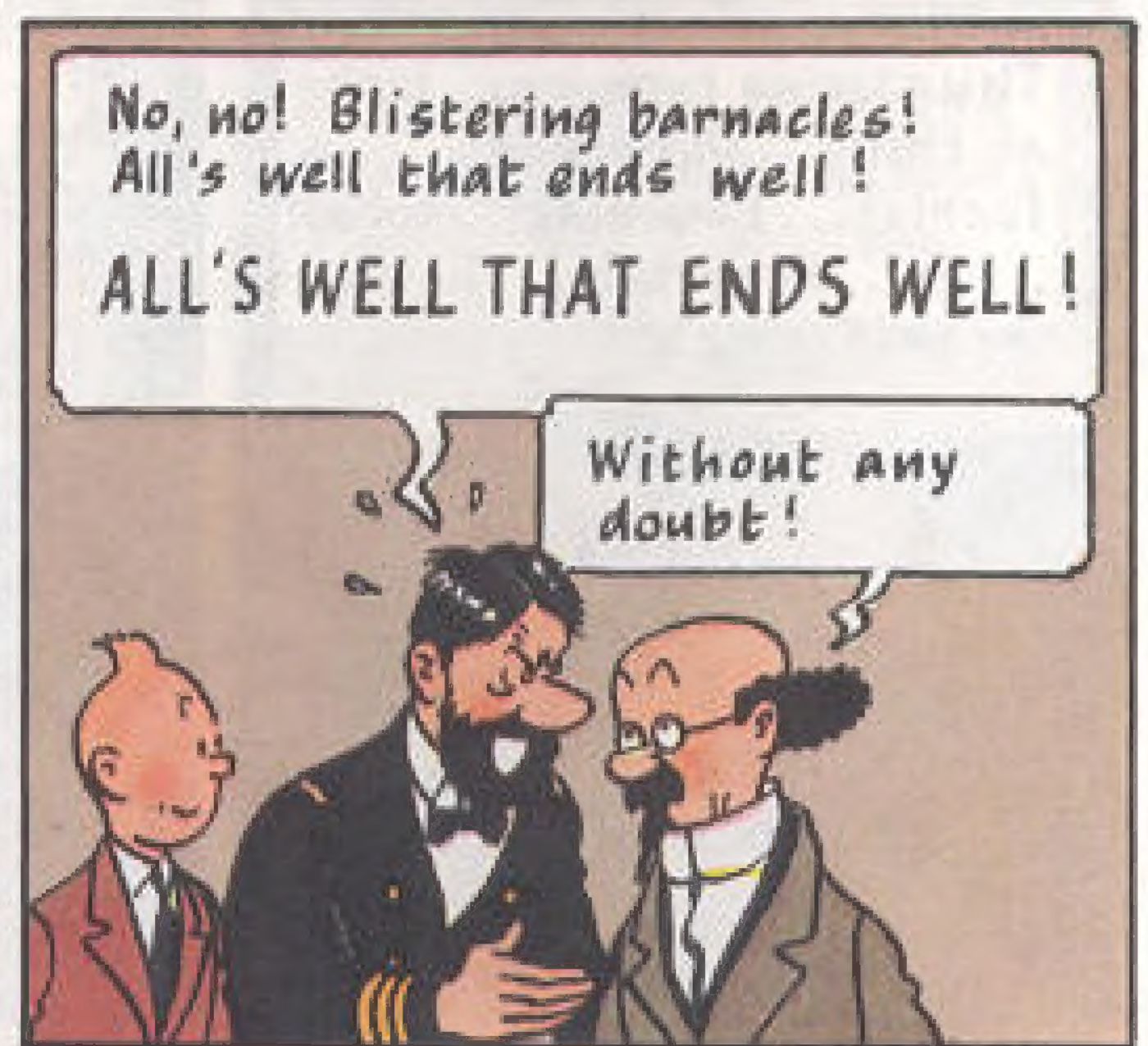
No thank you. Never between meals.



No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!

**ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!**

Without any doubt!



... and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!



HERGE